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THE WORKS OF Monſ. DE LA BRUYERE.

THE WORKS OF *Monſ.* DE LA BRUYERE.

A NEW TRANSLATION from the laſt *PARIS* EDITION.

To which is added,

The MANNER of LIVING with GREAT MEN: Written after the Manner of M. DE LA BRUYERE.

By N. ROWE, Eſq;

Admonere voluimus, non mordere: prodeſſe non lædere: conſulere moribus hominum, non officere.
ERASM.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY Earl of *Lincoln*,

AUDITOR of the Exchequer,

AND

KNIGHT of the most Noble Order of the GARTER, *&c. &c.*

Equally GREAT by his

DESCENT and AFFINITY;

A

NOBLEMAN,

WHOSE

Virtues and Amiable Qualities add a Lustre to his Honours, and diffuse Happiness among all within their Influence,

THIS TRANSLATION

OF

La BRUYERE's WORKS,

IS,

With real and profound Respect,

Dedicated by his LORDSHIP's

Most Humble and Obedient Servant,

The TRANSLATOR

ACCOUNT

OF

Mr. *la* BRUYERE.

AS our Author was very far from an intriguing Disposition, and the Course of his Life uniform, it affords no ample Subject for Biography.

His Father was very active in the League under the Duke of *Guise*, for the Support of Catholicism 1584, which carried all before it, till the famous Battle of *Ivry* 1590, proved a decisive Blow to it, and Henry the IVth, to improve this Success, laid Siege to *Paris*, where above 1200 Ecclesiastics and Religious marched through the Streets, armed in a Military Manner, with a large Standard, on which a Crucifix, and the Virgin were represented, in order to animate the *Parisians* with a Persuasion that their Religion lay at Stake; and accordingly their Resistance was so obstinate, that the King was obliged to draw off.

However, amidst the Combustions of his Country, our Author's Father took such care of his Domestick Concerns, that besides the Charges of a very extraordinary Education, he left him a considerable Sum of Money, great part of which young *la Bruyere* laid out in the Purchase of the Office of Treasurer of *France*, at *Caen*.

But soon after he was posted more suitably to his Talents and Inclination, being by the Great *Bossuet* Bishop of *Meaux*, appointed History-teacher to the Dauphin, near which excellent Prince, he passed the Remainder of his Life, with a Pension of 2000 Crowns, as *a Man of Letters*, an Establishment perhaps never seen in the Civil-list, of any Sovereign *but Louis* the XIVth. This Promotion was soon *succeeded by* a Seat in the *French* Academy, which

is esteemed such a distinguishing Honour, as to be called *the blue Ribbon of the Geniuses.*

Philosophic Leisure was with him the most desireable Ingredient in Life; he loved to give himself alternately to his Books and Friends, in both which he had a very just Taste, if not a little too delicate. He never promoted Diversion, but also never declined it, when in decency unavoidable, and always acquitted himself with a good Grace; for the Goodness of his Life maintained in him a constant Flow of modest Chearfulness. His Conversation was polite, solid and virtuous; so cautious was he of affecting any Superiority, or shewing any Ambition, that the Vivacity of his Wit, and the Extent of his Knowledge, never gave any Umbrage, not even to those who valued themselves on these Qualities.

If his Characters are not writ in the Simplicity of *Theophrastus*, it must be considered, that the *Athenian* adapted his Stile to the plain Manners of the City, in which the *Frenchman* has imitated him, in describing the more artful and diversified Manners of his Nation.

His Death was attended with a Circumstance something singular, being suddenly seised with a total Deafness, yet free from any Sensation in the least painful; in this Condition he remained four Days, when an Apoplexy carried him off, in a Quarter of an Hour.

CON-

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OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

THE

THE CHARACTERS, OR Manners of the AGE.

THE Subject of the following Sheets being borrowed of the Publick, it is but Juſtice to make Reſtitution to it of the whole Work, ſuch as it is, throughout which the utmoſt regard has been paid to Truth. The World may view its Picture drawn from Life, and if conſcious of any of the Defects which I have delineated, let it correct them. This only a Man ought to propoſe to himſelf in Writing, but ſuch a Succeſs is little to be expected. However, as Men do not forſake Vice, we are not to give over reproaching them: The Probability of their growing worſe, without Cenſure and Reproof, makes

THE WORKS OF Monſ. DE LA BRUYERE.

in ſome meaſure took both their Advices, as oppoſite as they ſeemed to be, and obſerved a Medium which claſhes with neither. I did not ſcruple to add ſome new Remarks to thoſe which already had doubled the Bulk of the firſt Edition of my Book; but that the Publick might not be obliged to read over what was done before, to come at what has been added ſince, and that they might immediately find what they would read, I took care to diſtinguiſh the ſecond Additions by a greater Mark and the firſt by a leſs, as well to ſhew the Progreſs of my Characters, as to guide the Reader in the Choice he might be willing to make. And leſt he ſhould be afraid that I ſhould never have done with Additions, I ſincerely promiſed to venture on nothing more of this kind. If any one accuſes me with breaking my Word, by adding in the three enſuing Editions a great many new Remarks, he may perceive, by mingling new with old, without any Mark of Diſtinction, I did not ſo much endeavour to entertain the World with Novelties, as to deliver to Poſterity a Book of Morals more pure, regular, and complete. To conclude, what I have written is not deſigned for Maxims; they are like Laws in

Morality; and I have neither Genius nor Authority for a Legiſlator. I know well enough, I ſhould have offended againſt the Uſe of Maxims, which requires ſhort and conciſe Terms, like Oracles. Some of my Remarks are of this kind, others are more diffuſe. We think of things differently, and we expreſs them in a Turn altogether as different: By a Sentence, an Argument, a Metaphor, a Simile, or ſome other Figure, by a Story at length, or a ſingle Paſſage; by a Deſcription, or a Picture; from whence proceeds the Length or Shortneſs of my Reflexions. They who write Maxims, ſet up for Infallibility; on the contrary, I allow any body to ſay my Remarks are not always juſt, provided he will himſelf make better.

Of

Of Works of GENIUS.

WE are come too late, by ſeveral thouſand Years, to ſay any thing new in Morality. The fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us, but to glean after the Ancients, and the moſt ingenious of the Moderns.

We muſt only endeavour to think and ſpeak juſtly ourſelves, without aiming to bring others over to our Taſte and Sentiments; that would be too great an Enterprize.

To make a Book, is no leſs a Trade than to make a Clock; ſomething more than Wit is neceſſary to form an Author. A certain Magiſtrate was advancing by his Merits to the firſt Dignities of the long Robe; he was a Man of Addreſs and Experience, but muſt print a Treatiſe of Morality, which had a quick Sale only for its Ridiculouſneſs.

To raiſe a Reputation by a good Work, is not ſo eaſy as to make an indifferent one valued by a Reputation already acquired.

A Satire or a Libel, handed about privately in Manuſcript with a Charge of Secrecy, though but mean in itſelf, paſſes for a Maſterpiece; the Printing is what ruins it.

Take away from moſt of our Moral Diſcourſes the Advertiſement to the Reader, the Epiſtle Dedicatory, the Preface, the Table and the Commendatory Verſes, there will ſeldom be enough left to deſerve the Name of a Book.

Some things won't bear a Mediocrity, as Poetry, Muſick, Painting and Oratory.

What a cruel Torture is it to hear a dull Declamation delivered with Pomp and Solemnity, or bad Verſes rehearſed with the Emphaſis of a wretched Poet!

Some Poets in their Dramatic Pieces are fond of ſeſquipedalian Words and ſonorous Verſes, which ſeem ſtrong, elevated and ſublime; the People ſtare, gape, and hear them greedily; they

are

are transported at what they fancy is rare, and where they understand least, are sure to admire most; they scarce allow themselves time to breathe, and are loth to be interrupted by Claps or Applauses: When I was young, I imagined these Passages were clear and intelligible to the Actors, the Pit, Boxes and Galleries; that the Authors understood themselves, and that I must be very dull to know nothing of the matter after much Attention: But I am now undeceived.

There hardly was ever seen any Piece excellent in its kind, which was the joint * Labour of several Men: *Homer* writ his Iliads, *Virgil* his Æneids, *Livy* his Decades, and *Cicero* his Orations.

As there is in Nature, so there is in Art, a Point of Perfection. He who discovers it, and is touched with it, has a good Taste: He who is not sensible of it, but loves what is below or above that Point, understands neither

* On the *Academy's Dictionary*, which has at last appeared in 1694, after being expected above forty Years.

Art nor Nature. Since then there is a good and bad Taste, we may with reason dispute the Difference.

Men have generally more Fire than Judgment; or, to speak properly, there are few whose Wit is attended with a just Taste, and a judicious Criticism.

The Lives of Heroes have enrich'd History, and History has adorn'd the Actions of Heroes: So that 'tis difficult to tell who are most indebted, the Historians to those who furnish them with such noble Materials or the Great Men to their Immortalising Historians.

'Tis a sorry Commendation that is made up of a Heap of Epithets; Actions alone, and the manner of relating them, speak a Man's Praise.

The chief Art of an Author consists in Designing and Painting well. The Excellence of † *Moses*, *Homer*, *Plato*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, above other Writers, lies wholly in their Expressions and Images. Truth is the best Guide to make a Man write forcibly, naturally and delicately.

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† *Moses* if considered only as an Author.

We

We ſhould have done by Stile, as by Architecture; we have entirely baniſhed the *Gothic* Order, which the *Barbarians* introduced in their Palaces and Temples, and have recalled the *Doric*, *Ionic*, and *Corinthian*: That which was only to be ſeen in the Ruins of antique *Rome* and *Greece* now decorates our Modern Portico's and Columnades; ſo in Writing, we can never arrive at Perfection, or ſurpaſs the Antients, if ſuch a thing is poſſible, but by imitating them.

How many Ages were paſt, before Men could retrieve the Taſte of the Antients in Arts and Sciences, and at length countenance the Simple and Natural.

We nouriſh ourſelves from the Antients and Ingenious Moderns; we ſqueeze, we drain them as much as we poſſibly can, we ſtuff our Works with wretched Imitations and Plagiariſm, and when at laſt become profeſſed Authors, we conceit we can walk without Help; we decry our Benefactors, like rugged Children, who, grown pert and ſtrong from a ſucculent Milk, are for beating their Nurſes.

A Modern Wit * makes it his Business to prove the Antients inferior to us by two ways, Reason and Example. The Reason is his particular Opinion, and the Examples his own Writings.

He confesses, the Antients, unequal and incorrect as they are, have some fine Lines; he cites them, and so fine they are, that for the sake of these only, his Criticisms are read.

‡ Some learned Men declare in favour of the Antients against the Moderns: But we apprehend they judge in their own Cause, their Works being so exactly modelled after Antiquity; we except against their Authority.

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* *Charles Perrault*, who has employed 3 Vol. 12mo. to prove that the Moderns excelled the Antients: He was warmly opposed by *Boileau*, who however carried his Admiration of *Mr. Addison*, a celebrated *English* Poet, so far as to tell him, that had he formerly seen his Works, he would have allowed the Antients to have been equalled by one Modern.

‡ Messieurs *Racine*, and *Despreaux*.

An

An Author ſhould be fond of reading his Works to thoſe who know how to correct and eſteem them.

He that will not be corrected or adviſed in his Writings is a-kin to a Pedant.

An Author ought to receive with equal Modeſty the Praiſes and the Criticiſms which are paſt on his Productions.

Amongſt all the different Expreſſions which can render any one of our Thoughts, there is but one good; we are not always ſo fortunate as to hit upon it in Writing or Speaking. However, that there is ſuch a one is certain, and that all the reſt are weak, and will not ſatisfy a Man of Senſe, who would expreſs his full Meaning.

A good Author, who writes with Care, often finds that the Expreſſion he has ſearched after for ſome time, without knowing it, proves at laſt to be the moſt ſimple and the moſt natural, and which

which ought to have presented itself to him at first, without ransacking his Memory.

Those who write by Humour, are subject frequently to revise their Works, and give 'em new Touches: And as their Humours are never fixed, but vary on every slight Occasion, they no longer admire those Expressions and Terms they were so charmed with at first.

The same true Sense, which makes an Author write a great many good things, makes him apprehend that they are not good enough to deserve Reading.

A shallow Wit thinks his Writings Divine: a Man of good Sense judges that he writes tolerably.

I was, says *Aristus*, prevailed upon to read my Book to *Zoilus*: I read it, he was satisfy'd, and before he had leisure to dislike it, he commended it coldly in my Presence; since that he has not said a word in its favour; however, I excuse him, I desire no more of an Author, and even pity him for the Vexation of hearing so many fine things, which were not his own.

Such

Such whom their Circumſtances place above the Jealouſies of an Author, have other Cares and Paſſions to diſtract them, and create an Indifference towards another Man's Conceptions: 'Tis difficult to find a Perſon, who in his Mind, Inclination and Fortune is diſpoſed to a quick Reliſh of all the Pleaſure that a compleat Piece can give him.

The Pleaſure of Criticiſing takes away from us the Pleaſure of being ſenſibly charm'd with the fineſt things.

Many who perceive the Merit of a Manuſcript, when they hear it read, will not declare themſelves in its favour, till they ſee what Succeſs it has in the World when printed, and what is its Character among the Ingenious. They will not hazard their Votes before its Fortune is decided, and then they are carried away with the Multitude. Then they are very forward to ſay that they firſt approved the Work, and that the World is of their Opinion.

Theſe

These Men lose many a fair Opportunity to convince us, that they are Persons of Capacity and Taste, that they can make a true Judgment of good, and better. A fine Piece falls into their Hands, 'tis the Author's first Work, before he has got any Name, there are as yet no Prepossessions in his behalf; an Applause of it is no Compliment to the Great; 'Tis not required of you, *Zelotes*, that you shou'd cry out, *This is a Master-piece: Human Wit never reached so far*; *We will judge of no body's Sense, but by his Thoughts of this Book*; extravagant and offensive Expressions which smell of the Pension, or the Abbey, and are injurious to what is really commendable: but why did you not so much as say 'tis a good Book? 'Tis true, at last you say so, when the whole Kingdom has approved it; when Foreigners, as well as your own Country men are fond of it; when 'tis printed all over *Europe*, translated into all Languages, but then it is too late.

Some having read a Book, quote certain Passages which they don't thoroughly understand, and debase them by some mixture of their own: And these Passages so mutilated and disfigured

disfigured they expose to Censure, maintain them to be paultry Stuff, and as they cite the World indeed readily agrees with them: But the real Passage they pretend to quote, is never the worse for their Injustice.

Well, says one, What's your Opinion of *Hermedorus*'s Book? A most wretched one, replys *Anthymus*. Wretched! What do you mean, Sir? That 'tis so, continues he; 'tis not a Book, or at least, it does not deserve to be taken notice of. Have you read it? No, says *Anthymus*: Why does he not add, *Fulvia* and *Melania* have condemned it without reading, and *Fulvia* and *Melania* are my Favourites.

‖ *Arsenes*, from the Summit of Self-conceit, contemplates Mankind, and at the Distance from whence he beholds them, seems affrighted at their Littleness: Commended and extolled to the Skies, by a knot of Persons who have reciprocally covenanted to admire one another: Full of what little Merit he has, he fancies he has as much as can be in Man, and more than ever he will have: Possessed with swelling

‖ *Treville.*

Ideas, he ſcarcely finds time to pronounce ſome certain Oracles: Elevated by his Character above human Judgments, he leaves to vulgar Souls to trudge on in an uniform Life, being anſwerable for his Inconſiſtency to none but that Cabal, who have reſolv'd to idolize him: They alone judge or think aright: They alone write, and alone ought to write. There is no Work, tho' never ſo well received in the World, or univerſally liked by Men of Senſe, which he does approve, nay, which he would condeſcend to read: He is incapable of being corrected by this Picture, were it to be ſeen by him.

* *Theocrines* is very well acquainted with what is trivial and unprofitable; he is very ſingular in all his Sentiments, and always leſs ſolid than dogmatical; He makes no uſe of any thing but his Memory, is reſerved, arrogant, and ſeems continually laughing to himſelf at ſuch whom he thinks his Inferiors. I once happened to read him ſomething of mine, he heard it out with Impatience, then pre-

* *L' Abbe de Dangeau.*

ſently

ſently ran on about his own: But what ſaid he of yours? ſay you: I have told you already, he talked to me only of his own.

The moſt accompliſhed Piece which the Age has produced, would be reduced to nothing under the Hands of Criticks and Cenſors, if the Author would hearken to all their Objections, and allow every one to throw out the Paſſage he was pleas'd to cenſure.

Experience tells us, if there are ten Perſons who would ſtrike a Thought or an Expreſſion out of a Book, there are a like number who would reſtore it: Theſe will alledge, why would you ſuppreſs that Thought? 'Tis new, fine and delicately expreſſed. The other Party affirm it ſhould be omitted, at leaſt they would have given it another Turn. In your Work, ſays one, there is a very happy Phraſe, it points out your Meaning moſt naturally; methinks, ſays another there is a Word too bold, and yet does not ſignify ſo much as you would have it. 'Tis the ſame Word, and the ſame Lines theſe Critcks differ ſo much about; and yet they are all Judges, or paſs for ſuch. What then ſhall an Author do, in ſuch a Con-

a Contrariety? Let him dare to follow the Advice of those who approve the Passage.

A serious ‖ Author is not obliged to trouble his Head with all the malignant Censures thrown at him, or to be concerned at the impertinent Constructions which a sort of Men may make on some Passages of his Writing, much less ought he to suppress them. He cannot but be convinced, that let a Man be never so exact in his Compositions, the dull Raillery and wretched Buffoonry of certain worthless People are unavoidable, and that the best Things are their peculiar Ridicule.

What a prodigious Difference is there between a fine Piece, and one that's regular and perfect! I question whether there is a single one of the last Kind, it being perhaps less difficult for a fine Genius to hit upon the Great and Sublime, than to avoid all Errors: The *Cid* at its first Appearance was universally admired; It rose in spite of Policy or Power, § which

‖ Allusion to the various Applications of these Characters.

§ *Cardinal Richlieu* envied *Corneille* this Piece, and in a manner compelled the *French* Academy to criticize it.

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attempted in vain to crush it; The Quaintes and Cits, tho' always divided in their sentiments, united in favour of this Tragedy; both learn it by heart, both passionately antiquate the *Auteurs* in repeating it. The *Cid*, in fine, is one of the finest Poems, yet one of the best Criticisms is that on the *Cid*.

Cappy, * who sets up for a Judge of Stile, and fancies he writes like *Boileau*, or *Racine*, opposes the Voice of the People, and is the only Person who says *Damis* ‡ is not a good Author: *Damis* again follows the Crowd, and with the Publick ingenuously says, that *Cappy* is a dull Writer.

When any Piece strongly affects you, and raises brave exalted Sentiments, never go about to examine it by the Rules of Composition; those Emotions are the best Proofs that it comes from a masterly Hand.

'Tis the Business of the News-monger to inform us when a Book is published, for whom it

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* *Bourfaut.* ‡ *Boileau.*

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is printed, in what Character, how bound, and on what Paper; he ought to know ſo much as the Bookſeller's Sign. His Folly is to pretend to Criticiſm.

The higheſt reach of a News-Writer is a viſionary Deſcant on Policy, and vain Predictions of the Conſequences of public Meaſures.

The Philoſopher † waſtes his Life in obſerving Men, and expoſing Vice and Folly; if at any Time he gives a turn to a Sentence, it is not ſo much from the Vanity of an Author, as to ſet ſome Truth he has found out in a proper Light, that it may make the deſigned Impreſſion. Yet ſome Readers think they do very well by him, if they ſay with a Magiſterial Air, they have read his Book, and that there is ſome Senſe in it; but he returns them their Praiſes, as no ways the Scope of his Labours and Elucubrations: He has higher Aims, and acts upon a more noble Principle: He requires from Mankind a greater and more extraordinary Succeſs than Commendation, or even Rewards. He requires Reformation.

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† The Author himſelf.

A Fool reads a Book, and underſtands nothing in it; a Witling reads it, he fancies he is preſently Maſter of it all without Exception; a Man of Diſcernment ſometimes does not comprehend it entirely, he diſtinguiſhes what is clear from what is obſcure, whilſt the *Beaux Eſprits* will have thoſe Paſſages dark which are not, and affect not to underſtand what is really intelligible.

In vain an Author endeavours to make himſelf admired by his Productions. A Fool ſometimes admires; a Man of Genius has in him the Seeds of all Truths and all Sentiments, nothing is new to him: He admires very ſeldom; he approves.

I queſtion if 'tis poſſible to write Letters of more Wit, and in every reſpect more agreeable and delicate than we find *Balſac*'s and *Voiture*'s. 'Tis true, they are void of thoſe Sentiments which have ſince taken amongſt us, and are of female Origin. That Sex excels ours in this kind of Writing; thoſe Expreſſions and Graces flow from them, which are in us the Effects of Labour and Reſearch; they are ſo happy in their Words, and place them ſo juſtly, that [illegible]

Meaning is obvious, all Light and Elegancy; yet they have the Charm of Novelty, and ſeem only deſigned for the Uſe they put them to; they only can expreſs a whole Sentence in a ſingle Word, and render a delicate Thought in a Turn altogether as delicate: We find in all their Letters an inimitable Connexion through the Whole, in a Series of natural Sentiments. If the Ladies were more correct, I might affirm, that they have produced ſome Letters, equal to any thing in our Language.

Terence wanted nothing but Warmth: What Purity, what Exactneſs, what Politeneſs, what Elegance, and what Characters? * *Moliere* wanted nothing but to avoid Jargon, and write purely. What Fire? what Nature? what Pleaſantry, what Imitation? what Imagery? what Satire? But what a Man might be made of theſe two comick Writers?

I

* He was born at *Paris* 1620. His Name was originally *Poquelin*, which he changed for that of *Moliere*, as a kind of Renunciation of his Parents, who were under an irreconcileable Concern at his addicting himſelf to the Stage, Actors being excommunicated in *France*: So infatuated was he with that

I have read *Malherbe* and *Theophile*: They both underſtood Nature, with this difference. The firſt, in a nervous uniform Stile, diſcovers at once whatever is noble, fine and ſimple, he is a good Painter or a true Hiſtorian. The other, without Choice or Exactneſs, with a looſe and uneven Pen, ſometimes overloads his Deſcriptions, exceeds in Particulars, and gives you minute Anatomy; ſometimes he feigns, exaggerates, and ſtarts beyond the natural Truth into a monſtrous Romance.

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that kind of life; that he preferred it to the Prince of *Conti*'s Offer to make him his Secretary; yet his firſt Appearance, which was in a tragic Character, ſucceeded ſo ill, that he was pelted off the Stage. This turned his Thoughts wholely to Comedy, in which both as Author and Actor he has had few Equals; indeed he never play'd in any Pieces but his own; in which has always adapted a Part to himſelf. He died in 1673, being ſeized with a Spitting of Blood, as he was Acting the *Malade Imaginaire*, which Circumſtance makes the Point of the following Epigrammatic Epitaph on him.

Roſcius hic ſitus eſt triſti Molierus in urna
Cui genus humanum ludere ludus erat,
Dum ludit mortem mors indignata jocantem
Corripit at mimum fingere ſæva negat.

Vide Lives of *French* Writers.

Ronſard and *Balzac* have each in their kind good and bad things, enough to form after them very great Men either in Verſe or Proſe.

Marot by his Turn and Stile, ſeems to have written ſince *Ronſard*. There is little difference between the former and us, but the Alteration of a few Words.

Ronſard and his Cotemporaries were more prejudicial than ſerviceable to Stile. They clogged its Progreſs towards Perfection, and exposed it to the danger of being irretrieveably defective. 'Tis ſurprizing that *Marot*'s Works, which are ſo eaſy and natural, had not made *Ronſard*, otherwiſe full of Rapture and Enthuſiaſm, a much greater Poet than *Ronſard* and *Marot* together; and that on the contrary, *Beleau*, *Jodelle* and *Du Bartas*, were ſo ſoon followed by a *Racan*, and a *Malherbe*; and that the *French* Language was no ſooner vitiated than recovered.

Marot and *Rablais* are inexcuſable, for ſcattering ſo much Ribaldry in their Writings; they had both Genius and Wit enough to have omitted

omitted it, and yet to please such as seek rather matter of Laughter than Admiration. *Rablais* is incomprehensible; his Book after all is an inexplicable *Ænigma*, a meer *Chimera*; 'tis a lovely Woman's Face, with the Feet and Tail of a Serpent, or some Beast still more shocking: 'Tis a monstrous jumble of fine and ingenious Morality, with a gross Obscenity: Where it is bad it is abominable, and fit only for the Diversion of the Rabble; and where 'tis good 'tis exquisite, and may entertain the most Delicate.

‡ Two Writers have condemned *Montaigne*: I confess like themselves he sometimes exposes himself to Censure; but neither of these Gentlemen will allow him to have any thing va-

‡ Father *Malebranche* thought too subtily; he could not read ten Verses of the finest Poet without a visible Disgust, nor was one found in all his Library; an *English* Officer of Distinction said, he did not grudge being taken Prisoner as it had given him an opportunity of seeing *Lewis* the 14th, and Father *Malebranche*. The other was Mr. *Nicole* of *Port-Royal* who did not think enough.

luable. One of them thinks too little, to relish an Author who thinks a great deal, and the other thinks too subtilly to be pleased with what is Natural.

A grave, solemn and correct Stile will last; *Amyot* and *Coeffeteau* are read, and who else of their Cotemporaries? *Balzac* in Phrase and Expression is less antique than *Voiture*. But if the Wit, Genius and Manner of the last is not adopted but exploded by our present Writers, 'tis because they can more easily neglect than imitate him, and that the few who would, never can overtake him.

The *Mercure Gallant* is a Trifle just below nothing, and there are many Works of the same Importance; there is as much Artifice to grow rich by futile Books, as there is Folly in buying them; it is Ignorance of the Peoples Judgment, not sometimes to venture abroad manifest Sillinesses.

An Opera is the Sketch of a magnificent Shew, of which it serves to give one an Idea.

I wonder how it is possible that the Opera, with all its Musick and Magnificence, has been able to tire me.

There are some Passages in an Opera which we could wish expunged, and others that dispose us to wish it all over, the Fault is in the Subject and Action; neither affects.

An Opera is not even to this day a Poem, it is only Verses; nor a Shew, since Machines have disappeared, by the Oeconomy of ‖ *Amphion* and his Descendants. It is a Concert of Voices assisted by Instruments. We are cheated by

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‖ *Lully* a *Florentine*, whose Fiddle and Impudence raised him from the Cellar of [illegible] Kitchen to be chief of the Band of Music [illegible] be owned he carried Music to a Perfection [illegible] before in *France*. *Lewis* the [illegible] gave him [illegible] of Nobility, and on his account ennobled [illegible] Profession of Music should consist with the [illegible] of a Gentleman. He died miserably [illegible] by excessive Drinking; the [illegible] entertained him paying him [illegible] sighing, said, Ah! My Lord, [illegible] my Husband drunk, Dying Lully [illegible] and he shall be the first who [illegible] as I get upon my Legs [illegible] pass.

thoſe, who tell us, Machinery is only the Amuſement of Children, the Mechaniſm of Puppet Shows. It encreaſes and embelliſhes the Fiction, and keeps the Spectators in that Illuſion, which is the higheſt Pleaſure of the Theatre, eſpecially where it has a mixture of the Marvellous. There is no need of Flights, or Carrs, or Metamorphoſes, in Tragedy: But they are neceſſary in the Opera, its chief Deſign being to hold the Mind, the Eye and the Ear in an equal Inchantment.

The Criticks, or ſuch as would be thought ſo, aſſume the Deciſion at all Publick Shews: They canton and divide themſelves into Parties, both ſides warm in an Intereſt, oppoſite to that of the Public, or Equity, admiring only ſuch a Poem, or ſuch a Piece of Muſick, and damning all other: Theſe obſtinate Prejudices injure the Reputation of their own Cabal by their outrageous Injuſtice and Partiality. Theſe Savages diſcourage the Poets and Muſicians, by a thouſand Oppoſitions, and retard the Progreſs of Arts and Sciences, depriving ſeveral Maſters of the Advantages reſulting from Emulation, and the World of many excellent Performances.

What

What is the reason that we laugh so freely but are ashamed to weep at the Theatre? Is Nature less subject to be softened by Pity, than to burst out into Laughter at what [illegible] Is it the Alteration of our [illegible] us? This is more [illegible] Laughter, than in [illegible] we turn away [illegible] weep, in the [illegible] or such as we [illegible] thought [illegible] idle Subject, [illegible] posed on? [illegible] of stoical [illegible] ness both [illegible] it that we [illegible] Is not [illegible] ages as [illegible] imagine [illegible] suffers [illegible] be pleased, [illegible] towards it? [illegible] that the Theatre [illegible] sal Laughter, [illegible] on the contrary [illegible] something [illegible] plentifully [illegible], and naturally performed;

the extreme Violence which every one puts upon himself in restraining his Tears, and disguising them with affected Grimaces, clearly prove that the natural Effect of Good Tragedy is to make us weep willingly and in concert with each other, though unhappily there is often less room to fear those overflowing Emotions at the Theatre, than Disgust and Lassitude.

Tragedy in the very beginning engages the Soul too passionately to wander afterwards from the Scene. If the Spectator gets a little release, it is only to be plunged into fresh Perturbations; it conducts him by Terror to Pity, and reciprocally by Pity to Terror; it leads him through Tears, Sighs, Incertitudes, Hopes, Fears, Horrors and Surprizes, to the Catastrophe: It should not therefore be a Collection of pretty Thoughts, ‖ tender Declarations, gallant Discourses, agreeable Pictures, soft and sometimes risible Words, closing all with a Sedition, when the Mutineers, right or wrong, knock some unfortunate Man on the Head, and so make a clear Stage.

‖ Allusion to many Tragedies.

It

It is not sufficient that the Manners of the Stage be not bad, they should be decent and instructive. Some things are so low, so mean, so flat and insignificant in themselves, that the Poet should avoid them, or the Actors leave them. The Peasant or the Drunkard may furnish out some Scenes for the Farce-Writer; but they must appear very little in true Comedy, as such Characters cannot answer the main end of the Drama. Perhaps you will say they are natural; so is a Lacquey whistling, or a Sick Man on his Close-Stool; so is the Drunkard snoaring or spewing; yet are these Theatrical Subjects? An Effeminate Fellow rises late, passes part of the Day at his Toilet, adjusts himself at his Glass, is perfumed and powdered, disposes his Patches, receives and answers his *Billets*: This Part if brought on the Stage, and continued two or three Acts will in its Progress be more and more conformable to the Original, but also more and more tedious.

Plays and Romances, in my Opinion, may be made as useful as they are pernicious: They exhibit many great Examples of Constancy, Virtue, Tenderness, Valour and Patriotism;

ſo many fine and perfect Characters, that when a young Perſon turns the Proſpect to the living World, finding nothing but unworthy Objects, very much below what ſhe ſo admired, I wonder how ſhe can be ſuſceptible of the leaſt weakneſs for them.

Corneille cannot be equalled; where he is Excellent he is certainly an inimitable Original, but he is unequal; his firſt Plays are dry and heavy, they gave us little hope he would afterwards ſoar to ſuch a height; and his laſt Plays make us wonder at his prodigious fall. In ſome of his beſt Pieces there are unpardonable Faults againſt the Manners; a declamatory Stile which arreſts the Action; ſuch Negligences in the Verſe and Expreſſion, that we can hardly comprehend how ſo great a Man could be guilty of them. The moſt eminent thing in him is his ſublime Genius, to which he is beholden for ſome of the moſt beautiful Verſes ever read, and for the Conduct of his Plays, where he often ventures againſt the Rules of the Antients: he is as admirable in unravelling his Plots, and in this, does not always ſubject himſelf to the Taſte of the *Greeks*, which was Simplicity: On the con-

contrary, he loads the Scene with Events, and most commonly comes off with Success; he is above all to be admired for his great variety, and the little similitude of Design, amongst the great number of his Pieces. In *Racine's* Plays, there is more Analogy, a farmeness of Plot, Stile and Catastrophe: But he is every where the same, as well in the Design and Conduct of his Pieces, which are just, regular and rational, as in the Versification, which is elegant, expressive and harmonious. He is an exact imitator of the Antients, whom he follows religiously in the Simplicity of Action. He excels no less in the Sublime and the Marvellous, than *Corneille* in the Moving and Pathetic, who in these Parts stands unrivalled. Where can we find greater Tenderness than is diffused through the *Cid*, ‡ *Polieucte* and the *Horatii*? What Elevation in *Mithridates*, *Porus*, and *Burrhus*? They were both well acquainted with Terror and Pity,

‡ Cardinal *Richlieu* manifested more Rancour against *Corneille* upon the appearance of this matchless Piece, than if he had been guilty of High Treason; he had indeed offered the Poet a large Sum for it, that it might go under his name. the

the favourite Paſſions of the Antients, which the Poets are fond of exciting on the Theatre; as *Oreſtes* in the *Andromache* of *Racine*, the *Phedra* of the ſame Author, and the *Oedipus* and the *Horatii* of *Corneille* ſufficiently prove. If I may be allowed to make a compariſon, or to ſhew the Talent of both the One and the Other, as it is to be diſcovered in their Writings, I ſhould probably ſay, that *Corneille* ſubjects us to his Characters and Ideas; *Racine* accommodates himſelf to ours: The One repreſents Men as they ought to be; the Other as they are. There is in the firſt more of what we admire, and ought to imitate; and in the ſecond more of what we perceive in others, and feel in ourſelves. *Corneille* elevates, ſurprizes, controuls and inſtructs. *Racine* pleaſes, affects, moves, and penetrates. The former works on us by what is fine, noble, and commanding: The latter inſinuates himſelf into us by the Delicacy of his Paſſions. One is full of Maxims, Rules and Precepts: The other of pleaſing and agreeable ſentiments: We are more enraptured at *Corneille*'s Pieces, at *Racine*'s more ſoftened. *Corneille* is more Moral, *Racine* more Natural.

The

The one seems to [illegible] the other *Euripides.*

Some Persons have a facility of speaking alone, and a long time, joined with numerous Gestures, and a strong Voice. This the People call Eloquence. Pedants confine Eloquence to publick Orations, and have cannot distinguish it from extravagant Figures, from big Words, and flowing Periods.

Logick is the Art to make Truth prevalent; and Eloquence a Gift of the Soul that renders one Master of the Minds and Hearts of other Men, by which we persuade them to whatever we please.

Eloquence may be found in Conversations and all kind of Writings; it is rarely where it is sought, and sometimes where it is not expected.

Eloquence is to the Sublime, as the Whole is to its Part.

What is the Sublime? It does not appear to have been defined; is it a Figure? is it a

compoſed of one or more Figures? Does the Sublime enter into all ſorts of Writing? Or are great Subjects only capable of it? The Characteriſtical Beauty of Eclogues, is ſimple Nature; of familiar Letters and Converſation, Delicacy; or rather is not this Nature and Delicacy the Sublime of thoſe Works of which they are the Perfection? What is this Sublime? Where is it to be found?

Synonyma's are ſeveral Dictions or different Phraſes ſignifying the ſame thing. An Antitheſis is the Oppoſition of two Truths, communicating Light to each other. A Metaphor, or Compariſon, borrows from a thing of another kind the natural and ſenſible Image of a Truth. An Hyperbole expreſſes things above a Truth, to give the Mind a ſtronger Perception. The Sublime paints nothing but the Truth; only in a noble Subject it paints it all entire in its Cauſes and Effects: It is the Expreſſion or the Image, the fulleſt of Dignity of that Truth. Little Wits cannot find the proper ſingle Expreſſion, and therefore uſe Synonyma's. Young Men are dazled with the Luſtre of an Antitheſis, and fondly uſe it. True Wits, and ſuch who

delight

delight [illegible]
and Companion. [illegible]
and [illegible]
Rules or Nature [illegible]
an Hyperbole [illegible]
among the [illegible]
elevated [illegible]

The [illegible]
ity, [illegible]
Reason, [illegible]
new to [illegible]
not as all [illegible]
thor had [illegible]
to suppose [illegible]
his Writings [illegible]
fands them [illegible]
themselves really [illegible]

| An Author [illegible]
be [illegible]
Things as [illegible]
ought, it is true, to have pure Language and a chaste Expression; but they all ought to express lively, noble, and solid Thoughts, full of good Sense and found Reason. He

| To Novel Writers.

profi-

proſtitutes Stile, who uſes it to decorate ſome frivolous, puerile, dull and common Subject, that has neither Spirit, Uſe, nor Novelty; where the Reader may perhaps eaſily find out the meaning of the Author, but he is much more certain to be tired without the leaſt Benefit.

If we aim to be profound in certain Writings: If we affect a Polite turn, and ſometimes overſtrain Delicacy, it is meerly from a good Opinion of our Readers.

§ This is the certain diſadvantage of reading Books written by Men of Party and Cabal, Truth is not in them; Actions are diſguiſed, the Reaſons of both ſides are not alledged with all their force, nor with an entire exactneſs. And, what no patience can bear, he muſt read abundance of ſcurrilous Reflections toſt to and fro by grave Men, making a perſonal Quarrel about a Point of Doctrine, or controverted Fact. Theſe Books are particular in this, that they deſerve not the prodigious Sale they find at their firſt appearance, nor the profound Oblivion that attends

§ *The* Jeſuits *and* Janſeniſts.

them

them afterwards: When the Ebullitions of Parties ſubſide, they are forgotten like an Almanack out of date.

It is the Glory and Merit of ſome Men to write well, and of others not to write at all.

‡ For theſe laſt twenty Years we have been regular in our Writings: We have faithfully obſerved Conſtruction, and enriched our Language with new Words, thrown off the Yoke of *Latiniſm*, and reduced our Stile to a pure *French* Phraſeology: We have almoſt retrieved the Numbers which *Malherbe* and *Balzac* hit upon firſt, and ſo many Authors after them ſuffered to be loſt. We have, in ſhort, brought into our Speech all the order and clearneſs they are capable of, and this will inſenſibly lead us to Wit and Sentiment.

There are ſome Artificers or Intelligent Men, whoſe Genius is as vaſt as the Art or Science they profeſs: They pay with Intereſt, by their Skill and Invention, what they borrowed from its Principles. They frequently

‡ *Bouhours* and *Bourdalour*, both Jeſuits.

break

break through the Rules of Art to enoble it, and deviate from the common Roads, if they do not lead to what is great and extraordinary; they go alone, they leave all company a long way behind whilst they are Climbing the Eminences, and penetrating into the Abysses of their Profession, animated by the Advantages of their Irregularity. Whilst the Timorous and Sedate, as they can never reach them, so they never admire them; they cannot so much as comprehend, and much less imitate them; they live peaceably within the Compass of their own narrow Sphere, aiming at a certain Point, which makes the bounds of their Address and Capacity; they go no farther, because they see nothing beyond it; they are at best but the first of a second Class, and excellent in Mediocrity.

* I take the Liberty to call certain Wits only Inferior or Subaltern, they seeming born only to be the Registers and Magazines of the Productions of other Genius's; they are Plagiaries, † Translators, or Compilers; they never think, but tell you what other Men have

* *Menage.* † Compilers.

thought:

thought: And as a choice of Thoughts depends on Judgment, that being not their Talent, they are seldom right in their Collections, but choose rather to make them large than excellent: They have nothing Original, nothing of their own, they know nothing but what they learn, and learn only what the rest of the World account not worth knowing; a vain jejune Science, of no use in Commerce, or Ornament in Conversation: Like false Money, it has no currency; for we are at once astonished at their Reading, and disgusted with their Company and Writings: However, the Great-ones and the Vulgar mistake them for Men of Learning; but wise Men know very well what they are, and rank them with the Pedants.

Criticism is as often a Trade, as a Science; it requiring more Health than Wit, more Labour than Capacity, more Practice than Genius. If a Person who has less discernment than study, pretends to it, and takes in hand some Subjects, he will but corrupt his own Judgment as well as that of the Reader's.

I would advise an Author, born only to Imitate, and who in his extreme Modesty works

after

after another Man, to chuſe for his Patterns ſuch Writings only as are full of Wit, Imagination, or even ſolid Erudition: If he does not reach his Originals, he may at leaſt make ſuch approaches as to gain a reading: He ought, on the contrary, to avoid, as he would Deſtruction, thoſe who write from humour, who ſpeak from Paſſion, which inſpires them with Figures and Terms and who draw, if I may ſay ſo, from their very Entrails, what they couch on their Paper. Dangerous Models, and who will infallibly ſeduce him into a mean, dull and ridiculous Compoſition. Beſides, I ſhould laugh at a Man who would ſeriouſly endeavour to mimick my Voice, or to be like me in the Face.

* A Man born a Chriſtian and a *Frenchman*, is confined in Satire: The great Subjects are forbidden him, ſometimes he attempts

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* *Le Noble*, Attorney General of the Parliament of *Metz*, Author of ſeveral learned and ingenious Pieces; one of them, *the Spirit of Gerſon*, had the honour of being in the *Roman* Index Expurgatorius. His freedom with ſome prevailing Miniſters coſt him a long Impriſonment, and his *Redemption* a large Sum of Money.

them,

them, and then turns off to little things, which he inhances by the Delicacy of his Genius and the Beauty of his Style.

Every one ſhould avoid the turgid and puerile Stile, for fear of being like ‡ *Dorilas* and ‖ *Handburg*: on the contrary, in one ſort of Writing, a Man may be ſometimes bold in his Expreſſions, and uſe Figures to animate his Subject; pitying thoſe who are not ſenſible of the Pleaſure of uſing and underſtanding this Energy.

He who regards nothing more in his Works than the Taſte of the Age, has a greater value for his Perſon than his Writings: He ſhould always aim at Perfection; and though his Cotempararies refuſe him Juſtice, he will be better uſed by Poſterity.

We muſt never miſplace a Jeſt: It offends inſtead of pleaſing, and vitiates our own Judgments as well as other Men's. The Ridicule is only proper when it comes in with

‡ *Varillas.* ‖ *Mainbourg.*

a good

a good Grace, and in a manner which both Pleases and Instructs.

Horace or *Boileau*, have said such a thing before you. I take your Word, for it, but I said it as my own, and may not I have the same just Thought after them, as others may have it after me?

Of Personal Merit.

WHO is there that must not be convinced, he is but a useless Person, though he has never so many good Qualities, and never such an extraordinary Merit; when he considers that at his Death he leaves a World which will not miss him, and where such numbers are ready to supply his Place?

All the worth of some People lies in their mighty Names; upon a closer Inspection, what we took for Merit disappears. It was only the distance which imposed on us before.

Though I am very sincerely persuaded that they who are selected to Employments, every Man

Man according to his Genius and Profeſſion, acquit themſelves well, yet I ſhall venture to ſay, the World affords a great many Men, known or unknown, not employed, who would acquit themſelves altogether as well. And this I am inclined to think from the admirable Succeſs of ſome People, whom Fortune only has thrown into Poſts, and from whom, till then, no great matters were expected.

How many extraordinary Men and fine Genius's are Dead without ever being talked of? And how many are there Living, that neither are now, nor never will be talked of?

How difficult is it for a Man without Cabal or Party, who is connected with no Society, or Body of Men, but ſtands alone, and has nothing but a great deal of Merit for his Recommendation; how difficult, I ſay, will it be for him to make his Way through his Obſcurity, and attain to a Level with a Coxcomb who has Intereſt!

It is ſeldom that a Man, of himſelf, thinks on the Merit of another.

Men

Men are ſo engroſſed by themſelves, that they have not the leiſure to diſtinguiſh and penetrate into others; which is the Cauſe that a great Merit, joined to a great Modeſty, may languiſh a long time in obſcurity.

A Genius and great Abilities are often wanting, ſometimes only Opportunites. Some deſerve Praiſe for what they have done, and others for what they would have done.

It is not ſo hard to meet with Wit, as with People that make a good Uſe of their own, or countenance that of another Man.

There are more Tools than Workmen, and of the laſt more bad than good: What think you of him that would take up his Plane to ſaw, and his Saw to plane?

There is not in the World ſo toilſome a Trade as the purſuit of Fame: Life concludes before you have ſo much as ſketched your Work.

What is to be done with this *Ageſippus*, who ſollicits for an Emqloyment? Shall he

have

have a Poſt in the Exchequer or in the Army? It is indeed perfectly indifferent, which of them he has: Nor can any thing but Intereſt decide it, for he is even as good an Accomptant, as he is a Soldier. Oh! but ſay his Friends, he is capable of any thing, that is, he has a Talent for no one thing more than an other, or in other Words, he is capable of nothing. This is a general Abuſe: They ſquander away their Youth; they indiſpoſe themſelves by Idleneſs and Pleaſure, and then falſly preſume, that when they are Old or Poor, the Commonwealth is bound to relieve them, ſneering at that excellent Maxim, which ſays, that Men ought to employ the firſt Years of Life to become ſo qualified, that the Commonwealth may have Occaſion for their Knowledge or Induſtry; that they may be neceſſary Materials to the Fabrick of the Commonwealth, and ſo the Publick in Intereſt and Honour ſtand obliged to advance them.

It is our Duty to qualify ourſelves perfectly for ſome Employment: The reſt does not concern us. It is the Buſineſs of others.

To owe Preferment or Reputation to our ſelves alone, without any dependance on others, or to renounce them, is an exalted Maxim, and of

infinite Advantage amidſt the Intricacies of Life. Favourable to the Indolent, the Virtuous, and the Witty, whom it either renders Maſters of their Fortune, or their Eaſe: Formidable to the Great, whom it would abridge of their Attendants, or rather of their Slaves; would mortify their Pride by contracting their Authority, reducing it to their own ſervile Hirelings. This would deprive them of the Pleaſure of being courted, petitioned and ſolicited, of refuſing, of promiſing and not performing. This would thwart them in the Humour of bringing Coxcombs into Play, and depreſſing Merit when they chance to diſcern it. This would baniſh from Courts, Intrigues, Cabals, Envy, Flattery, Baſeneſs and Deceit. This would calm a tempeſtuous Court, as full of Plots and Buſtle, as any Repreſentations on the Theatre, where the Wiſe are never but Spectators: This would reſtore Dignity to the ſeveral Conditions of Men, and Serenity to their Looks, enlarge their Liberty, and awaken their natural Talents, by habitual Exerciſe. This would excite them to Emulation, to a Deſire of Glory, to a Love of Virtue; and inſtead of vile, turbulent or lazy Courtiers, a dead Weight often to the Commonwealth, would make them good Oeconomiſts, exemplary

Heads

Heads of Families, upright Judges, or great Commanders, or Orators, or Philoſophers; and all the Inconvenience of this to any of them, would be, perhaps, to leave their Heirs not ſo vaſt an Eſtate, but a more worthy Example.

It requires a great deal of Reſolution, and a well-poiſed Underſtanding to decline Poſts and Employments, and to put up with Retirement, and enjoy Virtue in the Garden or at the Fire-ſide. There are few who have a Genius to play this Part handſomely, or know how to paſs their vacant Hours, without what the Vulgar call Buſineſs. There is nothing wanting to the Idleneſs of a wiſe Man, but a better Name, and that Meditation, Diſcourſe and Reading be called Employment.

A Place-Man of Merit is never of an imperious Vanity. The Poſt that he is in, does not puff him up ſo much, as a greater, which he thinks he deſerves, and which he has not, mortifies him. He is more ſubject to be diſturbed, than to be haughty or diſdainful; for himſelf alone takes up all his Attention.

Much Attendance goes ſorely againſt the Grain of a Man of Merit; but not for the Reaſon which ſome may imagine. He has more Modeſty than to think he does the leaſt Pleaſure to a Prince, to be ever at his Elbow, to poſt himſelf juſt before him, and make himſelf taken notice of; he is more apt to fear being importunate, and all the Reaſons drawn from Cuſtom and Duty, can hardly perſuade him to make his appearance. While on the contrary, another who has a good Opinnion of himſelf, and one whom the Vulgar cry up for a Man of Spirit, takes a Pride to ſhew himſelf, and makes his Court with the more Confidence, becauſe it never enters into his Head, that the Great, by whom he is ſeen every Day, may think otherwiſe of him, than he does of himſelf.

The Pleaſure a Man of Honour enjoys in the Conſciouſneſs of having performed his Duty, is a Reward he pays himſelf for all his Pains. Applauſe, Eſteem and Acknowledgments, as they are not always paid him, ſo are they but of little Account with him.

If

If I durst make a Comparison between two Conditions of Life [illegible] I would say, that a Man of Courage [illegible] to the Execution of his Duty, [illegible] the same manner, as a Tyler goes about the [illegible] Neither the one nor the other [illegible] his Life, so neither of them [illegible] Danger. To them Death is an [illegible] incident to their Calling, but [illegible] stacle. The first takes himself [illegible] having appeared in the Trenches, [illegible] Breach, or forced a Retrenchment; the other for having climbed up to some [illegible] or the top of a Steeple. The [illegible] of both was to do well, while the [illegible] Man ventures merely to be talked of.

Modesty is to Merit as Shades to Figures in a Picture; giving it Strength and Beauty.

A plain Exterior is to ordinary Men their proper Garb, shaped and fitted to their Size, but is an ornamental Habit in those Persons whose Lives have been distinguished by signal Actions. I compare them to a Beauty, most charming when *à la negligé*.

Some inwardly bloated with a tolerable Action or Composition of theirs, having heard that Modesty becomes great Men, affect the natural Air and Simplicity of the truly Modest; like those People, who though none of the tallest, stoop when they come under a Door, for fear of hurting their Heads.

Your ‖ Son stammers, think not of fitting him for the Bench; your Daughter, too, looks as if she were of a communicative Constitution, never immure her among the *Vestals*. † *Xanthus* your Freed-man is timorous and feeble, make haste, take him out of the Legions instantly. You say, you would advance him, Heap Wealth on him, load him with Lands, Titles and Possessions. Make use of your Time, for such is the Age, that they will do him infinitely more Credit than Virtue. But this will cost me too much, you reply. Ah,

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‖ Mr. de *Harlay* Advocate General, Madame *de Harlay* his Sister, a Nun in St. *Elizabeth*'s Convent, whither she was conveyed on account of her Familiarity with *Du Mesnil*, one of the Opera-orchæstra.

† Mr. *De Courtanvaux*, Son to Mr. *De Louvois*.

Crassus ‖

Crassus ‡ ! such a Word from you? Why! for you to enrich *Xanthus*, the Person whom you love, is no more than taking a Drop of Water from the *Tiber*; and thus you prevent the ill Consequences which must certainly attend his continuing in a Station for which he is absolutely unfit.

It is Virtue which should determine us in the Choice of our Friends, without enquiring into their good or ill Fortune; and when we find in ourselves Resolution enough to follow them in Adversity, then may we boldly, and with honest Freedom, cultivate their Friendship in their greatest Prosperity.

If it is usual to be strongly impressed with things rare and extraordinary, how comes it then that Virtue is taken so little notice of?

If it is a Happiness to be nobly Descended, it is not a less to have so much Merit, that no body enquires whether we are so or no.

The World has seen some admirable choice Men, whose Virtue and eminent Qualities have cast a prodigious * Effulgence; like those un-

‡ Mr. *Louvois*. * *The C*

usual Stars in the Heavens, the Causes of which we are ignorant of, and know as little what becomes of them after they disappear. These Men neither have Ancestors, nor Posterity: They alone are their whole Race.

Right Reason discovers to us our Duty, and the Obligation we lye under to perform it; if attended with Danger, to perform it in spight of Danger. It either inspires us with Courage, or supplies the want of it.

He who excels in his Art so as to carry it to the utmost height of Perfection of which it is capable, may be said in some Measure to go beyond it; his transcendent Productions admit of no Appellations, thus E is a Painter, C a Musician, and B a Poet, but *Mignard* is *Mignard*, *Lully* is *Lully*, and *Corneille* is *Corneille*.

The single and independent Man, with Sense, may considerably push his Fortune and Figure even with Quality; which is not so easily done, if incumbered. Marriage seems to range every Body in their proper Rank and Degree.

Next to personal Merit, it must be owned,

Archbishop of *Rheims*, Brother to Mr. *de*

that

that from eminent Dignities and Titles Men derive the greatest Distinction and Lustre; and thus the Person who will never make an *Erasmus*, is in the right to endeavour to be a § Bishop. Some, to spread their Fame accumulate Dignity upon Dignity, sollicit the Peerage, Orders, Primacies, and what not; some also intrigue for the *Tiara*; but what Occasion has ‖ *Benignus* to be made a Cardinal?

You tell me that the Gold on ‡ *Philemon*'s Cloaths makes a glittering show, but does it not also at the Lace-man's? His Cloaths are made of the finest Stuffs, but are those same Stuffs less fine in the Shops, or in the whole Piece? but then the Embroidery and Trimming give them a Richness. Do they so? Then the greater Praise to the Taylor. Ask him what a Clock it is, he pull's out a Master-piece of a Watch; he has an Onix for the Grasp of his Sword, and on his Finger he wears a large Diamond, which dazzles your Eyes; he wants none of all those Knick-

§ *Harlay* late Arch-Bishop of *Paris*.
‖ *Benigne Bossuet* Arch-Bishop of *Meaux*.
‡ The Count *d'Aubigni*, Madame de *Maintenon*'s Brother, or my Lord *Stafford* an *English* Nobleman, more famous for his Expences and Shew than any solid Worth.

Nacks, which are worne more for Shew than Service; and is as lavish in his Dress as a young Fellow who has married a rich old Widow. Well, at last you have raised my Curiosity to see all this Finery; but do you hear, send me hither *Philemon's* Cloaths and Jewels, and I will excuse you as to his Person.

Thou art mightily mistaken, *Philemon*, with that glittering Coach, that File of Fops behind and before it, and those six Horses to draw thee in State, if thou thinkest to be esteemed a whit the more: No, our Thoughts reach thee through all that Glitter, which is not properly thine, and find thee to be an arrant Coxcomb amidst all this ascititious Splendor.

Not but the Man is to be forgiven who fancies himself the greater Wit, and the more Nobly descended, because of his rich Coaches, Cloaths and splendid Equipage; for indeed it is the self same Opinion which he reads in the Faces and Behaviour of those who address him.

‡ You have seen at Court, and often in the City, a Creature in a long Silk Cloak, or one

‡ Abbe *Beileau* a celebrated Preacher, Brother to the Poet.

of

of a very fine Cloath, a broad Surcingle up to his Breaſt, Shoes of the fineſt *Turkey* Leather, and a little Skull-Cap of the ſame, a nice-ſtarched Band, and Hair moſt curiouſly curled, with a ruddy Complexion, who beſides theſe Decorations, will talk of Metaphyſical Diſtinctions, of the Light of Glory and Viſibility of God, *&c.* this thing is called a Doctor. † A mortified Perſon, who is immured in his Cloſet, has ſtudied, ſearched, compared, read, and writ all his Life time; this is the Man of Learning.

With us the Soldier is Brave, the Lawyer Learned; we proceed no farther. With the *Romans*, the Gown-man was Brave, and the Soldier Learned. A *Roman* poſſeſſed both theſe Profeſſions, and was *tam Marte quam Mercurio.*

The Hero ſeems only to be a Soldier, while the Great Man is of all Profeſſions, Scholar, Soldier, Stateſman and Courtier; put them together, they are not both worth one honeſt Man.

In War the Diſtinction between the Hero and the Great Man is very nice. All the Military

† *Pere Mabillon.*

Military Virtues go to the making up of both their Characters. To the first however it seems requisite that he should be young, daring, precipitate and above all Fear. The other excels him in Sedateness, Foresight, Capacity, Experience. Perhaps *Alexander* was but a Hero, and *Cæsar* the Great Man.

* *Æmilius* was born, what the greatest Men do not become without abundance of Rules, long Study, and Practice; he had no more to do in his tender Years, but to give up himself entirely to the Bent of his own happy Genius; he acted, he performed, before he knew, or rather he knew without being taught. Shall I say it? Several Victories were the Diversions of his Infancy. It would make a Life of shining Success and great Exploits, only to have performed the Actions of his Youth. All the Occasions which have since offered, he has embraced, and has come off Victorious, or with the Honour of Success; others his Virtue and Fortune have created; he was admired for what he could have done, as well as for what he had done. The People looked on him as a Man, incapable of yielding to an Enemy, or considering Numbers or Diffi-

* Mr. de *Turrenne.*

culties

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Duke of Orleans. [illegible] ned a [illegible] of the [illegible] Montglat.

not for Time or Age. Merit in them precedes Years; they have an innate Maturity, and reach Manhood, before ordinary Men get out of their Infancy.

Short-ſighted People, I mean ſuch who have but narrow Conceptions, never extended beyond their own little Sphere, cannot comprehend that Univerſality of Talents which is ſometimes obſervable in one Perſon. They allow no Solidity in whatever is agreeable; or when they ſee in any one the Graces of the Body, Activity, Suppleneſs and Dexterity; they conclude he wants the Endowments of the Mind; Judgment, Prudence, and Perſpicacity. Let Hiſtory ſay what it will, they will not believe that *Socrates* ever danced.

There are few Men ſo accomplifhed, or ſo neceſſary, but have ſome Failings or other, which will make their Friends bear the loſs of them with the greater Patience.

It is not impoſſible for a Man of Senſe, but honeſt and open, to fall into a Snare. He thinks no body would lay one for him, or pick him out to make a Bubble of. This Confidence of his makes him leſs cautious, and the

Buffoons

Buffoons are ſure to faſten there. They who atttempt him a ſecond time will certainly pay for all. He is cheated but once.

I ſhall, if I have any Equity, carefully avoid offending any Perſon; but, above all, a Man of Wit, if I had no regard but to my own Intereſt.

There are peculiar ways in Men, which diſcover what they are, through the moſt ſubtile Feints and cloſeſt Diſguiſe. A Blockhead cannot come in, nor go away, nor ſit, nor riſe, nor ſtand, like a Man of Senſe.

I came to know * *Mopſus* by a viſit he made me, though he had no previous acquaintance with me: But it is common with him to deſire ſome whom he does not know, to bring him acquainted with others to whom he is equally unknown; and to write to a Woman, whom he only knows by ſight; he introduces himſelf into a Company of Perſons of Character and Figure, though a perfect Stranger to every one of them; and there, without waiting till he

* The Abbot *St. Pierre.*

is ſpoke to, or perceiving that he is troubleſome, he falls a talking after his manner, that is, exceſſively and ridiculouſly. At another time, he comes into a publick Aſſembly, ſquats himſelf down any where, without any regard to others or himſelf; if removed out of a Place which was reſerved for ſome Miniſter of State, he goes and ſeats himſelf in that of a Duke; he is the Diverſion of the whole Company, yet the only Perſon who keeps his Countenance; he is like the Dog, drive him out of the King's Chair, up he ſkips into the Pulpit. The Reflections of the World give him no manner of concern; a Bluſh was never ſeen in his Face. For Modeſty, the Blockhead and he may very well go together.

† *Celſus* is in no high Station, yet thoſe of the beſt Quality entertain him; though Ignorant, he herds with the Learned; he has little Merit himſelf, yet he is acquainted with those who have a great deal; he has no Abilities, but a Tongue that ſerves juſt to make him underſtood, and Feet that carry him from one Place to another. He is a Fellow made

† The Baron of *Bretueil*, Envoy to *Mantua*.

to

to run backwards and forwards on Errands, to hear Proposals, and report them; to make some of his own, and exceed his Commission, and then to be disowned; to reconcile People, that fall out again the first time they see one another; to succeed in one Affair and fail in a thousand; to arrogate all the Honour of a Success to himself, and cast all the Odium of a Miscarriage on others. He knows all the News and Tattle about Town; he does nothing himself, but only hears and repeats what others do; he is acquainted with the Secrets of Families, and pretends to more important Mysteries; he tells you the Reason why such a one was discarded, and another restored; he knows the Bottom † of the Difference

† Which happened betwixt Mr. *Pelletier*, and Messrs. de *Louvois* and de *Seignelai*, concerning assisting King *James* the 2d. Mr. *de Louvois* concealing his secret Pique against that Prince, for refusing his Nomination to the Purple for his Brother the Arch-Bishop of *Rheims*, under pretence of a tenderness for his Country, was for giving up King *James* to his ill fortune, as any Assistance towards his Restoration would occasion a very burthensome War. Mr. de *Seignelai* on the contrary asserted, that the King's Honour was concerned to succour a Prince who was a Martyr. The last Opinion *prevailed*, but by *de Louvois* Management.

ference between the two Brothers, and Rupture betwixt the two Miniſters. Did foretel to the former the ſad Conſeq their Miſunderſtanding? Did not he latter, that their Intimacy would not Was not he preſent when ſuch and ſu were ſpoken? Did not he negotiate tha Would they believe him? Was any ſaid minded? To whom do you tal rate? Who has had a greater hand Intrigues of the Court than *Celſus*? A were not ſo, or if he had not dream imagined it to be ſo, would he offer you believe it? Would he put on the Deportment, the myſterious Air of a tiator?

‖ *Menippus* is the Crow decked with Birds Feathers: He neither ſpeaks nor himſelf, but repeats other Peoples Th

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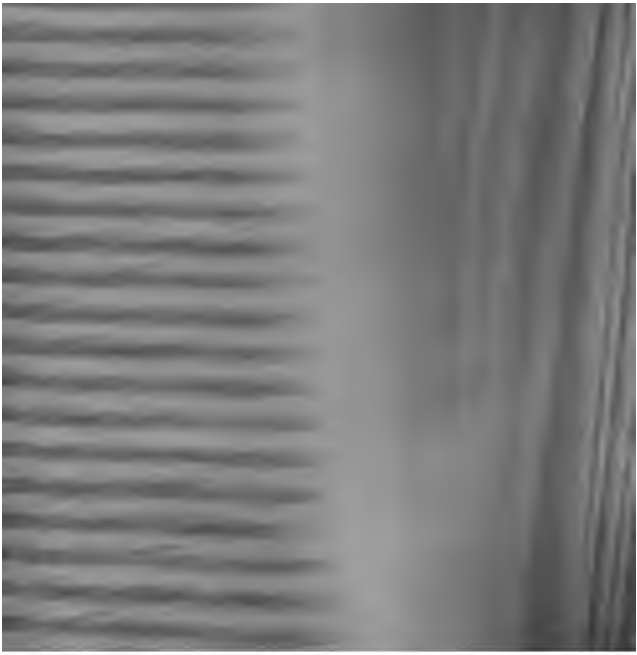
ment, it was not proſecuted with any Vig King *James* was beaten out of *Ireland*, an at *St. Germain* en Laie 16th *September* 1701 ing fainted a few Days before at theſe Ve the Anthem: *Remember, O Lord, what is co us, and conſider our Reproaches: Our Inheritan turned to Strangers, and our Houſes to Aliens.*

‖ The Duke *de Villeroy*.



cies all Mens Eyes are open only for
and that they ſtop only to admire him.

He that has a Hotel of his own, w
Summer and Winter Apartment, yet
up with a Cabbin in the *Louvre*, does
do ſo out of Modeſty. Another, who
preſerve his fine Shape, abſtains from W
and eats but one Meal a Day, is neithe
ber nor Temperate. A Third who to g
of the Importunity of a poor Acquaint
gives him ſome Relief, may be ſaid to
his Quiet; but by no means to be Lil
It is the Motive makes the Action, Diſi
eſtedneſs is their Perfection.

† Falſe Greatneſs is ſavage and inac
ble, as if ſenſible of its weakneſs, it ſ
concealment; ſhewing juſt what may
zle the World, but not its open Fac
fear of diſcovering its real Sordidneſs. ‖

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† Marſhall de *Villeroi*.

‖ *De Turrenne*, from a ſtrict Proteſtan
brought to Catholiciſm, afterwards made M
of *France*. His conſtant Cuſtom was to diſc
all his Debts at the Opening of a Cam
after all his Commands he left no Riches;
killed in *Germany* by a Cannon Shot, 1674.

[illegible] Virtue: but that Men will very rarely [illegible], and so he is easy without it.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them, to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of Goodness, that nothing but an increase of his Sufferings can add to it; if it proves his Death, his Virtue is at its Summit; it is Heroism compleat.

Of Women.

IT is seldom that the Merit of a Woman is universally agreed on by both Sexes; their Interests are too different. The Women are displeased with those very same Beauties in another, which render them agreeable to the Men. A thousand Airs which inflame us with the most violent or tender Love, raise their Contempt and Aversion.

The Dignity of some Women is all artificial: It consists in the Motions of their Eyes, the Toss of their Heads, a Stately Mien, and Superficial Wit, admired only because not

in the right without doubt, to take what course they please to beautify themselves, and in the Choice of their Dress and Ornaments, to follow their own Caprice and Vanity: But if it is the Men whom they would Charm, if it is for them they Wash and Paint; I have counted Votes, and do assure them from all the Men, or from the Majority, that, the White and Red they use, make them look nauseous and frightful; that they hate as much to see Women with Paint on their Faces, as with false Teeth in their Mouths, or Balls to plump out their Cheeks; that they solemnly protest against all their Artifices to make themselves ugly, as the last and infallible means to reclaim Men from the Love of them.

If Women were by Nature, what they make themselves by Art; if they were to lose suddenly all the Freshness of their Complexion, and their Faces to become as hideously diversified as they are by Paint, they would look on themselves as the most wretched Creatures in the World.

A Coquet is one that is never to be persuaded out of the Passion she has to pl

or out of a good Opinion of her own Beauty: Time and Years ſhe regards as things that only wrinkle and decay other Women; forgets that Age is writ in the Face, and that the ſame Dreſs which became her when ſhe was young, now only makes her look the older. Affectation cleaves to her even in Sickneſs and Pain; ſhe dies in a High-head and coloured Ribbons.

Lyce hears another Coquet laughed at for pretending to Youth, and for wearing thoſe Dreſſes which do not ſuit a Woman of Forty; *Lyce* is not leſs herſelf, but Years with her have not twelve Months, nor do they add to her Age; ſhe thinks ſo; and whilſt ſhe looks in the Glaſs, lays the Red on her Face, and ſticks on the Patches, ſhe confeſſes there is an Age, when it is not decent to affect a youthful Appearance, and that *Clarice* with Paint and Patches is monſtrouſly ridiculous.

Women, when they expect their Lovers, make great Preparation in their Dreſs; but if they are ſurprized by them, they ſoon forget their Negligée. With indifferent Perſons, they are aware of it, they rectify it with eaſe, and, before them make, no ſcruple to adjuſt

themſelves, or elſe diſappear for a Moment, and return dreſsed.

A fine Face is the fineſt of all Sights; and the ſweeteſt Muſick the Voice of her whom we love.

Agreeableneſs is Arbitrary: Beauty is ſomething more real and independent of Taſte and Opinion.

There are Women of ſuch perfect Beauty, and ſuch tranſcendent Merit, that though it is impoſſible for us not to love them, yet we dare not encourage our Paſſion to hope for any greater Favour, than that of ſeeing them, and converſing with them.

A Beautiful Woman with the Qualities of an Accompliſhed Man, is, of all the Converſations in the World, the moſt delicious. In her the Merits of both Sexes concenter.

Many little, unmeaning things, eſcape the Fair, which ſtrangely impreſs the Lover. It is not ſo with the Men; their Endearments are all Voluntary, their Words, their Actions,

and a Husband is of so short Duration, that a new Gallant supplants him in his turn.

An old Gallant either fears or despises a new Rival, according to the Character of the Woman to whom he is devoted.

An old Gallant often wants nothing but the Name, to be a very Husband; he is obliged to that Circumstance, or else he would have been dismissed a thousand times.

Few Intrigues are secret; many Women are not better known by the Name of their Husband than by that of their Gallants.

A Woman of Gallantry is ambitious of being beloved; it is enough for a Coquet, that she is thought handsome. The Business of the one is a single Engagement, of the other a general Conquest. The first passes successively from one Engagement to another, the second has a great many Amusements on her Hand at once. Passion and Pleasure are predominant in the first, Vanity and Levity in the second; Gallantry is a Weakness in the Heart, perhaps a constitutional Foible; Coquettry is an Irregularity of the Mind. The Woman of Gallantry makes herself feared, the Coquet hated. From these two Characters might be formed a third, the worst of all.

A weak Woman is one, who is reproached with a Fault, for which ſhe reproaches herſelf; whoſe Heart is in a perpetual Conflict with Reaſon; ſhe would be cured of her Folly, but never will be cured; or at leaſt very late.

An inconſtant Woman is one who is no longer in Love: A falſe Woman, is one, who is already in Love with another Perſon: A fickle Woman is ſhe who neither knows whom ſhe loves, nor whether ſhe loves or no: and the indifferent Woman, one who does not love at all.

Treachery in Women is an Art of diſpoſing every Word and Action, of managing Promiſes and Proteſtations, in the beſt manner to deceive; and which it coſts them no more to break, than it did to make.

A faithleſs Woman, if known to be ſuch by the Perſon concerned, is but faithleſs; if ſhe is believed faithful, ſhe is treacherous.

This Good we get from the known Perfidiouſneſs of Women, that it cures us of our Jealouſy.

Some Women in their Course of Life, have a double Engagement to maintain, which to violate, or to dissemble, is equally difficult; in one nothing is wanting but the Ceremony of the Church, and in the other nothing but the Heart.

* To judge of that Lady by her Beauty, her Youth, and Loftiness, you would swear none but a Hero could succeed with her: At last, she has made her Choice, and what is it? A dwarfish Animal, without one single Grain of Sense.

Women past their Prime, and of a cracked Reputation, but rich, seem naturally to be the Refuge of Young Fellows, put to their Shifts; though for my part I cannot tell whose case is most woeful; that of a Woman in Years, wanting a young Husband; or that of

* Madam *de Luines*, who though a very fine young Lady, fell in Love with a crooked ill-looked, little Limb of the Law, who used her very scandalously. Her second Marriage was in every Respect more suitable to such an accomplished Person.

a young

a young Fellow who ſtands in need of an old Woman.

One who is the Refuſe of the Court, in City-Aſſemblies makes a commanding Figure. There he Triumphs, routing the Magiſtrate in all his Finery; and the Citizen, with long Perruque and Sword: He beats them all out of the Field, and poſſeſſes himſelf of the Place; he alone is regarded and beloved; there is no holding out againſt a Scarf and Feather, no reſiſting a Man that talks to the King, and viſits the Miniſters. He kindles Jealouſy betwixt both Sexes; he is admired and envied: Four Leagues off, he is deſpiſed.

A Citizen to a Woman that was never out of the Country, is as a Courtier to another of her Sex bred only in the City.

A Man that is vain, indiſcreet, a great Talker and a Buffoon: one who ſpeaks arrogantly of himſelf, and contemptuouſly of others; who is extravagant, haughty, forward, without Morality, Honeſty or Senſe; ſuch a Man, I ſay wants nothing to be adored by multitudes of Women, but tolerable Features and a good Shape.

Is it from a view of Secrecy, or ſome mental Diſtemper, that ſuch a Lady loves her Footman, another a Monk, and *Dorinna* her Phyſician?

‡ *Roſcius* treads the Stage with admirable Grace. Yes, ‖ *Lelia*, ſo he does: And I will tell you too, his Legs are well made, he acts well, and very long Parts; he delivers himſelf with the moſt winning Eaſe and Dignity. But is he the only agreeable Perſon of his Profeſſion; or is his Profeſſion indeed the nobleſt and moſt honourable in the World? However, *Roſcius* is not for you: He is another's; or if he were not, he is pre-engaged. § *Claudia* waits his being diſguſted with ‡ *Meſſalina*. Take ‖ *Bathyllus* then, *Lelia*; where will you find, I do not ſay among the Gentlemen, whom you deſpiſe, but among the very Players, one to compare with him for a Spring or a Caper? Or what think you of § *Celus* the Tumbler, who whirls himſelf quite

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‡ *Baron* the Actor. ‖ Madam *de la Ferté*.
§ The Duchess of *Bouillon*. ‡ The Marshal *de la Ferté*'s Lady.
‖ *Precourt*. § *Beauchamp*.

round

round in the Air before he lights upon the Ground? But perhaps you know that he is old; and for *Bathyllus* you say, that the Crowd about him is still too great; he refuses more Women than he gratifies. Well then, you shall have ‖ *Draco*, none of all his Profession swells a pair of Cheeks with so much decency as he does, when he makes the Flute, the Hautboy or the Flagelet speak; for it is an infinite number of Instruments that he is skilled in; then he is so Comical, that that he sets all the Women and Children a laughing: Who eats or drinks more at a Meal than *Draco*? He drinks down the whole Company, and then triumphs over them in an insulting Bumper. You sigh, *Lelia*: Is it because *Draco* is fixt in his Choice, and thus you are unfortunately prevented? Is he at last engaged to † *Cesonia*, who has so long pursued him, and for whom she has sacrificed such a train of Lovers, I may safely say, all the Flower of *Rome*? To *Cesonia*, who is herself of a *Patrician* Family; *Cesonia*, so young, so beautiful, and so grave. Well, I heartily pity you, *Lelia*, since you, I see, have caught the Contagion which sets our

‖ *Filbert.* † Madam de Bouillon.

Roman Ladies a madding after these public Men, as they are called; whose Calling exposes them to common View; what Course will you take then, since the best of that kind are forestalled? However, *Brontes*, the Executioner is still left, he is a public Man, and every body talks of his Strength, and Dexterity: Then he is swarthy as a *Negro*, and a brawny broad shouldered Fellow.

Women of the World look on a Gardiner as a Gardiner, and a Mason as a Mason: Your Reclose Ladies look on a Mason as a Man, and a Gardiner as a Man: Any thing is a Temptation to them who fear it.

‡ Some Ladies are Benefactors to the Church as well as to their Lovers; and being both Gallant and Charitable, are provided with Seats or Pews within the Rails of the Altar, where they read their *Billets Doux*, and where, for any thing you can see of them, you would think their Hearts in Heaven.

What is a *directed* Woman, as they call it? Is she more dutiful to her Husband, kinder

‡ The Duchess of *Aumont*.

to

to her Servants, more careful of her domestic Concerns, more sincere and zealous for her Friends? Is she less a Slave to her Humour, less governed by Interest, and less fond of worldly Enjoyments? I do not ask if she makes large Presents to her Children that have no need of them, but if having Wealth enough and to spare, she furnishes them with Necessaries, and gives them their due; is there less of Self-love, and Coldness to others in her? Is she more detached from seducing Objects? No, say you, she is nothing of all this. I insist upon it, tell me then what is this *directed* Woman? Oh! I understand you; she is a Woman under a Director.

‡ If the Confessor and Director cannot agree about the Rule of Conduct, what third Person shall a Woman take to be Arbitrator?

It much less concerns a Woman to provide herself with a Director, than to live so as not to need one.

If a Woman should tell her Confessor, among her other Weaknesses, that which she has

‡ Priests or Fryars who intrude themselves into Families, and take upon them to give Directions for the Conduct of their Lives.

for her Director, and the time she mispends in his Company, perhaps she might be enjoined leaving her Director for Penance.

Would I had the liberty of crying out, to those Sanctimonious Men who have formerly suffered by Women, Fly from Women, do not you direct them, there is danger; let others take care of their Salvation.

It is too much to have a Wife both a Coquet and a Bigot; one of these Qualities will give the poor Husband trouble enough.

I have deferred it a long time, but after all my Struggles it must out, and I hope my Freedom may be of some Service to those Ladies, who not having enough of a Confessor to instruct them, are inadvertent in the choice of their Directors. I am amazed at some People that shall be nameless: I gaze with wonder on them: They speak, and I listen; then I enquire, and am told certain Matters; I ruminate on them; yet after all, cannot I comprehend for my Life, how these People, who to me appear the very reverse of Reason, Sense, Experience of the World, Knowledge of Mankind, even of Religion and Mora-

Morality; how, I say, they can presume that Heaven should in their Persons renew in our Days the Miracles of the Apostleship, in making such witless, mean-spirited, ignorant Wretches, capable of the Ministry of Souls; which of all Offices is at once the noblest and the most critical. But if, on the contrary, they fancy themselves born for a Function so arduous and peculiar, and persuade themselves, that in undertaking it, they do but exercise their Natural Talents, as in some ordinary Calling; this, I confess, is, to me, still more incomprehensible.

I see very well, it is the Satisfaction of being privy to the Secrets of Families, of being necessary in bringing about Reconciliations, of being entrusted with Commissions, or helping Servants to Places; it is the pleasure of finding all Doors open to them at Noblemens Houses, of Eating frequently at good Tables, of being carried up and down the Town in a fine Coach, of Excursions to delicious Country Seats, of seeing Persons of Rank and Quality, concern themselves in their Life and Health, and of procuring for others and themselves all worldly Conveniencies: *Nothing is plainer* than that for the sake of

these

these things only, they assume the specious and venerable pretence of the Care of Souls; these are the Views which have propagated that infinite Swarm of *Directors*.

Devotion with some, but especially Women, is either a Passion, or an Infirmity of Age, or a Fashion which must be followed. Formerly they reckoned the Week by the several Days of Gaming, of going to the Play, the Concert, the Masquerade, or some ludicrous Sermon. On *Mondays* they lost their Money at *Ismena*'s, on *Tuesdays* their Time at *Climene's*, and on *Wednesdays* their Reputation at *Cilinene*'s; they knew over Night what was to be done the next Morning; thus enjoying at once the present and the future Pleasure, they only wished that it were but possible to unite them both in one Day; nothing troubled them, nothing grieved them, but that when they were at the Opera, they could not be the same Moment at the Play. But admire the Reformation: Now they are extravagant in their Austerity and Retirement, so demure they hardly open their Eyes, or take any use of their Senses, and what is most strange, but little of their Tongue; and still they *think*, as well of themselves, as ill

of others, who [illegible]
and Reformation, with a deal to [illegible]
The Brain of Procrastinator contains [illegible]
his new Courtie of Life, which engaged [illegible]
that which now is drawn alike, but [illegible]
Policy or Laffonde. There [illegible]
ty and Sloth dancing [illegible]
actively; now their Hangbloud [illegible]
d Rancour dance there [illegible]
merrily.

Hermes, thouh I cannot [illegible]
will be force me to [illegible]
the may [illegible]
be able to [illegible]
will not be [illegible]
counsile my [illegible]
unknown to [illegible]
[illegible]

gion, and undertakes even to regulate their very Heart: They neither approve nor disapprove, commend or condemn, till they have consulted his Countenance; he is the Confident of their Joys, their Griefs, their Desires, their Jealousies, their Aversions and their Amours: He makes them break with their Gallants, embroils and reconciles them with their Husbands, and makes his advantage of the Intervals: He takes care of their Concerns, solicits their Law Suits, and attends the Judges for them: Recommends their Physician, Tradesmen and Workmen: He takes upon him to provide them Lodgings, to direct the Furniture, and every Part of their Equipage; he is seen with them in their Coaches, and at the Walks, as well as in their Pew at Church, and their Box at the Play: He makes the same Visits with them, waits on them to the Bath, the Wells, and in their Country Jaunts: The best Apartment at their Seats is assigned to him: He grows old without any Declension of his Authority: Having a little Wit and a great deal of Leisure to squander away, he wants nothing more to support it. The Children, the Heirs, the Daughter-in-law, the Neice, the Servants, are all at his Beck. He began by making himself

esteemed,

fteemed, and ends by making himſelf feared. This old and neceſſary Friend dies at laſt without being regretted, and ten or a dozen Women, over whom he tyrannized, recover heir Liberty by his Death.

Some Women have endeavoured to conceal heir Conduct, under a modeſt Exterior, but he moſt which any have got by the beſt cted Diſſimulation, has been, to have it ſaid, *One would have taken her for a Veſtal.*

It is a deciſive Proof that a Woman has a air and eſtabliſhed Reputation, when it is ot blemiſhed by the Familiarity of thoſe who lo not reſemble her; and when, with all the Propenſity of the World to make defamatory Conſtructions, they are forced to have recourſe o a very different Reaſon for this Intimacy, han that of a Similarity of Manners.

An Actor overdoes his Parts: A Poet exaggerates in his Deſcriptions: A Painter, who draws from Life, heightens the Paſſion, the Contraſt and the Attitudes; and he that copies him, unleſs he meaſures the Dimenſions and Proportions, will make his Figure too big, and the whole Piece unequal to the

the Original: Thus Prudery is an awkard Imitation of Virtue.

There is a false Modesty, which is Vanity; a false Glory, which is Levity; a false Grandeur, which is Meanness; a false Virtue, which is Hypocrisy; and a false Wisdom, which is Prudery.

The Prude is all Shew and Words, the whole Deportment of the Wise Woman is of a Piece: One follows Humour and Constitution, the other Reason and her Heart: One is precise and austere, the other is on all Occasions exactly what she ought to be: The first hides Failings under a plausible Outside, the second covers a rich Treasure of Virtues under a free and natural Carriage: Prudery shackles the Mind, yet does not hide Age or Wrinkles; but often implies them; Wisdom, on the contrary, lessens the Defects of the Body, and ennobles the Mind: It renders Youth more amiable, and Beauty more dangerous.

Why should Men be blamed because Women have no Learning? What Laws, what *Edicts* prohibit them from opening their Eyes,

from

from Reading, Remembring, or Introducing what they have read in their Writings or Conversations? Is not, on the contrary, this Ignorance of theirs owing to a Custom founded by themselves, through the Weakness of their Constitution, Indolence or Giddiness, or Care of their Beauty; or through a Genius and Fondness for Needle-Work? or it may be derived from a natural Aversion to all Seriousness and Difficulty; from a Curiosity spending itself in Trash; or from domestic Avocations. But whatever be the Cause to which Men are obliged for this Ignorance of the Women, it certainly makes for their Happiness, that Women having the Pre-eminence in so many things, are in this important Article inferior.

* A Woman with Learning, we look on, as we do on fine Arms: The Workmanship is masterly, the Polish exquisite; but then they are only fit to adorn a Closet, to be shown to Connoisseurs; being of no more service, either in War, or Hunting, than a Riding-Horse, though trained up to Perfection.

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* Madam *Scudery*.

Where

Where I find Learning and Wiſdom united in any one Perſon, I never mind the Sex, but admire; and if you tell me, that a Wiſe Woman ſeldom minds Learning, and a Learned Woman thinks Wiſdom as little worth her Thoughts, it is a ſign you have forgot what you have juſt now read; that Women were alienated from Science, by certain natural Defects: Now do you judge your ſelf, if they who have the feweſt Defects, are not moſt likely to be the wiſeſt; and conſequently a Wiſe Woman bids faireſt for Learning; and a Learned Woman could never be ſuch, without having overcome a great many Defects, which is the very beſt Proof of her Wiſdom.

To maintain a Neutrality, when two Women, who are equally our Friends, fall out, though we are not at all concerned in the Rupture, is a nice Point; we muſt generally ſide with one, or loſe both.

There are Women in the World who love their Money better than their Friends, yet their Lovers better than their Money.

It is amazing that there ſhould be Paſſions ſome Women, ſtronger and more violent n that of their Love to Men, I mean Amuſe- n and Play: Such Women keep Men chaſte, l have nothing of their own Sex but the eſs.

Women are all in Extremes: They are ei- r better or worſe than Men.

Moſt Women have no Principles. They : led by their Paſſions, and frame their anners by thoſe whom they love.

Women exceed the generality of Men in ve; but Men make the beſt Friends.

Men are the Occaſion, that Women do t love one another.

Mocking is Catching. *Lyce* being a little on the Decline, by ridiculing a young Wo- n, makes herſelf frightful: By the Grima- s and Diſtortions of her Mimickry, ſhe now grown ſo horribly ugly, that the Per- n whom ſhe mocks cannot have a better ail.

In

In the City, many Idiots both Men and Women, are accounted to have some Wit: At Court, they will have it, that many who really have Wit, are no better than Dolts. These last Hyper-Criticks will hardly allow a Beautiful Woman to have as much Wit as the rest of her Sex.

A Man keeps another Person's Secret better than his own; a Woman, on the contrary, keeps her Secret, though she blabs all others.

Let Love seem never so violent, and so entirely to possess the Heart of a young Woman, Ambition and Interest will find a Place in it.

There is a time when the greatest Fortunes ought to marry; they seldom slight the first Opportunity, but it costs them a long Repentance; the Reputation of their Fortune seems to lower as their Beauty decays. On the contrary, every thing is favourable to the young of that Sex, even Mens Imaginations attributing to them every Charm, every Accomplishment in Nature, to render them still more desireable.

To how many Women has a great Beauty been of no more service, than to make them expect a great Fortune?

Lovers, who have been ill used, have their Revenge at last. They commonly see their Mistresses, though beautiful, throw away themselves on ugly, old, or undeserving Husbands.

Most Women judge of the Merit and Mien of a Person, by what Impression they make on them, and very rarely allow either, to those who are indifferent to them.

He who is anxious to know whether the Marks of Age appear on him, needs only consult the Eyes of any Fair One and mind her Voice as she talks with him; there he will learn what he fears to know! But this is a harsh School!

The Woman constantly fixing her Eyes on one particular Person, or always turning them from him; makes us conclude one and the same thing of her.

Woman

Women are at little trouble to tell what they do not feel, Men are at leſs to expreſs what they really do feel.

Sometimes it happens that a Woman conceals from a Man the Paſſion ſhe has for him, while he only feigns the Paſſion he profeſſes for her.

Suppoſe a Man indifferent, but who deſigns to perſuade a Woman of a Paſſion which is not in him; the Queſtion is, whether it is not more eaſy for him to deceive a Woman who loves him, than one to whom he is indifferent?

A Man may deceive a Woman, by a feigned Paſſion, but then he muſt have a real one for any other.

A Man for the preſent ſtorms and rails at a Woman who has diſmiſſed him, and quickly forgets the Loſs. The Concern of a Woman is not ſo outragious, but more laſting.

Idleneſs in Women is cured either by Vanity or Love, though in the Sprightly, it is the Symptom of Love.

It is certain that a * Woman who writes with warmth is agitated, though it is not so that she loves. A deep and tender Passion inclines more to Dejection and Silence; and for a Woman who is no longer her own, it seems to be more for her Interest to be well assured of her Lover's Affection, than to be too forward to convince him of her own.

Glycera does not love her own Sex, she hates their Conversation, and shuns their Visits; she orders herself to be denied to them, and often to her Male Friends, who are not many: And these she makes to know their distance, and allows them nothing beyond the purest Friendship; is uneasy with them, answers them in Monosyllables, and seems to long to get rid of them; she affects to be alone and unsociable at her own House; her Gate is more strictly guarded, and her Chamber more inaccessible than a Minister of State; that of a *Corinna* alone is admitted at all Hours, embraced a thousand times, caressed and whispered to though they are alone in the Closet; there is such Attention given to all she says, that both Ears are hardly sufficient to listen to her Discourse; she is assured again and again, that

* Madam *de Villedieu.*

every Body elſe is troubleſome, and is let into every thing, though nothing is new to her, ſhe being Confident of both Parties. Sometimes *Glycera* is to be ſeen abroad, at the Ball, the Theatre, the Walks; ſometimes alone in a Chair on the way to the *Grand Fauxbourg*, where ſhe has a delicious Garden, or at *Canidia*'s Door, who profeſſes ſo many rare Secrets, who promiſes ſecond Huſbands to young Wives, with the Time, and all other Circumſtances; ſhe appears commonly in Night-cloaths, looſe and negligent, in a plain *Deſhabillé*, without Stays, and in Slippers; ſhe is charming in this Dreſs, and wants nothing but a little Colour. It is obſerved though, that ſhe wears a very curious Claſp, which ſhe takes ſpecial care to conceal from her Huſband's Eyes; him ſhe cajoles, careſſes, and every Day invents ſome new, pretty Appellations; has no other Bed but that of her dear *Pigſney*, and would not lye from him for the World. The Morning ſhe ſpends at her *Toilette*, and in writing ſome indiſpenſible Billets; a Servant enters and ſpeaks to her in private; it is *Parmeno*, her Favourite, whom ſhe upholds againſt his Maſter's Averſion, and his Fellow Servants Envy. He deſerves it indeed, for who delivers a Meſſage or brings an

Anſwer

Adore better than Fortune? Who has a greater Gift of Sense? [illegible] vate Door with his [illegible] Guide up the back Stairs [illegible] conveys the Bottle [illegible]

I cannot conceive how [illegible] himself upon his [illegible] from contending [illegible] self to the word Light [illegible] and body; I cannot conceive [illegible] a Man can [illegible] young Woman from [illegible] was [illegible] fame, Cato, [illegible] to the last.

A Gentleman [illegible] his own [illegible] rece, prefers to the [illegible] ing his Gentleman [illegible] ders his Wife [illegible] al not [illegible]

There is a certain Lady who ſeems to have buried her Huſband before his Time: That is, he is not ſo much as mentioned in the World; it is doubted, whether ſuch a Man is alive or no. In the Family he is a Cypher, and of no uſe, except it be to to ſet a Pattern of implicite Submiſſion, and timid Silence; Jointure and Settlement do not belong to him: Indeed were it not for that, and not lying-in, one would almoſt take him for the Wife, and her for the Huſband; they may be a quarter of a Year in the Houſe together without any danger of meeting one another; they are only Neighbours. He pays the Cook for the Materials, but the Treat is in my Lady's Apartment; they have nothing in common, neither Bed nor Board. They have not ſo much as the ſame Name: They live after the *Roman* and *Greek* manner; She keeps her Name and he his; and it is not before being initiated into the Secret Hiſtory of the Town, that one comes to know at laſt that Mr. ‖ *B.* and Madam † *L.* have been Man and Wife theſe twenty Years.

‖ Preſident de Boquemare. † Madam Doſambra.

There

towards all Men, whom as she said, she beheld without any Danger, or any other Emotions, than when with her Female Friends or her Brothers; she could not believe the thousandth Part of all the Follies, which were fathered upon Love; and those which she saw herself, seemed to her unaccountable. Friendship was the only thing of which she had any Idea, and that she first experienced towards a young and beautiful Person of her own Sex: She found in her Friendship such a sweet Complacency, that her only Study was to continue and improve it; never imagining that any other Inclination could arise, which should abate her Value of that Esteem and Confidence in which she now exulted; all her Talk was of *Euphrosina*, the Name of that dear faithful Friend, and *Euphrosina* and she were the Table-talk of their City; their Friendship became a Proverb. *Emira* had two Brothers, both so young and handsome, that all the Women of *Smyrna* were in love with them, and whom she loved herself, as became a Sister. One of the Priests of *Jupiter*, who had access to her Father's House, ravished with her Beauty, ventured to declare his Passion to her, but came off only with Disdain. An old Man, who, relying on his Rank and Estate, had the same Assurance,

ſurance, met with a like Repulſe. She triumphed in this; and vaunted her Inſenſibility towards her Brothers, a Prieſt, and an old Man; but Heaven reſerved ſeverer Trials for her; yet theſe had no other Effect but to confirm her Vanity, and inhance her Reputation of being a Perſon ſuperior to Love. Of three Lovers, whom her Charms had ſucceſſively gained, and whoſe Paſſions ſhe calmly heard and ſlighted, the firſt in an amorous Tranſport ſtabbed himſelf at her Feet, the ſecond in deſpair went to ſeek his death in the Wars of *Crete*, and the third ended his Days in a miſerable Languiſhment and Diſtraction. The Man that was to revenge all theſe had not yet appeared. The old Spark, who was ſo unfortunate in his Amours, was cured at length by reflecting on his Age, and on the Character of the Perſon to whom he made his Addreſſes. However, he was deſirous to viſit her ſometimes, and had her Permiſſion. One Day he carried along with him his Son, a Youth of a charming Aſpect, and a Carriage full of Dignity. She beheld him with ſome Diſcompoſure; but as he obſerved a Silence in the Preſence of his Father, ſhe made a diſadvantageous Judgment of his Wit; and could have wiſhed he had more. *He ſaw her* afterwards alone, when he gave a

loose to his Tongue, and with delicate Wit; but looking little at her, and talking to her about herself and her Beauty, she conceived some Indignation, that a Man of so much Beauty and Wit, should be so void of Gallantry: Her Friend had expressed a desire to see him, and was present at his next Visit: Then it was for *Euphrosina* only that he had Eyes, and a Tongue: At this the insensible *Emira* kindled into Jealousy; she perceived, that *Ctesiphon* spoke no more than his real Sentiments; and that he not only was capable of Gallantry, but of Tenderness. This cooled her towards her Friend, yet is she desirous to see them together once more. The second Interview increased her Fears, her Suspicion was turned into Certainty. She now shuns *Euphrosina*, she no longer sees in her that Merit which charmed her before; she loses all relish of her Conversation, she loves her no longer; and this Alteration made her sensible, that Love had dispossessed Friendship of her Heart. *Ctesiphon* and *Euphrosina* see one another every Day. A Marriage is concerted; they are married. The News spreads about the Town, and is talked of the more for its Rarity, that two Persons are married to those they love. *Emira* hears of it, flies into a Flame; she then feels

feels to what height her Paſſion is grown; ſhe viſits *Euphroſina* again, only for the Pleaſure of one ſight of *Cteſiphon:* But that young Huſband has not yet laid aſide the Lover, and in a new Wife ſtill finds all the Charms of a Miſtreſs, looks on *Emira* but as the Acquaintance of her that is dear to him. This compleats the Lady's Misfortune; ſhe can take no reſt, refuſes all Suſtenance, her Body is attenuated, and her Mind convulſed; ſhe miſtakes her Brother for *Cteſiphon*, and ſpeaks to him as a Lover; ſhe recollects herſelf, and bluſhes for her Error, yet relapſes into greater, for which ſhe does not bluſh, nor is ſenſible of them. Now ſhe fears Men, but now it is too late; that is her Diſtraction. She has her lucid Intervals, but Reaſon aggravates her Miſery. So wretched is her Condition, that the Youth of *Smyrna*, proud and inſenſible as ſhe was, think her too ſeverely puniſhed.

Of the Heart.

PUre Frindſhip is ſomething, which none can truly taſte, but thoſe of warm Paſſions, and a refined Genius.

There may be a Friendſhip betwixt Perſons of different Sexes, without any Senſuality; yet a Woman always looks upon a Man as a Man, and ſo will a Man ſtill look upon a Woman as a Woman. This Connection is neither pure Love nor pure Friendſhip. It is ſomething *ſui generis*.

Love ſeizes on us ſuddenly, without giving warning, and our Diſpoſition or our Weakneſs favours the Surprize; one Look, one Glance from the Fair, fixes and determines us. Friendſhip, on the contrary, is a long time in forming, it is of ſlow Growth, through many Trials and Months of Familiarity. How much Wit, good Nature, Indulgencies, how many good Offices and Civilities are required among Friends to accompliſh in ſome Years, what a lovely Face, or a fine Hand does in a Minute!

Time, which ſtrengthens Friendſhip, weakens Love.

Love, whilſt it laſts, ſubſiſts of itſelf, and ſometimes by thoſe very means, which ſeem rather to extinguiſh it, Caprice, Diſdain, Cruelty, Abſence, Jealouſy. Friendſhip,

the contrary, ſtands in need of all Helps, Attention, Confidence and Complaiſance; if not ſupplied with theſe, it expires.

It is not ſo hard to meet with Love in Exceſs, as with perfect Friendſhip.

Love and Friendſhip exclude each other.

He who has experienced a violent Love, neglects Friendſhip; and he who has gone far in Friendſhip, is no Adventurer in Love.

Love begins with Love. No ardent Paſſion ever immediately ſucceeds a warm Friendſhip.

Nothing more reſembles a ſtrong Friendſhip, than thoſe Acquaintances which we cultivate for the Intereſt of our Love.

We never love heartily but once, and that is the firſt time we love. Succeeding Inclinations are leſs involuntary.

Sudden Love is the lateſt cured.

Love, that grows ſlowly and gradually, is *too like Friendſhip* ever to be a violent Paſſion.

He

He who loves to that degree, that he wish
he were able to love a thousand times mo
than he does, yields in Love to none, but
him who loves more than he could wish.

If I should grant that in the Ebullitions
a violent Passion, one may love another bett
than himself, who should I most oblige, t
Lovers or the Mistresses?

Men are sometimes inclinable enough to
in Love, but cannot succeed in their Defi
seek all Occasions of being conquered, but
escape; if I may be allowed the Expressio
they are forced to continue free.

The Couple who love too violently at
contribute each of them to their loving
another less in a short time, and at length
their hating one another. Who has the gre
share in this Rupture, the Man or the
man, is not an easy Decision. The W
accuse the Men of being wild and roving;
the Men say, Women are giddy and fick

As nice as we are in Love, we parde
Faults in Love than in Friendship.

er to the World, extremely [illegible].

It is but an unpleasant thing to love, when we have not a Fortune large enough to answer those we love, as happy as their Condition can desire.

The Woman who makes no return to our tender Passion, whatever important Services she may otherwise do us in the Affairs of Life, will hardly meet with proper Gratitude.

A warm Gratitude demands a good Memory and distinction for the Persons by whom we have been obliged.

To be but in Company of those we love suffices us: Discourse or silent, whether we speak or not, whether we think on them or on indifferent things, in their Presence all is alike.

There is not so great a distance from Hatred to Friendship as from Antipathy.

Antipathy has been ſometimes ſeen to change into Love, but very rarely into Friendſhip.

We make a deliberate Confidence of our Secret in Friendſhip, but in Love it eſcapes from us.

It is poſſible to have ſome People's Confidence, and yet not to have their Hearts: He who has the Heart, has no need of Confidence; every thing is open to him.

In Friendſhip we only ſee the Faults which may be prejudicial to our Friends. In thoſe we love we diſcern no Faults, but thoſe by which we ourſelves ſuffer.

The firſt Diſguſt in Love, as the firſt Fault in Friendſhip, is the only one of which we are able to make a good uſe.

If a Suſpicion that is unjuſt, fantaſtical and groundleſs, has been called Jealouſy, methinks that other Jealouſy, which is juſt, natural, and founded on Reaſon and Experience, deſerves ſome other Name.

It

It is not always a great Paſſion which is the Cauſe of Jealouſy; our natural Temper has no ſmall ſhare in it; yet it is a Paradox for a violent Love not to be exceptious.

Our Touchineſs often diſturbs none but ourſelves: Jealouſy makes us not only uneaſy to ourſelves, but diſturbs others.

Thoſe Women, who while they are not at the pains of diſſembling with us, are not ſparing to give us all Occaſions of Jealouſy, ſhould not incur our Jealouſy, if we regulated ourſelves, rather by their Sentiments and Conduct, than by our own Affections.

The Coldneſs and Ebbs which happen in Friendſhip, have their Cauſes; in Love there is hardly any other Cauſe for our ceaſing to love, but that we have been loved to exceſs.

It is no more in our power to love always, than it was not to love.

Love receives its Death's Wound from Diſguſt, and Forgetfulneſs buries it.

We are ſenſible of the Beginning and Declenſion of Love, by our Perplexity when alone.

To ceaſe from loving, is a ſenſible Proof that Man is limited, and that the Heart has its Bounds.

It is a Weakneſs to love: It is ſometimes another Weakneſs to attempt the Cure of it.

We are cured of that, juſt as we are comforted of our Afflictions: The Heart has not wherewithal always to grieve, or always to love.

There ought to be in the Heart inexhauſtible Sources of Grief, for ſome Loſſes. It is ſeldom that either by Virtue or Force of Mind, we overcome a great Affliction: We weep bitterly, and are ſenſibly touched; but at length, we are either ſo weak, or ſo inconſtant, that we wipe our Tears, are comforted, and ſmile.

When an ugly Woman is beloved, it muſt certainly be very deſperately; for either it muſt

proceed

proceed from a ſtrange Weakneſs in her Lover, or from ſome more ſecret and forcible Charms, than thoſe of Beauty.

Viſits are kept up for a good while out of Cuſtom and Ceremony, and they ſtill profeſs they love, after their Behaviour has long declared that all Love is over with them.

To endeavour to forget any one, is the certain way to think of nothing elſe. Love has this in common with Scruples, that it is exaſperated by the Reflections, uſed to free us from them. If it were practicable, the only way to extinguiſh our Paſſion, is never to think on it.

We would have it in our power, that thoſe whom we love might receive all their good, or elſe all their ill Fortune from our Hands.

To be deprived of the Perſon we love, is a Happineſs in compariſon of living with one we hate.

How diſintereſted ſoever we may be in reſpect of thoſe we love, we muſt ſometimes con-

conſtrain ourſelves for their ſakes, and have the generoſity to accept.

Let him accept, who is touched with as delicate a Pleaſure in accepting, as his Friend in giving.

To give is to act; we are not to be paſſive, to have our Benefits extorted from us, by the Importunity or Neceſſity of Supplicants.

If at any time we have been liberal to thoſe we loved, whatever happens afterwards, we ought by no means to reflect on our Benefits.

It has been ſaid in *Latin*, that it coſts leſs to hate than to love; or if you will, that Friendſhip is more chargeable than Hatred. It is true, we are excuſed from Liberality to our Enemies, but is a Man at no coſt to revenge himſelf? Or if it is ſo ſweet and natural to do ill to thoſe we hate, is it leſs pleaſing or leſs natural to do good to thoſe we love? Would it not be an extreme Pain to us not to do ſo?

There is a pleaſure to meet the Eyes of a Perſon whom we have lately obliged.

I do not know whether a Benefit conferred on an ungrateful, and consequently on an unworthy Person, known to be such, does not change its Name, and whether it deserves any Acknowledgement.

Liberality consists not so much in giving a great deal, as in giving seasonably.

If it be true that Benevolence and Compassion are a regard to ourselves, as we are apprehensive of being some time or other in the same Circumstances with the unfortunate, how comes it then, that in their Misery we so seldom relieve them?

It is better to expose oursels to Ingratitude, than to be wanting to the Distressed.

Experience evidences, that Indulgence to ourselves, and Obduracy to others, are but one and the same Vice.

The churlish, moyling, penurious Man, who shews no Mercy to himself, if he is indulgent to others, it is by an Exuberance of Reason.

Though

Though the Charge of maintaining an indigent Person may be very burthensome to us, yet a happy turn which puts him out of his Dependance on us, gives us no great pleasure: Our Joy at the Preferment of a Friend, is something abated by a little sort of Grudge, to see him our Superior or Equal. Thus we have many Contrarieties in us. We would have others dependent on us, but to cost us nothing. We would have our Friends prosperous, yet when their good Fortune comes, we are not very sanguine in our Exultation.

For People to make Invitations to their House and Table, or Offers of their Fortune and Services, is nothing. To be as good as their word is all the Expence and Difficulty.

One faithful Friend is enough for ones self, and it is much to meet with such a one; yet we cannot have too many for the sake of others.

When we have done so much for any one, as in all reason should gain his Friendship, and we still find it in vain, the Recourse is, e'ne to *give over* doing.

To

To live with our Enemies, as those who the Day may be our Friends, and to live with our Friends as those who some time or other may become our Enemies, equally contradicts the Nature of Hatred, and the Rules of Friendship. It may be a good Maxim in Policy, but is a detestable one in Morality.

We ought not to make those our Enemies, who being better known, we may be glad to have in the number of our Friends. We ought to make Choice of Persons of such Honour for our Friends, as if they should ever cease to be so, will not abuse our Confidence, nor give us cause to fear them as Enemies.

To visit our Friends when we do it from Inclination and Esteem, gives a generous Delight; but it is a Torture to attend them out of Interest. It is solliciting.

It is more allowable to use Artifice to gain the Affection of those to whom we wish well, than of those from whom we have Expectations of Advantage.

We do not pursue Preferment with the easiness that we do Trifles, or Gewgaws of Fancy.

cy. Our Imagination ſuggeſts to us a kind of Liberty in following our Whimſies; and on the contrary, a kind of Slavery in labouring after a Fortune. It is natural to deſire it very much, and to take little pains in the Acquiſition: In ſhort, to think, we deſerve it without ſeeking for it.

He who can wait for what he deſires, takes the courſe not to be exceſſively grieved, if he fails of it. He, on the contrary, who labours after a thing too impatiently, thinks the Succeſs, when it comes, is not a Recompence equal to all the Pains he has been at about it.

Some ſo ardently and paſſionately deſire a thing, that out of fear of loſing it, they run into Meaſures which infallibly makes them loſe it.

Thoſe things which were moſt deſired, never happen at all, or do not happen at the Juncture, or Circumſtances, when they would have been moſt welcome.

We muſt laugh before we are happy, or elſe we may die before we ever laugh at all.

If

If we cannot be accounted to live, but at ſuch times as we enjoy ourſelves, I am afraid Life will be found to be very ſhort; ſince if we were only to reckon the Hours which we paſs agreeably, a great number of Years would not make up a Life of a few Months.

How difficult is it to be pleaſed with any one!

Should ſuch an ill Man die, we could not help finding ſome ſort of pleaſure in his Death; we ſhould then enjoy the Fruit of our Hatred, and that Pleaſure is all the good we can hope for from him. He dies, but at a Juncture, when our Intereſt will not permit us to rejoice; in ſhort, he dies either too ſoon, or too late.

It is hard for a haughty Man ever to forgive one that has caught him in a Fault, and whom he knows has Reaſon to complain of him: His Reſentment never ſubſides, till he has regained the Advantage he loſt, and found means to make the other do him equal wrong.

As our Affection increaſes towards thoſe to whom we are kind, ſo we violently hate thoſe whom we have extremely offended.

It is as difficult to ſtifle the Reſentment of an Injury at firſt, as to retain it after many Years.

It is Weakneſs which makes us hate an Enemy and ſeek Revenge, and it is Lazineſs that pacifies us, and diverts us from it.

It is from Lazineſs as much as from Weakneſs, that we ſuffer ourſelves to be governed.

There is no thinking of governing a Man all at once, and without ſome Preparation, in an Affair, which perhaps may be of the laſt Importance to him or his; he would then be aware of the Aſcendency you deſigned to gain over him, he would throw of the Yoke out of Shame or Indignation. No; tamper with him firſt in little Matters, ſo you will make a Fool of him in the greateſt. Some who at firſt have had no greater influence over a Man, than perhaps of making him leave the Town or Country a Day or two before his time, at length have arrived to that Power, as to preſcribe him

what

what he ſhould do in his Will, and make him diſinherit his only Son.

To govern any one abſolutely, and for a long time, it is neceſſary to carry a light Hand, and to let him feel his Dependance as little as poſſible.

Some People ſuffer themſelves to be governed to a certain length; beyond that, they are intractable; there is no hold to be taken of them; neither rough nor gentle Means, Force nor Addreſs can reduce them: Yet with this difference, that ſome are ſo from Reaſon and Honour, and others by Humour and Conſtitution.

There are ſome Men who turn the deaf Ear to Reaſon and friendly Counſel, and play the Fool of their own Heads, purely for fear of being governed.

There are others, who yield to be governed by their Friends in indifferent things, and from thence preſume a Right to govern them again in Matters of Moment.

† *Drances* would fain pass for one that rules his Master, though his Master and the World know better. For a Servant to talk to a Man of Quality incessantly, at improper Times and Places, to be always whispering, or speaking in mysterious Terms, to laugh out in his Pre-

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† The Count *de Tonnerre*, first Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the late Duke of *Orleans*. It is said that a Count of this House having been greatly instrumental in restoring Pope *Calistus* the 11th, in 1123, that Pope gave him for Arms two Keys, Argent, in Salter; and when a Count of this House happens to be at *Rome*, at the Coronation of a Pope, instead of kissing his Feet, as the most illustrious Persons do, he stands aside; and drawing his Sword, says, *Etsi omnes ego non*; however that be, certain it is, that the Descendants are so intoxicated with the Antiquity and Splendor thereof, that they look upon all others as Citizens and Farmers. One of them, the Bishop of *Noyon*, having talked at this rate of the Family of *Harlay*, and going to dine with the President *Harlay*, who had been informed of it; he declined it, saying, that that to entertain a Person of his Quality, was above such a petty Cit as himself; the Bishop answering that he had sent his Coach away, the President sent him away in his; which occasioned a good deal of Merriment at Court. Upon the Death of *Harlay*, Arch-bishop of *Paris*, being desired by the Clergy to preach his Funeral Sermon, he answered, the Subject was too barren; which insulting answer coming to the King's Ears, he ordered him away to his Diocese, where he died.

sence,

which does often trick itself up in false Colours.

We open a Book of Devotion, and it moves us; we open a Book of Gallantry, and that too makes its Impression. Shall I say it? The Heart alone reconciles Contrarieties, and admits of things incompatible.

Men do not so much blush for their Crimes, as for their Weaknesses and Vanity. He who makes no scruple of being openly unjust and cruel, yet conceals his Love or his Ambition upon no other account, but Concealment.

It rarely happens, that a Man can say he was Ambitious; either he never was, or is ever such; but there is a time when we may say, we have loved.

Men begin with Love and end with Ambition; so that there is no Tranquillity till we die.

It is nothing for Passion to get the better of Reason; its greatest Triumph is, when it makes our Interest to submit.

The

The best Conversation is that, in whic the Heart has a greater share than the Head.

There are certain sublime Sentiments, certain noble and exalted Actions, which we owe more to the Goodness of our Nature, than to the Force of our Mind.

There is no Excess in the World so commendable as an Excess of Gratitude.

He must be of dull Faculties indeed, whom neither Love, Malice, nor Necessity, can inspire with Acuteness.

There are some Places which we admire: Others which we love, and where we could wish to pass our Days.

For my part, I belive our Wit, Humour, Passion, Taste and Sentiments, greatly depend on the Places where we live.

The Good would be the only Persons to be envied, if there were not a better Course, which is to excel them; that is, an a-

greeable

greeable Revenge, and which our Envy ſhould prompt us to perſue.

Some People ſtand upon their guard againſt Loving and Rhiming, as two Weakneſſes, which they dare not own; the one of the Heart and the other of the Mind.

There are ſome Pleaſures in Life ſo dear, ſo inviting, and ſome forbidden Engagements ſo ſoothing and tender, that it is but natural to deſire, at leaſt, that they were allowed. Nothing can be more charming than they are, except it be the Pleaſure of renouncing them by the Strength of Virtue.

Of Society and Converſation.

IT is a flegmatic Soul indeed which has no Characteriſtical Paſſions.

The Fool only is troubleſome: A Man of Senſe perceives when he is agreeable or tireſome: He diſappears the very Minute before he would have been thought to have ſtaid too *long.*

Buffoons

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Speeches, the circulating Nonſenſe: *Aronus* muſt be permitted to ſpeak Proverbs, and *Melinda* to talk of herſelf, her Vapours, Megrims, and want of Reſt.

In company we often meet with Perſons offenſive by their ridiculous Jargon, the Novelty and Impropriety of their Terms and their uncouth Expreſſions, warping Words from their original and accepted Meaning. They obſerve neither Grammar nor Cuſtom, but ſpeak according to their Affectation; aim always at Pleaſantry, and affect to diſtinguiſh themſelves by a particular Cant, which becomes at length their habitual Dialect; they ſpeak in a counterfeit Tone, and accompany their Words with odd Geſticulations and Grimaces. However, they are highly delighted and plume themſelves with their Wit, than which they conceit nothing can be more diverting. Indeed, we cannot ſay they are entirely deſtitute of it; but for that little Wit they have, we pity them, and what is worſe, we ſuffer by it.

Prithee, *Acis*, for the Satisfaction of your Friends, ſpeak ſo as they may underſtand you; for my part I do but gueſs at your Meaning: If you would tell them it is cold, that it rains, and it ſnows; ſay it is cold, it rains,

and

and it ſnows; if you ſee them in good health, and would congratulate them upon it, ſay you look well: Oh! but, ſay you again, that is ſo plain, ſo common, what any one might have ſaid. It is true, and what does that ſignify? beſides, what harm is there, *Acis*, in being intelligible, or ſpeaking like your Neighbours? There is one thing, *Acis*, which you and others of your Predicament want very much; I know I ſhall ſurprize you, but, there is certainly one thing wanting in you, which is Wit; though this is not all, there is too much of ſomething elſe in you, that is, the Opinion that you have more than other Men. Hence ſprings all your Bombaſt, your Barbariſms, and your groteſque Phraſes. The next time I find you accoſting any body, I ſhall pluck you by your Sleeve, and whiſper to you, do not affect to have Wit; do not pretend to it; but, if you can, bring yourſelf to a plain unaffected Language, ſuch as they ſpeak, who, you fancy, have no Wit: Then perhaps we may think you have ſome yourſelf.

Who, that keeps much Company, can ſecure himſelf from meeting light, familiar and poſitive People, who monopolize the Talk,

and compel every one elſe to hear them; they are heard in the Anti-Chamber, and one may boldly enter without fearing to interrupt them: They continue their Story without any regard to Comers, or Goers, or the Quality of the Company; they ſilence any one who begins a Tale, that they may tell it after their Faſhion, which to be ſure is the beſt; they had it of *Zamet*, *Ruccelay* or *Conchini*, whom they name familiarly without their Titles, though they never knew them, or ſpoke to them in their Lives: they ſometimes will go up to the beſt Man in the Company, and whiſper to him ſomething new, which no body elſe knows, nor for the World would they have it divulged; they ſuppoſe Names to diſguiſe the Story, and prevent Application: There are ſome things they muſt not tell, and ſome Perſons whom they cannot name; their Words are engaged to the contrary, it is a Myſtery, a Secret of the laſt Importance; ſhould you aſk it, it would be an Impoſſibility; for whatever you imagine, they are equally ignorant of both Perſons and Actions.

Arrias has read and ſeen every thing, at leaſt he would have it thought ſo; he gives himſelf

ſelf, and but lately arrived from his Embaſſy.

As we ought not to be abſorbed in Silence, or withdraw our Minds from the Converſation we are in, leſt it bring upon us a great many impertinent Queſtions, and betray us into as many impertinent Anſwers; ſo we ought not always to give an over-curious Attention to the Trifles bandied about in Company, to reprove them, or to refine upon them, or to diſcover in them a Myſtery hidden to all others, out of a vain Parade of our ſuperior Subtilty.

Such who think they are extraordinary Perſons, and are intoxicated with their own Merit, ſhew that they have but very little, or none at all: Unhappy indeed is he who is obliged to be much in their Company! What a Round of affected Phraſes muſt he endure? How many extravagant Words, which are no ſooner uttered than forgotten? If they tell a Piece of News, it is merely for the Honour of telling it, and to ſhew their narrative Talent, they amplify it to a Romance: They make Men think after their own Manner, put their own trivial Expreſſions in their Mouths, and like themſelves, make them very talkative; they fall at

laſt

laſt into Parentheſes which may paſs for Epiſodes, and by this Means the Speakers and their Hearers quite forget what they were about. What would become of both, ſhould not ſomebody fortunately come in to break up the Company, and cut ſhort the Story?

* *Theodectus* is heard in the Anti-Chamber; as he comes on, he raiſes his Voice; he enters, he laughs, every body ſtops their Ears at his Vociferations; he is a mere Thunderer, and no leſs terrible in what he ſays, than in his Utterance; he never lowers his Tone, but to ſtutter out ſome of his own Follies and Vanities; ſo void of Regard is he to Time, Per-

* The Count *d'Aubigné*, Brother to Madame *de Maintenon*, Son of M. *d'Aubigné*, who was to have loſt his Head, had he not broke Priſon by Means of the Jailor's Daughter; they ſtole away on Board a Ship bound for *America*, where he married her; and had this Son and a Daughter by her. After his Death his Widow returned to *France*, and was glad to marry her Daughter to the facetious and deformed *Scarron*, who left her but in indifferent Circumſtances. This was remedied by her Addreſs in gaining the Favour of Madame *Colbert*, who having the Care of the King's Children by the Counteſs *de Monteſpan*, placed her about them; here ſhe became known to the King, and thus, though in the 55th Year, arrived to a greater Fortune than ever Woman did. She was born in 1631.

ſons

ſons or Decency, that he has a Fling at every one, though without any ſuch Deſign; he has not ſo much as ſeated himſelf, yet has he diſobliged the whole Company by mere Inadvertency; and he is ever ſo well pleaſed with himſelf, that he does not perceive it. When Dinner appears, he is firſt in his Place, and always at the upper End; the Ladies are at his Right and Left; he eats, drinks, talks, laughs, banters, and interrupts all at the ſame Time; he has no Reſpect to Maſter or Gueſts, but enormouſly abuſes their Patience. Whoever makes the Feaſt, he will be Lord of the Table, and it is more convenient to give him way, than to diſpute it with him: Nor does exquiſite eating and drinking mend him. If he wins at Play, he piques the Loſer by his inſulting Railleries. The Laughers are ever on his Side, and there is no ſort of Folly which they do not overlook in him. At laſt I quit the Field, and take myſelf away, equally nauſeating *Theodectus*, and thoſe who can bear ſuch an obſtreperous Coxcomb.

Troilus is very uſeful to ſuch as have too much Wealth; he caſes them of their cumberſome Superfluity; and ſaves them the Labour of hoarding up Money, making Contracts, lock-

ing

ing Coffers, carrying the Keys about with them, or fearing a domeſtic Thief; he promotes their Pleaſures, and in Time aſſiſts their Paſſions, then preſcribes their Conduct; he is the deſpotic Oracle of the Houſe; he ſays of this Slave, he ſhall be puniſhed, and he is whipped; of another he ſhall be freed, and he is ſet at Liberty; if a Paraſite does not make him laugh, he muſt be diſmiſſed, leſt he ſhould give him Offence; and the Maſter of the Houſe is well off, if *Troilus* leaves him his Wife and Children. If at Table he ſays ſuch a Diſh is excellent, the Maſter and Gueſts govern themſelves by his Palate, and make their Dinner of it: If again he ſays of ſome other that it is inſipid, whoever were eating it ſpit it out; every Eye is on him, obſerving his Looks and Carriage, before any one gives his Verdict on the Wine or Victuals; he ſeldom ſtirs out of the Family where he is Governor, there he eats, drinks, ſleeps, quarrels with his Valets, gives Audience to his Workmen, and puts off his Creditors; he reigns and domineers in the Hall, receives there the Adulation and Homage of thoſe Servants, who, more ſubtle than their Fellows, cringe to *Troilus* to curry Favour with their Maſter. If a Perſon enters, whoſe Misfortune it is, to have a Phyſiognomy which

Troilus

Troilus is not pleaſed to like, he frowns, and turns away his Head; if the Stranger comes up to him, he ſits ſtill; if he ſits down, he removes himſelf farther off; if he talks, he is mute; if he continues to ſpeak, *Troilus* ſtalks away into another Chamber; if he follows, he makes to the Stair-Caſe, and would rather leap down Stairs, or out at a Window, than hold Diſcourſe with a Man whoſe Face or Voice he diſlikes; he is himſelf happy in both, and accordingly has made them turn to good Account with both Sexes; every thing at laſt grows below his Attention; he ſcorns to preſerve his Favour by the Exerciſe of any of thoſe Talents which firſt acquired it; it is a Condeſcenſion if ſometimes he lays aſide his Muſings and Taciturnity to contradict, and once a Day to ſhew his Wit, though only to carp and criticiſe; inſtead of expecting he ſhould hearken to you in his Turn, or be complaiſant, and commend your Judgment, you are not always ſure he will permit your Approbation, or accept your Complaiſance.

Let the ſtrange Gentleman whom you meet with by Chance in a Stage-Coach, at a Feaſt, or publick Shew, talk on; you need not have any Impatience to know who or what he is, for

before

before he has done, he will himſelf inform you of his Name, his Family, and Eſtate; you will ſoon know that he is noble, has a finely furniſhed Seat, and a ſuitable Retinue.

Some Men * ſpeak before they think, others tediouſly ſtudy every thing they ſay; we muſt ſtay for theſe, until their Labour is over and they are delivered of their Notions; they are made up of Phraſes and quaint Turns as ſingular as their Geſtures and Carriage; they call themſelves *Puriſts*, and will not hazard the leaſt Word however expreſſive; nothing comes from them eaſy or happy; they ſpeak properly, but moſt tediouſly.

Converſation-Wit conſiſts more in pointing out that of others, than in ſhewing a great deal yourſelf; he who goes away pleaſed with himſelf and his own Wit, is raviſhed with you. Moſt Men had rather pleaſe than admire, and are leſs for being inſtructed, nay diverted, than approved and applauded; the moſt delicate of Pleaſures is to pleaſe another.

Too much Imagination is to be avoided in our Converſation or Writings, as it often luxu-

* A Sort of People who affected to be extreme *nice in their Language.*

riates

riates into light and puerile or extravagant Ideas, which tend neither to make us wiser nor better. Our declared Thoughts ſhould be the Reſult of our Judgment.

It is a ſad Thing when Men have neither Wit to ſpeak well, nor Judgment to hold their Tongues; this is the Root of all Impertinence.

To ſpeak modeſtly on a good or bad Subject, and to give the true Reaſons for its being ſo, requires Knowledge and Expreſſion. It is a Trial of Skill: A ſhorter Way is to pronounce peremptorily, that this is execrable, or that wonderful.

There is nothing more diſpleaſing to God or Man, than backing every Trifle in common Converſation with Oaths and Imprecations. An honeſt Man, with only yes or no, deſerves to be believed; his Reputation ſwears for him, adds Weight to his Words, and procures him Credit and Confidence.

He who continually ſays he is a Man of Veracity and Honour, that he wrongs no Man, who wiſhes that what Ill he has done others

may

may fall upon himſelf, and ſwears to be believed, does not know even how to play the honeſt Man.

An honeſt Man, with all his Modeſty, cannot hinder People ſaying of him, what a diſhoneſt Man ſays of himſelf.

Cleon talks uncivilly or unjuſtly; I am ſure it is one or the other; but he ſays he cannot help it, it is his natural Temper to out with his Thoughts.

There is ſpeaking well, ſpeaking eaſily, ſpeaking juſtly, and ſpeaking ſeaſonably: It is offending againſt the laſt, to ſpeak of Entertainments before the Indigent; of ſound Limbs and Health before the Infirm; of Houſes and Lands before one who has not ſo much as a Dwelling; in a Word, to ſpeak of your Proſperity before the Miſerable; this Converſation is cruel, and the Compariſon which naturally riſes in them betwixt their Condition and yours is excruciating.

As for you, ſays *Eutiphron*, you are rich, or ought to be ſo; ten thouſand Livres a Year good Lands: Faith that's glorious! much leſs *makes a topping Man*. In the mean time, the

Perſon

Perſon who talks at this Rate, has fifty thouſand Livres a Year, and thinks he has not half what he deſerves; he reckons up your Taxes, Income, and Expences; and if he thought you deſerved a better Fortune, and even ſuch a one as he himſelf aſpires to, he would wiſh it you. He is not the only Man who makes ſuch abſurd Eſtimates and odious Compariſons, the World is full of *Eutiphrons*.

A Perſon naturally a Flatterer, and habituated to the Faſhion of praiſing any one who has raiſed himſelf to Honour and Riches, congratulated * *Theodemus* on a Sermon which he had not heard, and of which no body could then give any Account. However, he extolled his Genius, his Delivery, and above all, the Readineſs of his Memory; when in truth, *Theodemus* ſtopped in the Middle of his Diſcourſe, and forgot what he had deſigned to ſay.

To ſpeak and to offend, with ſome People, are but one and the ſame Thing; their Words are fraught with Gall and Wormwood, from a proud, ſplenetic and malevolent Diſpoſition; it

* The Abbot *de Robbe*.

n well for them, had they been born
or mute; the little Vivacity and Wit
ve, prejudice them more than Dulness
thers: They are not always satisfied with
; sharp Answers; they insolently attack
esent, and wound the Character of the
; they bristle up and butt on all sides like
; and Impudence being as natural to
as Horns to a Ram, no Ridicule, no
can work upon these untractable Sa-
; we had better at first sight betake our-
to our Heels, and by a prudent Flight a-
eir Molestations.

ow Men of such a Wit that it is best
enter the Lists with them: They are
be complained of, it is not permitted
be in the Right against them.

n two Persons have had a Quarrel, one
Right, and the other in the Wrong,
Custom of the By-standers, to con-
oth, that they may not be appealed to
ges, out of a mis-timed Regard to thei
quiet. This is an important Lesson, a
ity Motive for flying Eastward, wh
in the West, to avoid be
Disgrace.

* I hate a Man whom I cannot accoſt or ſalute before he ſalutes me, without debaſing myſelf in his Eyes, and ſwelling his Conceit of himſelf. *Montaigne* would ſay, 'I will have 'Elbow-room: I will be courteous and affa-'ble, according to my Fancy, without Fear 'or Remorſe. I cannot ſtrive againſt my In-'clinations, nor fetter my Temper, which 'leads me to make up to every Acquain-'tance coming towards me; if he is my E-'qual, and not my Enemy, I anticipate his 'Courteſy, I aſk him about his Health and 'Family, I offer him my Services, without 'ſtanding on any Punctilioes like ſome re-'ſerved Folks: I cannot reliſh one whoſe known 'Starchneſs checks theſe pleaſant Effuſions. How 'ſhould I rembember as ſoon as I ſee him, 'to put on a grave and ſupercilious Counte-'nance, to let him know, that I think I am 'as good as he, and better? To affect ſo far, 'I muſt recollect all my good Qualities, and 'his bad ones, and compare them together; 'but this will not do for me, I want the Pre-'ſence of Mind; and ſuppoſing I could ſuc-

* Written in Imitation of Montaigne.

ceed therein once, I am sure I should [illegible] carry the second time; I cannot [illegible] on myself, nor be proud for any Man.

A Man may have Virtue, Capacity, and good Conduct, and yet be insupportable; the Air and Manner, which we neglect as Insignificancies, are frequently what the World judge us by, and influence Decisions for or against us; a little care to appear obliging and polite, will prevent a bad Judgment of us: The least thing in the World is enough to make People believe that we are [illegible] impolite, distrustful and [illegible]; but on the other Hand, as little is required to gain their Esteem.

Politeness does not [illegible] Sincerity, Justice, Compassion, and [illegible] it gives a Man the Appearance of [illegible] and makes him have the [illegible] he ought to be [illegible].

attain it; it is acquired and compleated by Imitation; ſome Diſpoſitions are only ſuſceptive of Politeneſs, as others are of Talents and ſolid Virtue. It is true Politeneſs tends to advance Merit, rendering it amiable; and a Man muſt have very eminent Qualifications, to ſtand his Ground without it.

Politeneſs ſeems to be a Care to model our Diſcourſes and Manners ſo as to pleaſe ourſelves and others.

He offends againſt Politeneſs, who praiſes another's Singing or touching an Inſtrument, before ſuch as he has obliged to ſing or play for his Diverſion; or who commends another Poet, in preſence of one who reads him his Verſes.

In all the Feaſts and Entertainments we give, in all the Preſents we make, in all the Pleaſures we procure for others, there is a way of doing well, and of doing according to their Inclinations; the laſt is the beſt.

The refuſal of all ſorts of Praiſes indiſcriminately is a kind of Ferocity; we ought to be ſenſible of thoſe which come from good Men, who praiſe ſincerely thoſe things in us *which* are really commendable.

A Man of Wit, who is naturally proud, abates nothing of his Pride or Stiffness for being poor; on the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more pliant and sociable, it is a little Prosperity.

We must bear with some Peoples ill Tempers, as we do with Copper Money, for the benefit of Commerce.

To live with Persons, who are continually jarring, and who will make you hear the Complaints of each side, is like living in a Court of Justice, and being pestered from Morning to Night with Pleadings.

Two Persons passed their Days in a strict Union; their Goods were in common; they had but one Dwelling, and were never out of Mothers sight: After fourscore Years they thought it was time to part, and put an end to Intimacy; they had then but one Day left, and durst not attempt passing it toge-

Monsieur Courtin, and Mr. St. *Roman*, Counsellors of State, who from intimate Friends, became implacable Enemies.

ther; they were in haſte to break before Death; their Complacency would hold out no longer; they lived too long for a good Example; a Moment ſooner, they had died good Friends, and left behind them a rare Model of Perſeverance in Friendſhip.

Families are often diſturbed by Feuds, Jealouſies and Antipathy, while outwardly they ſeem eaſy, affectionate and cheerful; and we ſuppoſe they enjoy a Quiet, to which they are ſtrangers; there are very few who can bear Examination. The Viſit you make, only ſuſpends a domeſtick Quarrel, which waits but for your Abſence to break out again.

In all Societies, Reaſon yields firſt; the wiſeſt Men are often led by the moſt fooliſh and capricious; they ſtudy his Temper and Weakneſs, and conform to his Whimſies; they carefully avoid thwarting him, and give him his way; when he appears the leaſt chearful they commend his good Humour, they thank him almoſt for his not being always inſupportable; he is feared, obeyed, and ſometimes beloved.

None but ſuch as have had old Relations, or ſuch as have them, and are endeavouring to be

ade their Heirs, can tell the [illegible]
lavery it costs to effect it.

[illegible]ester is a very worthy Person, [illegible]
a Wife, the mildest the best [illegible]
man in the World; they lost [illegible]
Company; more Policemen [illegible]
o where to be seen. The [illegible]
, and the Deed of their [illegible]
y drawn up at the [illegible]
e must be some uncomfortable [illegible]
ife, which will not [illegible]

A Man may be sure [illegible]
tion, Jointure and [illegible]
very uncertain he [illegible]
his Family, it depends [illegible]
ay between the [illegible]
ughter-in-Law, which [illegible]
y first Year of the [illegible]

A Father-in-Law [illegible]
ughter-in-Law, a [illegible]
d not the Daughter-in-Law [illegible]
ined.

The thing in the World [illegible]
ber loves the best, is the [illegible]

dren: The fonder she is of her Husband, the worse Step-Mother.

Step-Mothers make whole Towns and Villages desart, and stock the Country with Beggars, Vagrants, Soldiers, Servants and Slaves, more than Poverty itself.

* *G.* and *H.* are Neighbours, their Lands are contiguous, they inhabit a desert and solitary Country, far from Towns or Commerce; methinks Solitude and the Love of Society, should produce a cordial Correspondence; they are perpetually at variance, and it is hard to express the Trifle that causes an irreconcileable Difference betwixt them, and transmits their Hatred to their Descendants. Relations or even Brothers never differed about a thing of less Moment.

Suppose there were but two Men on the whole Earth, who possessed it entirely to them-

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* Mr. *de Grammont* a Counsellor, had a Suit with Mr. *Hervé*, Dean of the Parliament about a l each; though begun upon a Trifle, it produced a Charge of pretended Gentility against the for- n er, which being proved, his Gown was torn off h m, he was degraded; and sentenced to perpetual Imprisonment.

selves,

never will be: It is a City without Cabals and Parties; where Families are united; Relations see one another with Confidence; where a Marriage does not raise an Intestine War; where are no Disputes and Quarrels about Precedency; whence Lying, Scolding, Prating and Gossiping are banished; where the Magistrates, the Placemen, and the People are upon good Terms; where the Bishop lives easily with the Dean, the Dean with the Prebends, the Prebends with the Canons, and the Canons with the Choristers.

Countrymen and Fools are apt to take pet, and fancy you despise or laugh at them. You must never venture on the most innocent and gentlest Raillery, unless it be with the Polite or Witty.

Merit discerns and finds itself out reciprocally; he that would be esteemed, must converse with Persons who are themselves esteemable.

He whose Rank sets him above a smart Repartee, ought to forbear all keen Raillery.

There are some [illegible] Kinds of [illegible] Dishes which we [illegible] Lady, and we should [illegible] of [illegible] same Kind when we [illegible].

It is the Blessedness [illegible] Man of Wit; he [illegible] Fool is at Court, [illegible] Contentment.

Raillery is [illegible] of Wit.

You conclude a Man your [illegible] only feigns himself to be so: Who then is the greatest Bubble?

Observe those who never commend any [illegible] who are always railing, are [illegible] body, and you will find them [illegible] whom no body is contented.

The Haughty and [illegible] the very contrary of [illegible] such a Carriage [illegible].

The Pleasure of [illegible] cultivated by a [illegible] by Reader [illegible] confirms us in [illegible]

Error to Truth, and exercises the Faculties in elegant Argumentations.

Two Persons will not be Friends long, if they cannot forgive each other little Failings.

How many fine unprofitable Reasons are laid before a Person under Affliction, to tranquillize and comfort him! The Things without, which we call Events, are sometimes too strong for Reason and Nature. Eat, drink, do not kill yourself with Melancholy, are insignificant Admonitions, and beyond Practice, when a Man is overwhelmed by his Sorrows. *Are you a wise Man to disquiet yourself at this Rate?* Is not this as much as to say, *Are you not a Fool to be unfortunate?*

Counsel, which is necessary in all Affairs, is sometimes hurtful to those who give it, and unprofitable to the Persons to whom it is given. You observe, perhaps, Defects in Manners, which are either not acknowledged, or perhaps esteemed as Virtues. You blot out the favourite Passages in a Composition where the Author thought he surpassed himself. By this Means you lose the Confidence of your Friends, without making them better or wiser.

Not

g since certain Persons, of both
ned a Society for witty Conversation
Language: They left talking intel-
he Vulgar; one dark Expression drew
other more obscure, which was suc-
y something still more enigmatic,
rowned with loud Applauses: What
ed Delicacy, Thought, Turn, and
ession, was a Faculty they had to be
ible to others and themselves. Good
dgment, Memory, or the least Ca
ere no necessary Ingredients in th
; some Wit was proper, but it
and that where Fancy has too gr

w, *Theobaldas*, you are old, but
e me think you decline? That
t a Wit, a Poet; that you
t in all kind of Writings,
Or; that you have nothing
and delicate in your C
relefs and conceited Carria
ntrary: You are che fa
y Years ago, and
brisk and vivacio

what Name, *Theobaldus*, * did you deſerve in your Youth, when the Ladies were ſo charmed with you, that they ſwore only by you, and took every thing upon your Word; ſo that as often as you ſpoke, they preſently cried out, *That is delicate: What did he ſay?*

We frequently talk with Impetuoſity in Company often through Vanity and Humour, rarely with proper Regard; deſirous to reply, before we have heard out the Queſtion, we follow our own Notions, and explain them without deference to other Mens Reaſons: We are far from finding the Truth, while we are not agreed upon what it is we ſeek after. Could a Man write down theſe Converſations, he would ſee a great many good Things ſpoken to little Effect.

There was a ſort of ſilly puerile Converſation lately in Faſhion, which turned all on trivial Queſtions, concerning Tenderneſs and Paſſion; the reading of Romances firſt introduced it, and amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed in Court

* *Bourſault*, a moſt ingenious Writer. See the *Lives* of eminent *French* Writers.

and

and City; thence it was soon discarded; but, together with Puns and Conundrums, was received with great Applause among the Inferior.

Some City Ladies are so nice, that they will by no Means learn to speak the Names of Streets, Lanes, or publick Places, which they fancy are not noble enough to be known. They say nothing plainly but the *Louvre* and the *Royal-Square*; using Terms and Phrases for the Names of some other Places; or if by Chance such a Word escapes them, they excuse it as something shocking; in this much more unnatural than the Court Ladies, who having Occasion to speak of the the Market-place, the Prison, or the like, make no Scruple to say the Market-place and the Prison.

If we affect sometimes to forget certain Names which we think obscure, and to clip them in the Pronunciation, it is through a good Conceit of ourselves.

In the Joeularity of Conversation, several silly Things are said out of Pleasantry, which, as such, please only for their extreme Ridiculousness. *This* is low Pleasantry, fit only for

the

the Mob, but has unhappily infected the Youth of the Court; it is true, we need not fear it will spread farther, for it is too coarse and insipid to thrive in the Center of Politeness and good Sense. However, it should be exposed and rendered odious to those who practise it; for though they use it only in their ludicrous Hours, yet it vitiates them, and indispises their Minds from true Wit and solid Literature.

Between speaking bad Things or speaking such good Things which every body knows, and putting them off for new, there is so little Difference, that I do not know which to chuse.

Lucan *has said a pretty Thing: There is a fine Expression in* Claudian: *There is such a Passage in* Seneca; and then a long Sentence of *Latin*, which is quoted often before those, who, though they pretend to understand it, are ignorant of every Word. This is pitiable, with Wit and Sense of our own, either we might absolutely dispense with reading antient Authors, or at least, after reading them, we should chuse the finest, and quote them pertinently.

* Here

* *Hermagoras* knows not who is King of *Hungary*, and stares at naming the King of *Bohemia*. Speak not to him of the Wars in *Holland* or *Flanders*, or at least, you must excuse him from answering the Questions you ask concerning them; he knows not when they began or ended; Battles and Sieges are all new to him; but he is very well read in the Giants Wars, he can relate them to the least Circumstances; he discourses with the same Fluency on the horrid Convulsions of the *Babylonian* and *Assyrian* Monarchies; he is acquainted with the Original of the *Egyptians* and their Dynasties. He never saw *Versailles*, nor ever will; but the Tower of *Babel* he has seen, and counted the Steps; he has found out how many Architects were employed about that Building, and even has their Names at his Fingers Ends. If he knows *Henry* IV. to be the Son of *Henry* III. it is as much as I can affirm. Ask him about the Houses of *France*, *Austria* and *Bavaria*; what modern Trifles are they, says he! While he can run on about the Kings of *Media* and *Babylon*, the frightful Names of *Apronal*, *Herigebal*,

* *Isaac Vossius*, Mr. *Chevreau* or *Perron*, Author of the *Antiquity of Times restored*.

Nes-

Noesnemordach, *Mardokempad*, are to him as familiar as those of *Valois* and *Bourbon* are to us. He knows not that the Emperor is married, yet can tell you that *Ninus* had two Wives. He hears the King enjoys a perfect State of Health; this reminds him that *Thetmosis*, a King of *Egypt*, was healthy, and that he derived his athletic Constitution from his Grandfather *Aliphermutosis*. What does he not know? What in all venerable Antiquity is hid from him? He assures you *Semiramis*, or as some will have it *Scrimaris*, talked so much like her Son *Nimyas*, that they were not to be distinguished by their Speech; but he dares not decide, whether the Mother had a manly Voice like her Son, or the Son an effeminate Voice like his Mother; he lets you know that *Nimbrot* was left-handed, and *Sesostris* ambidexter; that it is an Error to imagine one of the *Artaxerxes* was called *Longimanus*, because his Arms reached down to his Knees, and not that one of his Arms was longer than the other; he adds, that though some grave Authors affirm it was his right Arm; he can upon irrefragable Proofs maintain that it was his left.

Ascanius is a Statuary, *Hegion* a Founder, *Æschinus* a Fuller, and *Cydias* a Wit; it is his

Pro-

[illegible]

but *there are*, adds he, *three Things to consider*, to which he never fails to lack a fourth: The first Aim of this rapid Babler, at coming into an Assembly, is to get among some Women, whom he may amaze with the abstruse Productions of his Genius. Truth and Falshood, Reason and Absurdity are out of the Question with him; all his Scope is to differ from every Body: Thus he often stays till all the Company have spoke their Thoughts on some casual Subject, or not seldom introduced by himself, when he holds forth in an unprecedented, but he imagines also, in an unanswerable Manner. *Lucian* and *Seneca*, says *Cydias*, * come pretty near me; but for *Plato*, *Virgil* and *Theocritus*; I do say, they are not fit to hold a Candle to me; and such senseless Arrogancy his Flatterer fails not every Morning to confirm with a few ludicrous Oaths, but not from a wrong Taste so much, as a Care of his own Interest. Who is most in the Wrong, the Bubble or the Flatterer?

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* Mr. *Perrault* of the Academy, a very exuberant Author, as he opposed Mr. *La Bruyere*'s Admission into the Academy, he also never spares him. [illegible] we see it is one Thing to preach and another [illegible]ctise.

Pro-

Nicander entertains *Elisa* with an Account of the loving and complaisant Manner in which he lived with his Wife, from the Day of their Marriage to the Hour of her Death; he has said before, he was sorry he had no Children by her, and now repeats it: He talks one while of his Houses in Town, then of his Country Estate; he calculates their Revenue; he describes the Situation and every Part of his Seat, expatiates on the Conveniency of the Apartments, on the Richness and Elegancy of the Furniture; he assures her he loves Festivity and Splendor, and complains that his late Wife was too much averse to Play and Company. You are so rich, says one of his Friends, placed for the Purpose, why do not you buy such a Post, or such an Estate? Oh! Lord, Sir, replies *Nicander*, indeed you believe me richer than I am. He forgets not his Extraction and Relations: *The Lord Treasurer, my Cousin*; *The Chancellor's Lady, my near Kinswoman*; this is his Stile. He tells her how he became discontented with his nearest Relations, and offended with his Heirs: Am not I wronged? Have I any great Reason to do well for them, says he to *Elisa?* and desires her to be Judge. He then insinuates, that he is in a languishing State

State of Health, and ſpeaks of the Vault where he deſigns to be interred. He fawns on, flatters, and is very officious to all who have any Intereſt in the Lady he courts. But *Eliſa* has not Courage enough to grow rich at the Price of being his Wife. Whilſt he is talking thus to her, in comes a Beau, whoſe Preſence alone diſmounts all the Cits Batteries; he gets up vexed and confounded, ſneaks away, and ſays the ſame Things ſomewhere elſe, which he has ſaid to *Eliſa*.

Wiſe Men ſometimes avoid the World, that they may not be ſurfeited with it.

Of the Goods of Fortune.

A Very rich Man may eat his Dainties, paint his Ceiling and Alcoves, in Summer retire to his Seat, and ſpend the Winter at his Town-houſe, may marry his Daughter to a Duke, and buy a Title for his Son; all this is right and within his Compaſs; but to live content is, perhaps, the Privilege of other Men.

A high Birth, or a great Fortune, add an Effulgence to Merit, and heighten the Reſpect *paid to it.*

The

The Ambition of a Coxcomb is so far excusable, knowing that after he has raised his Fortune, every one will find out some Merit in him which he never had before, to exalt him in our Opinions, as in his own.

As Riches and Favour forsake a Man, we discover him to be a Fool, but no body could find it out in his Prosperity.

If it was not what we see every Day, we could not imagine the strange Disproportion a few, or a great many Pieces of Money, cause between Men.

Those few or many Pieces of Money are what determine Men to the Sword, the Long Robe, or the Church; there is scarce any other Call.

Two Merchants were Neighbours, drove the same Trade, but with a quite different Fortune: They had each an only Daughter, who were nursed together, and lived in a Familiarity suitable to Persons of the same Age and Condition: One of them, as the only Resource from extreme Misery, endeavours to

place

place herself abroad; her Fortune throws her into the Service of a great Lady, one of the first rank at Court; the same to whom formerly she was a Bosom Companion.

If the Financier miscarries, the Courtier says of him, he is a Cit, a sad Soul, a mere Scoundrel; if the Financier succeeds, the Courtier is his Daughter's Suitor.

* Some Men in their Youth serve an Apprenticeship to a certain Trade, to follow a very different one the rest of their Lives.

† A Man is ugly, ill shaped and a Fool; but one whispers to me, that he has 50000 Livres a Year: That concerns him alone, and I shall never be the better nor the worse for it. How weak indeed were I, if I should begin to look on him with other Eyes, and could not preserve myself Master of my own Senses.

It is in vain to pretend to turn a rich Blockhead into Ridicule; the Laughers are still on his side.

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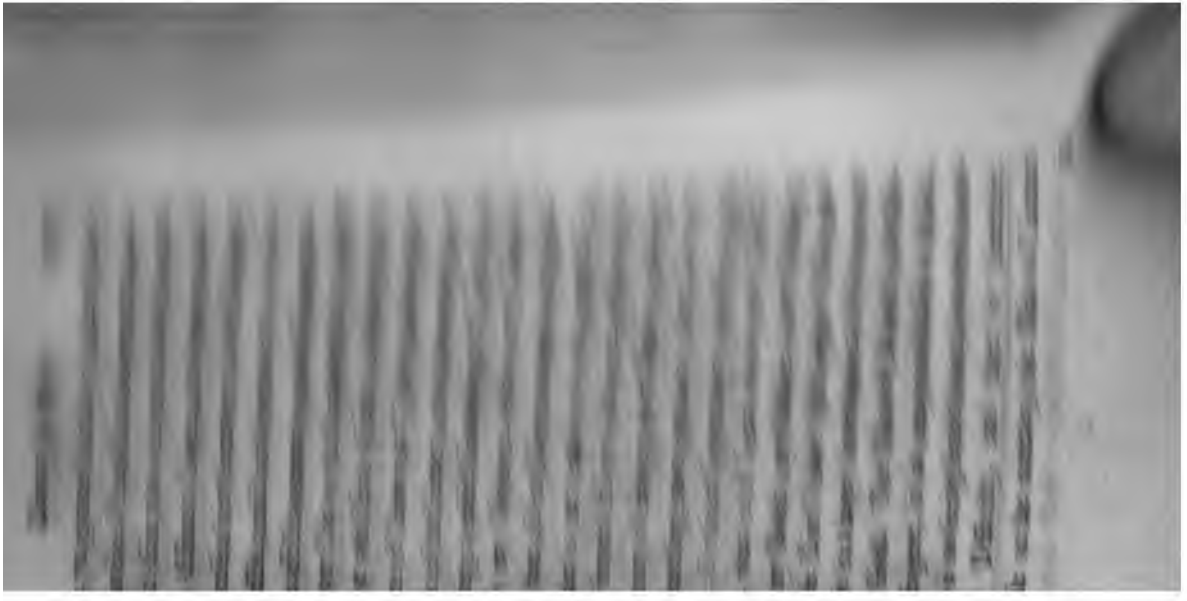
* The Revenue Farmers. † The Duke of *Ventadour.*

‡ *N*..... with his Porter, as big and surly as a *Swiss*, a Portico and an Anti-Chamber; after obliging People to dance Attendance; appearing with a grave Mien and solemn Step; hearing them two or three Words, and dimissing them without conducting them to the Door; how contemptible soever in other Points, will attract something very near Respect.

My need of your Interest, *Clitophon*, rouzes me early from my Bed, and hurries me to your Door: Would to God I had no Occasion to sollicit or be troublesome to you: Your Servants tell me you are in your Closet, and it will be an Hour at least before you can be spoke with: I return within the Time, and they say you are gone out. What is it, *Clitophon*, you have to do of such Consequence, in your most retired Closet, that you cannot afford me a Minute or Moment? You file Papers, collate a Register, you mark; I had but one thing to ask you, and you but one Word to answer, *Yes* or *No*: If you would be esteemed, do good Offices to your depen-

‡ Monsieur *de St. Pavange.*

dants



is seen of every Body, at all Hours, in a Conditions, at Table, in Bed, Naked, Dre in Sickness or in Health; he neither is t Important Man, nor will be the Money-Pl gerer.

Let us not envy some Men their accumul Riches; their Burthen would be too heavy us; we could not sacrifice, as they do, Hon Quiet, Honour and Conscience, to ob them: It is to pay so dear for them, the Bargain is a Loss.

* The *P. T. S.* move in as all the Pa ons successively: We first despise them their Obscurity; we then envy them, afte wards fear, hate, and sometimes esteem and respect them; and not seldom, live long e-nough to finish with pitying them.

Sosias, from a Footman, got to be an un-der Farmer of the Revenue, and by Extor-tion, Violence, and Malversation, is now ad vanced, on the Ruins of several Families, to a high Post. He is ennobled by his Sta tion, and wanted nothing now but Probity.

* Partisans, or Farmers of the Revenue.

and this has been effected by being chosen Church-warden.

* *Arsuria* used formerly to walk alone, unattended and afoot to the Cathedral, heard the Sermon in a Corner of the Church, where she lost half the Words, and saw but one side of the Preacher; her Virtue was obscure, and her Devotion as little known as her Person: Her Husband is got into the Revenue; what a prodigious Fortune sprung up in less than six Years! Now she never comes to Church but in a Coach; her long Train is born up, the Preacher stops while she seats herself, she faces him, not a Word or Motion escapes her; the Priests make interest to confess her; every one strives to give her Absolution, but the Curate is the Man.

‖ *Cræsus* is carried to the Church-yard, and of all the Riches which he acquired by Rapine and Extortion, being lavished in Riot and Luxury, there is nothing left for a decent Inter-

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* Madam *de Belizany*.

‖ Mr. *de Guenegaud* a famous Partisan, or Revenue-Farmer, reckoned to be worth above four Millions; but was afterwards mulcted by the Chamber of Justice, and died miserably in a Garret.

ment; he died insolvent, without Effects, and consequently without Succour; no Juleps, Cordials, nor Medicines, were seen about him, no Physician, nor so much as a Priest to assure him of his Salvation.

† *Champagne* rising from an extravagant Dinner, his Stomach gorged, and his Head full of the intoxicating Fumes of delicious Wine, signs an Order delivered to him, which would have starved a whole Province, had it taken Place; he is excusable, for how could a Man in the Plenitudes of Satiety think that there is such a thing as Starving.

‖ *Silvanus* by Money has acquired Birth and another Name; he is Lord of the Mannor where his Grandfathers were Vassals; he was not formerly good enough to be *Cleobulus*'s Page, but he is now his Son-in-Law.

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† *Monnerot* another of those Vermine, who refusing to pay his Fine of two millions of Livres, died in Prison, where however, his Fortune being all in Cash, he lived at a high Rate; his Issue have the Prudence to conceal what he left them.

‖ Mr. *Gorge* another Partisan, who grown rich, under Mr. *Fouquet*, bought a Marquisate, and married Quality; if he was rapacious like his Brethren, he had the good Fortune to escape a Squeeze.

Dorus is carried in a Litter along the *Appian* way, his Freed-men and Slaves run before him to make way for him; he wants nothing but Lictors; he enters *Rome* with a dazling Retinue, glorying in the Meanness and Poverty of his Father *Sanga* as a foil to his Splendor.

No one can put his Fortune to a better use than † *Periander*; it gains him Precedence, Homage and Authority; his Friendship is no longer desired, but his Protection implored; he begins to say of himself, *A Man of my Condition*, and sometimes *A Man of my Quality*, for he pretends to be such, and there are none who borrow Money of him, or eat at his Table, which is very delicate, that dare dispute it: His Seat is stately, the [illegible] Garrick; no Gate, but a [illegible] private House or a Temple [illegible] loss to know which [illegible] of all the Precincts; [illegible] and would rejoice [illegible]

haves uniformly in the Grandeur he has acquired, and for which he is in debt to no body. But why did not his feeble old Father die twenty Years ago, before any mention was made of *Periander?* How shall he stand those odious Parish-Registers which reveal Mens Extractions, and frequently put the Widow or the Heirs to the blush, amidst all their flaunting State? How shall he hide them from the Eyes of an envious, keen-sighted Town, and in Opposition to a thousand People, who will be at all Funerals and Publick Processions? Besides what would you have him do, shall he stile his Father Esq; who stiles himself no less than Right Honourable?

How many are like those Trees, which being already tall and well grown, are transplanted into Gardens, to the surprize of those who behold them in those fine Places, where they never saw them grow, and who know neither their Beginning nor Progress.

Could some of the Illustrious Dead rise again, and see their own Arms or Names borne, their Lands, Castles, ancient Seats and Titles possessed by those very Persons who were once

their

little things God thinks he bestows on Mankind, in Riches, and Dignities, and other Advantages, than his Distribution of them, and the sort of Men who are best provided.

If you were to go into a Kitchen, where all that Art and Method can do, are employed to gratify your Palate, and make you eat above what is necessary; if you examined the Particulars of all the Dishes which are prepared for you at a Feast; if you observed how many Hands they go through, or their various Modifications before they become exquisite Meats, and are brought to that tempting Elegance, which charms your Eyes, provokes your Choice, and seduces you to make all; yet if you saw the Ingredients of the whole Repast

their Arms and ſtrain their Nerves; you would cry out, are theſe the Springs, the Movements of ſo fine a Shew, which ſeemed animated and acted only by itſelf? Such Efforts! Such Violence! So with reſpect to the Farmer of the King's Revenues, enquire not too narrowly into their Fortune.

† This Youth ſo ruddy, ſo vegete and healthy, wantons in the Revenues of an Abbey and ten other Benefices; they bring him in all together, one hundred and twenty thouſand Livres a Year, which are paid him conſtantly in Gold. There are elſewhere a hundred and twenty Indigent Families, who have no Fire, no Cloaths, nor Suſtenance; their Diſtreſs is extreme and ſhocking: What Inequality? Does not this clearly demonſtrate a Futurity?

‡ *Chryſippus*, an upſtart Nobleman, and the firſt of his Race, thirty Years ago aimed at two thouſand Livres a Year; this was to bound

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† The Arch-biſhop of *Rheims*.

‡ *Longenis* Farmer-General, whoſe Daughter was married to a Son of Marſhal *Tourville*, who being ſmitten with his Daughter-in-Law, was once obliged to make his eſcape out of her Chamber Window.

his

his Desires, this was the Summit of his Ambition; this he was full of, as many still remember. Some time after, by what means I know not, he was able to give as much for a Portion to his Daughter, as he thought an ample Competency for Life; the like Sum lies counted in his Coffers for each of his Children, and they are not few. This is only something for the present, there is a greater Estate to be expected at his Death. He is still alive, and though advanced in Years, employs the rest of his time in labouring to be richer.

* Let *Ergastus* alone, and he will demand a Duty from every one who drinks out of the River, or walks on the Land; he knows how to convert Reeds, Rushes and Nettles into

* Baron *de Beauvois*, very forward in Scheming, of a suspicious Birth, some saying the Purple, others the Flowers-de-luce had a Hand in him: His Mother was one of the late Queen Mother's Confidents; and it was she who first assured the Queen, that his Majesty, who at first carried it very coldly to the Ladies, *was extremely well qualified for Marriage*; his reputed Father sold Ribbons, and two Knights of the Holy Ghost owe theirs to his Mother, whom they had gratified in the manner most suitable to her Inclinations, which were *not mercenary*.

Gold; he hears all Schemes, and proposes what he hears. The Prince gives nothing to any one, but at *Ergastus*'s Expence; parts with no Favours but what are his Due; his insatiable Avarice grasps at all; were his Advice to take Place, the Arts and Sciences would be brought under Contribution, and Harmony itself be made a Fund.

Have no dealings with *Crito*, that selfish Blood-sucker: The Snare is always ready laid for those who must treat with him: If you are inclined to purchase his Post, a Parcel of Land, or whatever is his, he will screw you most extravagantly: There is no Candour, no Equity to be expected from one so wrapt up in his own Interest: A Bubble is his Man.

* *Brontin*, says the World, uses Retirements, and locks himself up in company with Saints; they have their Meditations, and he has his.

The People have very often the pleasure of a Tragedy; and see on the Theatre of the World the most odious, infamous, and mischievous Actors brought to a wretched Catastrophe.

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* Monsieur *Bertier*, a famous Partisan or Farmer of the Revenue.

If we divide the Lives of the † *Partisans* into two Parts, the first vigorous and eager, is busied in oppressing the People; the second bordering on Death, to make some kind of amends, is spent in detecting and ruining one another.

That Man * who made your Fortune, and that of several others, has not been able to maintain his own, or secure his Wife and Children after his Death: They live in Obscurity and Wretchedness, and their Misery is known, yet you have no Thoughts of alleviating it: Indeed you cannot; your Buildings and modish Expences run away with all your Money; yet, in Gratitude, you preserve your Benefactor's Picture, which is honoured with a Place in your Parlour. Empty Respect! it might as well be in the Lumber-room.

There is an Obduracy of Temper, and another of Rank and Condition, which no less than the first, hardens us towards the Misfortunes of others; nay to those of our own Family: A true *Partisan* sympathizes with neither Friends, Wife or Children.

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† Farmers of the Revenue.
* *Monsieur Fouquet.*

Away, fly! You are not far enough: How? say you, I am under the other Tropick: Traverse the Pole; hasten into the other Hemisphere; mount to the Stars, if possible: I am there; very well, then you are pretty safe. I look down on the Earth; I there discover a furious, rapacious, inexorable and insatiable Man *, who preys upon all he meets, and to the Ruin of the Unguarded. Determined to enlarge his overgrown Fortune, and have no Superior in Opulence, he takes the most dispatchful Measures to swell his Fortune until it bursts.

To make one's Fortune is so fine a Phrase, and of such a charming Import, that it is universally used; it has passed from the Court to the City, made its Way into the mortified Cloysters, scaled the Walls of the Abbeys of both Sexes, where one would think every Heart was shut against it; there is no Place sacred which it has not profaned; it takes with *Greeks* and *Barbarians*; it is adopted into all Languages, and the very Children are taught to lisp it.

He who is cunning enough to fill his Coffers, concludes he has the Head of a Statesman.

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* Mr. *Pontchartrain*.

To

To talk of Fortune, [illegible]
Fortune, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A Man of a [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

ſures; Cuſtom, Intereſt and Opportunity rule his Motions. Are ſuch great Talents neceſſary for a Traveller to ſet out at firſt in the main Road, and if that be impracticable or crowded, to croſs the Fields, and get into a Bye-way for a while; then again return into the former Road, and hold on until his Journey's End? And is ſo much Senſe and Solidity requiſite to a ſteady Perſuit of his Ends? Is it then ſuch a Wonder, that a Coxcomb ſhould ever be rich and in any Reputation?

Some ſtupid and weak Men, * are ſeen in lucrative Callings and eminent Stations; they die rich, yet we cannot ſuppoſe they have contributed to it by any Induſtry or Labour of their own: Somebody, or perhaps only Chance, has directed them to the Fountain-head. They have been then aſked, Would you have Water? Draw, and they have drawn abundantly.

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* *Nicholas d'Orville*, whoſe Mother was in the Secret of the King's Amours with Madame *de la Valiere*. Though Treaſurer of *France* at *Orleans*, he had ſo little of what is called Learning, that being one Day aſked who was the firſt *Roman* Emperor, he anſwered *Veſpaſian*; however, he was Maſter of the thriving Talents, marrying his Daughters to rich Men, with whom Money was the greateſt *Allurement*.

When we are young, we [illegible] either we have made no [illegible] Inheritances are not yet [illegible] come rich and old at the [illegible] is it that Men unite every [illegible] some Persons are so fortunate [illegible] is not enviable; but [illegible] they are such great [illegible] our Compassion.

A Man is [illegible] feeble Thoughts of [illegible] complained before [illegible] his old Age, and [illegible] in a Condition [illegible]

To what [illegible] joy the Vanity [illegible] our Production [illegible] ing [illegible]

Men [illegible] Women [illegible] and [illegible] having [illegible]

The [illegible] fill Lights [illegible] Mind of [illegible] is not [illegible]

in the Measure, and has Scales to try the Money he receives.

In all Conditions the poorest Man is the nearest Neighbour to Honesty, and the Rich as little distant from Knavery; Sense and Ability, of themselves, seldom procure excessive Riches.

A Shew of Honesty is in all Trades the surest Way to thrive.

The shortest and best Way to make your Fortune, is to convince People that it is their Interest to promote your's.

† Some stimulated by Necessity, or a Desire of Riches or Glory, improve their licentious Talents, and engage in Professions not the most reputable, overlooking the Danger and Consequence; they quit them afterwards, out of a discreet Devotion, which was never seen in them before their Harvest was inned, and they at ease in a warm Settlement.

There are Miseries which wring the very Heart; some want even Food; they dread the Winter; others eat forced Fruits; artificial Heats change the Earth and Seasons, to please

† *Racine* the Tragedian.

their

their Palates. I have known Citizens, because grown rich, so execrably dainty, as to swallow at a Morsel the Nourishment of a hundred Families: Great are they who can behave well in these Extremities: Let me be nor happy nor unhappy; that is, neither rich nor poor: I take Sanctuary in an honest Mediocrity.

The Grief of the Poor is, that they want all Things, and no body comforts them. The Rich are angry if they want the least Thing, if any one contradict or oppose them.

He is rich, whose Income is more than his Expences; and he is poor whose Expences exceed his Income.

There are † some, who with an annual Revenue of two Millions are poor by five hundred thousand Livres a Year.

There is nothing longer than a rebelling Fortune, and nothing [illegible] than a great man.

Poverty [illegible] unexpelled [illegible]

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† [illegible]

If he is rich who wants nothing, a very wise Man is a very rich Man.

If he is poor who is full of Desires, nothing can equal the Poverty of the Ambitious and the Covetous.

The Passions tyrannize over Mankind, but Ambition suspends the others, and makes a Man for a while put on the Appearance of Virtues. I once believed *Tryphon*, who is now a heap of Vices, sober, chaste, liberal, humble and even devout; I might have believed so still if he had not made his Fortune.

There is no end of desiring Riches and Grandeur; before the Rattle seizes him, and Death approaches, though his Face be shrivelled, and his Legs totter, yet he is ever talking of, *my Fortune*, *my Preferment*.

There are but two ways of rising in the World, by your own Industry, or the Weakness of others.

Features may indicate the Constitution and Manners, but it is the Air that discovers the Goods of Fortune; it is written in a Man's Counte-

Countenance, whether he has more or less than a thousand Livres a Year.

Crysantes, a wealthy impertinent Man, would not be seen with *Eugenius*, who is a Man of Merit, but poor, he accounts it a Disgrace; *Eugenius* is even with *Crysantes*; there is no great fear that they will ever quarrel together.

When I see some Persons, who used to act upon the Reserve, and be before-hand with me in their Civilities, expect I should salute them first; I say to myself, is it so? Troth things are rarely mended with you; it is certain, this Gentleman is better provided for than formerly, he is got into some new Post or Business, which has already brought Grest to his Mill. Pray Heaven it may last, nay, may it increase, and that in time he may come even to despise me!

If Books, and their Authors, depended on the Rich and Prosperous, how hard would be the Fate of the Learned? Extirpation or Banishment at least: How would the mighty World lord it over them may be concluded, from their present Surliness to those insignificant Fellows, who have not the Art of pushing themselves, and who can only think or write judi-

judiciouſly? We muſt confeſs, the preſent time is for the Rich, the future for the Virtuous and Ingenious: *Homer* lives ſtill, and will ever flouriſh, whilſt a thouſand Treaſurers and Collectors are no more: They are utterly forgot: Are their Names, or their Deſcent, or their Country known? Were there any Revenue-Farmers in *Greece*? What is become of all thoſe important Perſonages who deſpiſed *Homer*, who were careful to avoid him, who never ſaluted him, or ſaluted him bluntly, who diſdained to ſee him at their Tables, who looked on him as one who was not rich, and had writ a Book? What will become of the † *Fauconets*? Will they be tranſmitted to lateſt Ages as *Deſcartes*, who was born a *Frenchman*, and died in *Sweden*?

The ſame Pride which makes a Man haughtily inſult over his Inferiors, forces him to cringe ſervilely before his Superiors. It is the very Nature of this Vice, founded on Riches, Poſts, Credit and uſeleſs Sciences, without perſonal Merit or ſolid Virtue, to render a a Man as ſupercilious to thoſe who are below

† Meſſieurs *Bethelot* Farmers of the Kings Revenue.

him

in him a Disposition ready to break with us, and become our Enemy.

* Whilst *Orontes* was increasing his Years, his Wealth and his Revenue, a Girl was born in a certain Family; being grown up to her sixteenth Year, she was remarkably beautiful and accomplished: He at fifty, courts this so beautiful accomplished Creature; and she prefers him, without Birth, Wit, or the least Merit, to all his Rivals.

Marriage, which ought to be the Fountain of Felicity, is often a crushing Load. Such it is, when Wife and Children become a Violent Temptation to Fraud, Falshood, and unlawful Gains for their Maintenance; dreadful Situation, to be be hemmed in between Indigence and Knavery!

† To marry a Widow, signifies to make one's Fortune, though it does not always prove what it signifies.

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* Mr. *de la Roveye, Maitre des hommes de Fortune*, married Miss *Valiere*; a most beautiful young Creature: Her avaricious Mother made the Match.

† The Duke *de Atri*, Count *de Marsan*, &c. &c. He

He, whose Portion would only maintain him like a tolerable Lawyer, is presently for being a Serjeant. The Serjeant must be a Judge, and the Judge a Chancellor; and thus it is with all Conditions, where Men are streightened; after having attempted beyond their Fortune, and forced, as I may say, their Destiny; having neither Virtue to forbear being rich, nor Prudence to continue rich.

Dine well, *Clearchus*, sup better, keep large Fires, buy a laced Cloak, hang your Chamber with fine Tapistry. What need you care who is to come after you? You have either no Heir, or you don't know him, or what is worse, you have no Love for him.

When we are young we lay up for old Age: When we are old, we save for Death. The Prodigal Heir makes a pompous Funeral, and lavishes away the remainder.

† The Miser after death spends more in one Day than when living in ten Years; and his

† Mr. *Morstein*, who after being High-Treasurer of *Poland*, removed to *Paris*, where he died; he was extremely tenacious, and buried with a most extravagant Solemnity.

Heir

Heir in ten Months, more than he could find in his Heart to part with in all his Life.

The Prodigal robs his Heir, the Miser robs himself. The middle way is, Justice to ourselves and others.

Children perhaps would be dearer to their Parents, and Parents to their Children, were it not for being Heirs.

It is a wretched Condition, even a Disparagement to Life, that we must go through Labour, Hardship and Danger, Servitude and Dependance for a little Fortune, or owe it to the last Pangs of our nearest Relations: He who masters himself so far, that he does not wish his Father's Death, has a singular Rectitude of Disposition.

Complaisance is closely observed by a presumptive Heir; we are never better flattered, better obeyed, followed, courted, and attended, than by those who hope to get by our Death, and wish it may happen quickly.

All Men, relatively to Posts, Titles and Successions, look on themselves as Heirs to

each

other. And [illegible] Expectations [illegible]
t Desire for each other's Death. [illegible]
Man [illegible] who [illegible]
ofe by [illegible] Death, and to [illegible]
ellor.

[illegible] fold of Play, that it equ[illegible]
there is often such strange [illegible]
a Chasm between two [illegible]
-fore to see such Extr[illegible]
worse than Discon[illegible]
so offensive. In [illegible]
Decency. If any [illegible]
ftice of all the [illegible]
at of all Th[illegible]
er part of th[illegible]
ple, [illegible]
us [illegible]
m [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

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* See [illegible]

cour agitate their Minds while the Meeting lasts, without regard to Friendship, Alliances, Birth or Distinctions. Chance presides over the Circle, and supremely decides on all Occasions; they all watch its Motions by a profound Silence, which they can never observe elsewhere: All the Passions seem suspended a while, to give Place to one at this tempestuous Season; the Courtier is neither gay, complaisant, nor even devout.

† All Remembrance of their former Situation seems utterly obliterated in those who have made their Fortune by Gaming; they lose sight of their Equals, and associate only with Persons of the first Quality: 'Tis true, the Fortune of the Dye, or *Lansquenet*, often sets them down where it took them up.

I

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† *Courcillon*, who from a very mean sort of a Gentleman, by dint of Games and Dice, rose to the blue Ribbon, and two considerable Posts; or it will no less suit *Morin*, who went over to *England* merely to game, and made such a good Voyage of it, that he brought away above twelve hundred thousand Livres; but he afterwards met with his Match, attending the Courtiers of *Versailles*, who stript him; so that from being one in the highest Parties, he was reduced to herd with Lawyers Clerks, and half-pay Officers.

am not surprised that there are [illegible] dick Gaming-Houses, which are like [illegible] ny Snares laid for Asses, the Whirlpools, [illegible] are many a Man's Money [illegible] with- Hopes of return, like Rocks, where most of Players perish; that Sharpers have constant- their Emissaries abroad to learn who [illegible] ns from the Country with the *Price of* [illegible] ate, who has a round Sum [illegible] ning a Suit, who has had a [illegible] y: What Heir has leaped [illegible] nce; or what desperate Clerk [illegible] ture his whole Cash on the [illegible] is a villainous Trade [illegible] ade in Repute, very [illegible] ously practised by the [illegible] they would have a [illegible] s Inscription: [illegible] ppose they will [illegible] very one knows [illegible] ese Houses is [illegible] t that they [illegible] make a [illegible] untable.

† How many [illegible]

† [illegible]

by Gaming? yet you ſay, very compoſedly, you cannot live without it: Frivolous Excuſe! Is there any violent and ſhameful Paſſion which may not uſe the ſame Language? Would any one be allowed to ſay, he cannot live without Murders, Rapes and Robberies? Is Gaming without Conſideration or Intermiſſion, where you aim at the total Ruin of your Adverſary, where you are tranſported with Inſolence at winning, or thrown into Deſpair by loſing, where inflamed by Avarice, you expoſe on a Card, or a Dye, your own, your Wives, and your Childrens Fortune; Is this allowable? Is this the Sport you cannot live without? And yet are there not often worſe Conſequences than theſe at Play? When entirely ſtripped, when Cloaths and Furniture have been converted into Gaming-Money, you ſee your Family in unpitied Wretchedneſs: The frequent Duels I omit.

I allow no body to be a Knave; but I allow a Knave to play deep. I forbid it an honeſt Man: There is too much Folly, there is Wickedneſs in expoſing one's Self to a great Loſs.

Paris, where it was ſoon diminiſhed at the Gaming-Table, and his Splendor totally eclipſed; yet he cannot not forbear riſquing the ſmall Remainder.

There

There is but one Affliction which is lasting, and that is the Loss of an Estate; Time, which alleviates all others, sharpens this; we feel it every Moment during the Course of our Lives, continually missing the Fortune we have lost.

The Man who spends his Estate, without marrying his Daughters, paying his Debts, or laying it out to Advantage, may be well enough liked by every one but his Wife and Children.

Neither the Troubles, *Zenobia*, which disturb your Empire, nor the War, which since the Death of the King your Husband, you have so heroickly maintained against a powerful Nation, diminish any thing of your Magnificence. You have preferred the Banks of *Euphrates* to every other Country, for building a stately Fabrick. There the Air is healthy and temperate, the Situation ravishing, a sacred Wood shades it on the West, the *Syrian* Gods, who sometimes visit the Earth, could not chuse a finer Abode; the adjacent Country is peopled with Men, who are constantly employed in shaping or cutting, going and com-

ing, transporting the Timber of *Lebanon*, Brass and Porphiry; the Air rings with the Rattle of Tools and Engines, and the Travellers, who pass that Way to *Arabia*, expect in their Return home, to see it finished with inimitable Splendor, before you, or the Princes your Children, make it your Dwelling. Spare nothing, great Queen; deal out your Gold among the most excellent Artists; let the *Phidias*'s and *Zeuxis*'s of your Age, shew the utmost of their Art on your Walls and Ceilings; lay out vast and delicious Gardens, whose Beauty shall appear to be all Enchantment, and not the Contrivance of Man; exhaust your Treasures on this incomparable Edifice, and after you have brought it to Perfection, Know, O magnificent Princess! some Grazier † or other, who lives among the neighbouring Wastes of *Palmyra*, enriched by the Toll of your Rivers, shall purchase with ready Money this Royal Mansion, and add new Embelishments to it, that it may become his boundless Fortune.

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† Monsieur *de Gourville*, Steward to the late Prince of *Condé*, who having purchased the fine Seat of *St. Maur*, has laid out vast Sums in new Decorations and Enrichments, though his Highness, who did not want Taste, thought its former Condition not too mean for his Dignity.

[illegible] it, [illegible] gave it a [illegible] that he [illegible]

We ſee frequent[illegible] we call the Caprice of F[illegible] an hundred Years ago [illegible] talked of, or even in the [illegible] opens itſelf in their F[illegible] on them Riches. Hen[illegible] they baſk in Pro[illegible] thoſe Men who will have [illegible] a Father who was elevated [illegible] Thing he deſired, during the [illegible] Life, he attained, if att[illegible] ceed from ſuperior Wit, or [illegible] the Father or the Son, or [illegible]

Conjunctures? Fortune, at laſt, withdraws her Smiles; ſhe removes to ſport herſelf elſewhere, and treats their Poſterity as ſhe did their Anceſtors.

The immediate Cauſe of the Ruin of Gentlemen of the Long-Robe and the Sword, is, that their Profeſſions, and not their Incomes, direct their Expences.

If you have omitted nothing towards making your Fortune, how great has been your Labour! If the leaſt Thing, how laſting will be your Repentance!

Giton has a freſh Complexion, a full Face, a ſteady and manly Look, broad Shoulders, a full Cheſt, a firm Tread; he ſpeaks boldly, and muſt have every Word repeated, that is ſpoken to him, and is but indifferently pleaſed with any thing: After diſplaying a large Handerchief, he makes the Room echo when he blows his Noſe; he ſpits about, and ſneezes violently; he has his Day-naps, alſo ſleeps ſoundly at Night; he ſnores in Company; he takes up more Room than any one elſe at Table; he fills the Middle in walking with his Equals; he ſtops, *they* ſtop; he goes forward, they go forward;

all

all are governed by his Motions; he interrupts the Person that speaks, with his vociferous Garrulity; he is never interrupted, the Company is of his Opinion, and his News is constantly the truest: If he sits down, you see him loll in the Chair cross-legged, wrinkling his Brows, and pulling his Hat over his Eyes, that he may see nobody; then giving it a flap backwards, shews a supercilious Forehead: He is merry, ever upon the Laugh, impatient, cholerick, a Libertine and Politician; full of his Wit, and what excuses such overbearing Doings, he is rich.

Phedon has hollow Eyes, a red Face, a lean Body, and a meagre Look; he sleeps little; he is thoughtful to Mopishness, and with good Sense, has the Air of one that is stupid; he forgets to speak of those Sciences or Transactions with which he is acquainted; if he speaks sometimes, he comes but lamely off, being too concise for fear of being troublesome, he is seldom hearkened to, or taken Notice of: He praises, he laughs at others Jests, he is of their Opinions, he is eager to do them little Services; he is a Flatterer, complaisant, busy, close in his Affairs, superstitious, scrupulous, timorous, and sometimes a Liar; he steps

lightly and ſoftly, he ſeems afraid to tread the Ground; he walks with his Eyes downward, dares not raiſe them to face thoſe who paſs by him; he never makes one in any of thoſe Companies that meet on purpoſe to diſcourſe; he puts himſelf behind him who ſpeaks, hears but by Stealth, and ſneaks off if obſerved: He pulls his Hat over his Eyes, that he may not be known; he ſhrouds himſelf in a Cloak; there is no Street or Gallery ſo crouded or thronged, but he finds a Way to get through without joſtling, and ſteals along unperceived; if he is deſired to ſit, he ſeats himſelf on the Edge of the Chair; in Converſation, rather mutters than ſpeaks; however, he is free on publick Affairs, angry with the Age, and but indifferently pleaſed with the Miniſtry; he ſeldom opens his Mouth but to reply; blows his Noſe under his Hat, ſpits in his Handkerchief, gets into a Corner to ſneeze, that the Company may not hear it; he coſts nobody a Compliment, or a Salute: He is poor.

Of

[illegible]

[illegible] we meet a [illegible]
[illegible] some pe
[illegible] we [illegible] every [illegible]
[illegible] and the [illegible], to [illegible]
[illegible] upon the [illegible].

We [illegible] even the Coun
[illegible] Families whom we hate [illegible]

We wait for one another at [illegible]
[illegible] as we pass by [illegible]
[illegible]aches, Horses [illegible]
[illegible]r Eyes, which [illegible]
[illegible]d malicious; we [illegible]
[illegible] meet, according [illegible]
[illegible]ge.

Every [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]
Marr[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Women never take their Walks this Way till the Swimming-Season comes, and when it is passed, walk there no longer.

In those Places of general Resort, where the Ladies assemble only to shew their fine Silks, and parade with all the Arts of their Toilet, People don't walk with a Company for the Benefit of Conversation, but herd together, to get a little Confidence, and keep one another in Countenance against the common Reflections of those Rendezvous. Here they talk and say nothing, or rather talk to be taken notice of by such as pass by them, for whose Sake they raise their Voices, throw themselves into apish Gestures, cringe, bow negligently, and take several Turns.

The Town is divided into several Societies, which like so many little Republicks have their particular Laws, Custom, Jargon and Jests, whilst the reciprocal Conceit, the Basis of these Connections, subsists: Nothing is allowed to be well done, which they had no hand in; those who have not been initiated into their Mysteries are condemned. A Man of Wit, and one who knows the World, whom Chance has thrown amongst them, finds himself in a

strange

[illegible]

wound to these whimsical Commonwealths: And in a little while there is no more Talk of them, than of last Year's Flies.

In the City are the Superior and Inferior Limbs of the Law: The first of these revenge themselves on the other, for the Mortifications they meet with at Court: It is not easily known where the Superior ends, or the Inferior begins, there being a considerable Body of those who refuse to be of the second Order, and who yet are not allowed to be of the first: These, instead of receding from their Pretensions, on the contrary, endeavour by their Gravity and Expence to equal the Magistracy: They are often heard to say, that the Nobleness of their Employment, the Independency of their Profession, their Elocution, and their Personal Merit, are at least an Equipoise to the Bags of Money, which the Sons of Farmers, or Bankers, paid for their Offices.

Inconsiderate Creature! to sit musing or perhaps dosing in your Coach: Rouze, out with your Book or Papers, read, salute no Body, not so much as People of the greatest Quality, and they will believe you a Person of extraordinary Business: This Man, say they, is

indefa-

fatigable; he [illegible]
he Street, [illegible]
Petty-fogger [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] much Business [illegible]
[illegible]

Desires, they become exact Copies of most flagitious Originals.

A City Lawyer when at Court, is not the same Person returned home; he resumes his natural Manners, Look, and Gesture, which he had left there; he is not so much embarrassed, nor so civil.

† The *Crispins* join their Families together, club for six Horses to lengthen their Equipage, and with a String of Men in Liveries, to which each furnishes his Quota, they figure at the Park, or at *Vincennes*, with as much Splendor as a new Bridegroom, or as *Jason*, who is ruining himself by his Vanity, or as *Thrason*, who has exchanged his Acres for a Post, and now sets up for marrying a Fortune.

I hear much talk of the ‖ *Sannions*, the same Name, the same Arms; the elder House, the younger House, and the youngest Branch

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† Messieurs *Male*, Officers of the Robe.

‖ The Descendants of *le Clerc*, and *Pellitier*, two rich Tanners, from whom *Henry* the IVth, in his Extremities, borrowed 20,000 Crowns, for which he offered them his Note; but as it seems, there is an expensive Ceremony in making a demand of

of the youngeſt Houſe; the firſt bear their Arms plain, the ſecond with a Label, and the third with a Bordure indented; their Colour and Metal are the ſame as thoſe of the *Bourbons*, and like them they bear two and one: It is true they are not *Flower-de-Luces*, but they are ſatisfied, and perhaps believe in their Hearts, their Bearings as Noble; at leaſt they are not inferior to Perſons of the firſt Quality; we ſee them on their Windows in their Chapels, on the Gates of their Seat, on their juſticiary Pillar, where many a Man is condemned to be hanged, who only deſerved Baniſhment; we ſee them on their Moveables and Locks, their Coaches are covered with them, and their Liveries are as glaring as their Arms. But to be plain with the *Saunions*, I muſt tell them, your Oſtentation is too precipitate, you ſhould have ſtaid till a Century had covered your Extraction; thoſe who knew your Grand-father have already one Foot in the Grave, they cannot live long; and who

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upon the King, they choſe to take his Word; they were generouſly repaid, and as a further Acknowledgment the King granted them a Patent of Nobility.

then

then can ſay, there he kept his Stall, and a dear one it was.

The *Sannions* and the *Criſpins* had rather be thought extravagant than covetous; they tell you a long ſtory of a Feaſt or Collation they gave, of their Loſings at Play; they ſpeak in their myſterious Cant of the Ladies of their Acquaintance; they have ever a thouſand pleaſant things to tell each other, and are always making new Diſcoveries, paſſing amongſt themſelves for Men of very great Intrigue. ‡ One of them coming late to his Country-Houſe, haſtens to Bed, that he may riſe with the Dawn, puts on his ſporting Accoutrements, ties back his Hair, takes his Fuzee,

‡ Preſident *de Coigneux*, a mighty Sportſman; his Seat was full of Implements of all kinds for the Field, which took up too much of his Thoughts, to admit of his growing Rich; this was in ſome meaſure compenſated by a ſecond Marriage, with a *Partiſan's* Widow. He had not ſo much as provided himſelf with a Night-Gown for this Marriage; ſo that going in the Evening according to the Cuſtom of *Paris*, to his Wife's Dreſſing-Table, which he was informed was very ſplendid, he put on his ſcarlet furred Gown, thinking no Garb could do more Honour to the Place, than the Mark of that Poſt, for which only the Widow had married him; but his miſ-timed Solemnity ſet all the Company a laughing.

and

and is a Sportſman, if he did but ſhoot well; he returns at Night wet and weary, without any Game, makes the ſame appearance on the Morrow, and in this manner paſſes every Day in miſſing the Thruſhes and Partridges.

Another of them with two or three Couple of ſcurvy Dogs, calls them *My Pack:* He is ſure to be informed of all Hunting Matches, and is one of the firſt in the Chace; with his Horn by his ſide, he mingles himſelf with the Huntſmen, and does not aſk, like *Menalippus*, *Have I any Pleaſure in this?* but believes he really has; Law and Pleadings laid aſide, he would be thought an *Hippolitus*. *Menander*, who ſaw him yeſterday on account of a Suit, to-day does not know his Judge: To-morrow you may ſee him at his Chamber, where though a weighty Caſe is to come on, he gets his Brethren about him, informs them that it was not his Hounds which loſt the Stag; that he is hoarſe with hallooing after the Dogs, who were at a fault; or after the Huntſman, who miſtook the Game, and that he was in at the Death of the Stag; but the Clock ſtrikes, and he has no more time to talk of his

his Hounds, or Hunting, he must then to his Seat, put on the Justice, and strive to discern Right from Wrong.

† Prodigious Infatuation of some particular Men, who being possessed of great Estates, which their Fathers accumulated by a prosperous Industry, will have the Wardrobe, and Equipage of a Prince, and by an ill judged Profuseness, and awkward Statelineſs, raise the Laughter of the whole Town, which they fancy is dazled with their doubly miserable Lustre, till they are ruined by what exposes them. ‡ Some are so unhappy, that their Follies do not spread beyond the Street they live in; the Neighbourhood is the narrow Theatre of their Vanity. Who in the *Isle du Palais*, has heard that *André* makes a Figure, and scatters his Patrimony in the *Marais*. If he were only known in the City and Suburbs, probably amongst so great a number of Citizens, who do not all judge rightly, one or other

† Mr. *de Rouveau Post-master-general.*

‡ *Noblet*, who spent above 30,000 in Hugger Mugger upon Madam *Gurat*, who liberally communicated her Gains to two other Gallants. This Dupe was House-steward to Philip Duke of *Orleans*, which Place he sold, and afterwards lived upon his Mother.

might

[illegible]

There is a Man, * say you, whom I have seen, and tho' I have forgot where, I remember his Face perfectly well. So do many others; but in this I will assist your Memory. Was it at the *Thuilleries*, the Park, or in a Box at the Play-house? Was it at Church, at a Ball or at *Rambouillet*, or rather can you tell where you have not seen him? Where is he not to be met with? At an Execution or Fire-work, he appears in a Balcony; if there is a publick Entry, you see him on a Scaffold; if the King receives an Ambassador, he follows the Procession, assists at the Audience, then thrusts himself into the Ranks at the return; his Presence would be thought as essential at the renewing and swearing the Alliances with the *Swiss* Cantons, as that of the Lord Chancellor or Plenipotentiaries; he is at every Hunting Match, at every Review you see him on Horseback amongst the Officers; he is very fond of military Sights; he has been as far as Fort *Bernardi* to make a Campaign. *Chanley* understands Marches, *Jacquier* Provisions, *Du Metz* the Artillery; but this Gentleman contents himself with seeing, and is by Profession a Spectator; he neither does nor knows any Thing that a Man ought to do and know; but he boasts he

* The late Prince of Mecklenburg.

has

has ſeen every Thing that is to be ſeen, and now does not grudge to die. But what a Loſs will that be to the Town? Who then will inform us, that the Park-Gates are ſhut, and that there is no walking there? Who will acquaint us when there is a Concert, or Legerdemain Performances? Who will inform us of the Condition of the Theatres? Who will tell us who ſuch an Alderman is by his Arms and Liveries? Who will acquaint us, that *Scapin* bears the *Flower-de-Luce*? Who will pronounce with a more diſdainful Emphaſis, the Names and Titles of ſome new-enobled Citizen, or be better furniſh'd with Ballads and Lampoons? Who will then lend the Ladies the *amorous Journals*, and *the Annals of Galantry?* Who will ſing at Table a whole Dialogue of an Opera, or the Rants of *Orlando* at an Aſſembly? To conclude, ſince there is in the City as well as elſewhere, ſo great a number of ſilly, lazy and fantaſtical Folks, who will ſo exactly ſuit every one of them as he did?

Theramenes was rich, and had Merit; he is now an Heir, and conſequently is much richer, and has a great deal more Merit; the Women court him for a Gallant, and their Daughters for a Huſband; he goes from Houſe to Houſe to make the Mothers hope that his Intentions are

for

for Marriage; is he ſat down? they retire to give their Daughters full Liberty to charm, and *Theramenes* to make his Declarations. Here he oppoſes the buſhy-wig'd Magiſtrate, there eclipſes Knights and Gentlemen, who would fain diſlodge ſuch a Rival. A gay, briſk, witty young Fellow could not be more paſſionately deſired, nor better receiv'd; they ſnatch him out of one another's Hands, and hardly have the leiſure to vouchaſe a ſmile to any other Perſon who is upon a viſit at the Same Time. How many Gallants is he like to defeat? How many hopeful Matches to ruin? What will become of all the ſmitten Heireſſes who dreſs at him? He is not only the Terror of the Huſbands, but the Dread of all ſuch as deſire to be ſo, and to whom Marriage is the only Reſource for their broken Fortunes. A Man ſo happy, and ſo full of Money, ought to be baniſhed from a well-governed City; and the Ladies ſhould be forbidden, under ſome ignominious Penalty, to treat him better than if he were a Perſon who had nothing but Merit to recommend him.

Paris is ever for imitating the Court, but falls ſhort in many Things: The Courtiers, eſpecially the Ladies, treat a Man of Merit, and without any thing but Merit, with ſuch a chearful Franknefs, and engaging Affability; what

Family

'amily he is of, whether he has an Equipage, 'oft, or Eſtate, they don't ſo much as aſk; hey find him at Court, that is enough to intitle iim to their Civilities; as they live in the Midſt of Pomp and Affluence, they love to decend and recreate themſelves with Wit and Philoſophy. Is there any thing like this in the City Dames? Does not their Heart dance at the Noiſe of a Coach at the Door? What Pride glares in their Eyes when they ſee a Chair ſet down an embroidered Viſitant? When is a Man of Merit ſeen at their Tables?

The Fooliſhneſs of ſome City-Women in their wretched Imitation of thoſe of the Court, is more diſagreeable than the Aukwardneſs of ordinary Women, and the Coarſeneſs of Villagers; ſince it is a Mixture of both theſe and Affectation.

What a deep Fetch is it to make rich Preſents in Courtſhip which coſt nothing, and after Marriage are to be returned in kind!

A moſt diſcreet and praiſe-worthy Practice truely, to celebrate your Nuptials to the Value of one Third of your Wife's Portion! To begin with deliberately impoveriſhing yourſelves by a Multiplicity of ſuperfluous Things, then take from the main Stock to pay the Cabinet-maker, China-man, and Upholſterer!

Again,

* Again, what a delicate and judicious Custom is it, which, in Compliance with some antique Ceremony, not more prudent than modest, exposes the new-married Bride on a Bed as on a Theatre, where she sits a Spectacle for the whole Town, Friends or Foes to view her in this Posture for some Days! Is there any thing wanting to make this Custom seem enormous and incredible, but to have read it in some Relation from *Mingrelia?*

What a troublesome and idle way of living is it, for Persons to be solicitous to meet and fret at a Disappointment, yet, when met, to have nothing but Trifles to say to each other, and Trifles which both Parties were previously acquainted with, and of no manner of Importance to either; to enter into a Chamber purely to go out of it, and to go out after Dinner only to come home at Night, highly satisfied, after a

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* According to an immemorial Custom at *Paris*, the Brides receive Visits during the first three Days after Marriage, sitting on a Bed dressed up as fine as possible, and attended by some of their female Intimates, where they are in a manner made a public Show of, and the arch Visitants striving to put them out of Countenance by *Double Entendres*, Conundrums, smutty Questions, and such Ribaldry.

Jaunt

Jaunt of some Hours, with many Times [illegible] Porters, a Woman [illegible] and another for [illegible] Whoever will [illegible] Time and in [illegible] bitterly over such [illegible]

In Cities, People are [illegible] Ignorance of, and [illegible] Country Affairs; [illegible] Flax from Hemp, [illegible] ther of them from [illegible] and Dressing are their [illegible] Copses, After-Grass, [illegible] *Gothic* Words there. [illegible] talk of Weights, [illegible] and Books of Rent; [illegible] titions, Decrees and [illegible] prick up their Ears. They pretend to know the World, and though it is more [illegible] commendable, are ignorant of Nature, her Beginnings, Growths, Gifts and Bounties. This Ignorance is frequently voluntary, and [illegible] on the Conceit they have of their own Callings and Professions; there is not a Pettifogger, who, in his sooty Study, with his Noddle full of wicked Quibbles and destructive Chicane, does not prefer himself to the valuable Husbandman,

who praiſes God, cultivates the Earth, ſows in Seaſon, and gathers his rich Harveſt; and if at any Time the Wretch hears talk of the firſt Men, or the Patriarchs, of their rural Lives, their Order and Security, he wonders how there could be any living without Attorneys, Counſellors, Judges and Sollicitors; whilſt thoſe of another Caſt think they muſt be queer Mortals without Billiards, Operas, Cards, Balls, Coffee-Houſes and Ordinaries.

The *Roman* Emperors never triumphed ſo commodiouſly, ſo ſplendidly, nor ſo ſheltered from the Wind, Rain, Dirt, Duſt, and Sun, as the Citizens of *Paris*, when they rattle in their Coaches from one End of the Town to the other: Alas! how fallen from, ſhall I ſay, or how raiſed above their Anceſtors? they, good Men! never exchanged Neceſſaries for Superfluities, nor preferred Show to Subſtance; their Houſes were never illuminated with wax Lights, which were only to be ſeen on the Altar, or at the *Louvre*; they could warm themſelves by a little Fire; they never roſe from a bad Dinner to get into a Coach, but convinced, that Men had Legs given them to walk, they uſed them: In dry Weather they kept themſelves clean, in wet they did not mind dirtying their Shoes and

Stockings.

[illegible]

were [illegible] such [illegible] the N[illegible] not [illegible] knew [illegible] great Prince [illegible] Service of [illegible] and were [illegible] diate Tutors. [illegible] with their C[illegible] proportioned [illegible] their Houſhold [illegible] Tables, their C[illegible] all meaſured by [illegible] They had, howe[illegible] that the Wife of [illegible]

guishable from that of a Judge, and a Tradesman or a Valet from a Gentleman: Less studious to spend or enlarge their Patrimony than to keep it, they left it entire to their Heirs, and passed from a moderate Life to a peaceable Death: Then was there no Complaint of hard Times! There is no living: Money never was so scarce. They had less than we have, and yet they had enough: Richer by their Oeconomy and Moderation than by their Offices or Estates: To conclude, in former Days they observed this Maxim, that what is Splendor, Decency, and Magnificence in People of Quality, in private Men is Profusion, Impertinence, and Ostentation.

Of the Court.

IT is in one Sense the most honourable Reproach we can cast on a Man, to say he does not understand the Court; there is scarce a Virtue which is not implied in that Character.

An expert Courtier is Master of his Gestures, his Eyes, his Muscles, and whole Countenance; he is profound and impenetrable; he seems

ſeems to over-look ill Turns, ſmiles on his Enemies, lays a Conſtraint on his Diſpoſition, diſguiſes his Paſſions, and both acts and ſpeaks againſt his Opinion: All this Quinteſſence of Refinement is no more than one Vice called Falſhood, and is, after all, ſometimes of no more ſervice to the Fortune of a Courtier, than Openneſs, Sincerity, and Virtue.

The Court is like certain changeable Colours, which vary according to the Lights they are expoſed in; he who can define thoſe Colours may define the Court.

To quit the Court for a Minute, is departing from it: The Courtier who ſaw it in the Morning muſt ſee it at Night, to know it again the next Day; or that he may be known himſelf there.

A Man muſt be content to be little at Court; and let him be never ſo vain, it is impoſſible to prevent it; but his Comfort is, it is the univerſal Lot, and the great ones themſelves are but little when there.

The Country is the Place in which the Court, as in its *point of* View, appears glorious and ad-

admirable; if we approach it, its Beauties diminish, like those of a fine Piece of Perspective viewed too near.

It is with Difficulty that we are brought to loiter our Lives away in an Anti-Chamber, a Court-Yard, or on a Stair-Case.

The Court does not give content, far from it; it hinders a Man from finding any elsewhere.

It is fit a Man of Probity and Spirit should have a Taste of the Court; but he will discover, at his first Entrance, that he is in a new World, hitherto wholly unknown to him, where Politeness and Vice equally reign, and where Good and Evil may be turned to Use.

The Court is like a Marble Structure, I mean, it may be finely polished, but is very hard.

Some go to Court only to come back again, and at their return to be taken notice of by the Nobility of the County, or the Bishop of the Diocese.

The

[illegible]

[illegible]

solid Worth, does not esteem this sort of Accomplishment worthy of his Time and Attention; he contracts it imperceptibly, and never thinks of leaving it off.

N..... in a great flutter coming to the Presence-Chamber, clears his way, grates at the Door, almost knocks, tells his Name; after some Time he is admitted, but it is with the Crowd.

Courts are haunted by a Set of bold Intruders, of a forward Carriage, who introduce themselves, and pretending to a superlative Capacity, in what they profess, are believed on their own Words. In the mean while, they make their Advantage of the public Error, or the Love of Novelty; they break through the Crowd, reach the Ear of the Prince, with whom the Courtier sees them talking, whilst he thinks himself happy but to be seen. In this, however, they make the great Ones easy, that as they are suffered without Consequence, so they are dismissed in the same Manner; at once both rich and disgraced; and those who but so lately were deceived by them, are ready to be deceived by others.

Some at their Entrance into a Room, salute with Carelessness; they wriggle their Shoulders,

and

and bridle like Women; they ask you a Question and look another Way; their Voice declares that they think themselves above every one in their Company; they stop, and the Company gathers about them; they have all the Discourse, and are the arbitrary Presidents of the Circle: This apish Stateliness lasts, till at the unexpected Appearance of some great Man, they wisely lower their Crest, and shrink into their natural Insignificancy, which also sets easiest upon them.

* Courts cannot subsist without a sort of Creatures, who can flatter, are complaisant, insinuating, devoted to the Ladies, whose Pleasures they manage, study their Weaknesses, and sooth their Passions; they whisper Obscenities to them, speak of their Husbands and Lovers in very significant Terms, guess at their Disquietudes, their Ailings, and fix their Lyings-in; they make all Modes and Fashions, refine upon Luxury and Extravagance, and teach that ductile Sex to consume immense Sums in Cloaths, Furnitures and Equipages; they wear nothing themselves but of the richest

* Monsieur *de Langlée* and others.

Taſte, and their Hotels are either new or elegantly repaired; they eat delicately, and from Reflection; there is no Voluptuouſneſs but they are experienced in; they owe their Fortune to themſelves, and they keep it with the ſame Addreſs they raiſed it; faſtuous and aſpiring they ſcorn their former Equals, they reject their friendly Advances, and are above vouchſafing them common Civility; they ſpeak where every one elſe is ſilent, bolt in with Effrontry, and thruſt themſelves into Places where Quality dare not intrude: Some after long Services, who can ſhew glorious Scars, or are in diſtinguiſhed Employments, have not ſuch an Air of Confidence, ſuch a forward Behaviour. To theſe Men even the Ears of Princes are open; they are Partakers in their Pleaſures and Entertainments; they never ſtir out of the *Louvre* or *Verſailles*, where they behave as if at home, or amongſt their own Domeſticks, and are ſure to be the firſt which preſent themſelves to a Novice at Court: They embrace, and are embraced; they laugh and rattle, invent Stories, are facetious, rich, but of no Importance.

Would not one believe that *Cimon* and *Clitander* are charged with all the Concerns of the State,

State, and that they only are [illegible] for them? One has at least the Management of the Land-Affairs, and the other of the [illegible]. Whoever shall pretend to describe them, must express Bustle, Impatience, Carelessness and Disagitation, and paint Hurry itself. We never see them sitting, standing, nor walking; they are always running, they all Quaffing, walking, speak running, and never [illegible] they never go to, or come from any Place, but are continually on the [illegible], [illegible] not in their properest [illegible] quire any thing of them, or [illegible] breathe and remember [illegible] to-do, that they may be [illegible] follow you whenever [illegible] They do not, like [illegible] upon, and forward [illegible] him, and give [illegible] though the Court [illegible] fellow is to be [illegible] go to Bed without [illegible] [illegible] Week, and to [illegible] They are, in fine, [illegible] confusion of all [illegible] every thing at Court [illegible] ing; they have all the [illegible]

for a mean Advancement; they are very alert and quick-sighted about any thing which looks like Advantage, a little enterprizing, versatile, yet inconsiderate. In a Word, they are tied to the Chariot of Fortune, but are never likely to sit in it.

* A Courtier with a Name beneath his Quality, ought to hide it under a better; but if it's one that he dares own, he ought then to insinuate that his Name is the most illustrious, and his House the most ancient of all others; he ought to be descended from the Princes of *Lorrain*, the *Rohans*, the *Chatillons*, the *Montmorencies*, and, if possible from the Princes of the Blood; to talk of nothing but Cardinals, Dukes and prime Ministers; to indroduce his Ancestors by Father and Mother's Side, into all Discourses, as royal Standard-bearers, or Chiefs in the Crusadoes; to have his Hall adorned with Genealogies, Escutcheons, antique Blasonry, and the Pictures of kindred Heroes; to value himself on their Castles, set out with Turrets and Battlements; to be always speaking of his

* The Duke *De Bouillon*, (*Broth*) the Hall of whose Seat at *Sedan*, is full of the ostentatious Decorations here mentioned.

Race,

Race, his *Branch*, his *Name*, and his *Arms*; to ſay of him *He is no Gentleman*; of one another, *She is no Gentlewoman*; or if he is told that *Hyacinthus* has had the great Prize in the Lottery, to aſk if he is a Gentleman. If ſome Perſons laugh at theſe Impertinences, let them laugh on; if others comment upon theſe Pretenſions they are welcome; let him ſtand to this, let him but continually aſſert his Proximity to the Royal Family, and, in Time, it will gain Credit.

'Tis a ſimple Thing to own in the leaſt Alloy of common Blood at Court, where the Pretence to Gentility is univerſal.

At Court they go to Bed, and riſe up only for Intereſt; 'tis that which employs inceſſantly their Mornings and Evenings, their Nights and Days, 'tis for that they think, act, ſpeak, or are ſilent; this is the Mobile of their Aſſiduity, Suppleneſs, Familiarity, Eſteem, Indifference, or Contempt. Whatever Progreſs any of them ſeems to make towards Virtue and Moderation, the firſt glittering Temptation ſeduces them, and the avaricious and ambitious are not more violent, more inſatiable in their Deſires. Can they ſtand ſtill when every Thing is in Motion, when the Torrent compels? Can they for-*forbear running* whither all run? beſides, is not

Suc-

Success at Court the Standard by which Talents are estimated? And he who fails of Promotion, is judged not to deserve it, This Sentence is without Appeal. What is then to be done? Shall a Man quit the Court without having got any Advantage by it, or shall he continue there without Favour or Reward? This Question, I confess, is so delicate and abstruse, that an infinite Number of Courtiers have grown old between Yes or No, and have at last died in Suspence.

There is nothing at Court so contemptible as a Man who can contribute nothing to our Fortunes; I wonder such a Person dares appear there.

He, who seeing another formerly his Equal in Rank and Prospect, and who made his first Appearance at Court at the same Time with himself, but now far out stripped, concludes this to be a solid Proof of his superior Merit, and which warrants him to think better of himself than of a distanced Concurrent, surely forgets what he formerly thought of himself, and those who obtained a more speedy Advancement.

'Tis too much to expect from a Friend who is advanced to great Favour, that he should own *his* former Acquaintance.

If he, who is in Favour, improves it before it is too late, if he makes Uſe of the propitious Gale, if he has his Eye upon any Vacancies, Poſts, Abbies, and does but aſk and obtain, and is ſtored with Grants and Reverſions, beſides a preſent Penſion, you then cry out againſt his Covetouſneſs and Ambition; you ſay that he, his Friends, or Creatures monopoliſe all; and that by his prevalent Intereſt, beſides his own immenſe Riches, he has made the Fortunes of many more. But what ſhould he have done in his Poſt? If I were to judge of your Diſpoſition, by your Invective, he has done no more than you yourſelf; you would have accumulated, you would have preferred, you would have enriched your Retainers.

We blame thoſe who have made Uſe of Opportunities put in their Hands to raiſe large Fortunes, becauſe we deſpair, by the Meanneſs of our Situation, to be ever in Circumſtances which will expoſe us to ſuch a Reproach; if we are like to ſucceed them, we ſhould in Prudence, think they have done leſs Injury than we imagined, and be more cautious in cenſuring them, for fear of condemning ourſelves before-hand.

We

We muſt never exaggerate things, nor charge the Court with Crimes from which they are clear; the greateſt Injury done there to Merit, is their neglect of it; neither do they always deſpiſe it; when they diſcern it, they ſtrive to forget it: It is indeed at Court where nothing, or very little, is done for thoſe whom they cannot at the ſame time but greatly eſteem.

If amongſt all the Inſtruments a Man uſes in the Structure of his Fortune at Court, ſome of them do not fail, would be a Prodigy indeed. One of my Friends, who promiſed to ſpeak for me, ſays not a Word; another ſpeaks too faintly; a third miſtakes my Intereſt and his own Intentions, and does me more harm than good. The one wants Good-Will; the other Sagacity; all would not take pleaſure enough in ſeeing me happy, to exert themſelves towards making me ſo. Every one remembers what his own Preferment coſt him, and the helps that cleared his way to it. We ſhould not be averſe to acknowledge the Services we have received from others, by a ready Benevolence to our Dependants, if our chief and only Care, even after our Fortunes are made, was not ſtill to think of ourſelves.

Cou-

Courtiers never employ their Wit, Addreſs or Policy to ſerve their Friends; but only to find out Evaſions, Pretences, or what they are pleaſed to call Impoſſibilities, and thus think themſelves acquitted from all the Duties of Friendſhip, and, perhaps, of Gratitude.

No Courtier will undertake to ſpeak firſt in your favour, but every one offers to ſecond him who will; becauſe judging of others by themſelves, they think that no body will break the Ice, and that therefore they ſhall never be called upon: A ſoft and polite way of refuſing Aſſiſtance to thoſe who ſtand in need of it.

How many Men almoſt ſtifle you with their careſſes in private, and pretend to love and eſteem you, and yet are out of Countenance when they meet you in Public; at the *Levee* or Maſs, they look another way, and do all they can to avoid you. Few are thoſe Courtiers who from a Greatneſs of Soul, or a juſt Senſe of their Dignity, dare to honour a Man of Merit, when obſcure, and depreſſed.

I ſee a Man obſeded and followed, but he is in Office: I ſee another whom every body

courts,

courts, but he is in Favour: One is embraced and careſſed even by Perſons of the firſt Rank, but he is Rich: Another is gazed on and pointed at, but he is Learned and Eloquent: I perceive one whom no body omits ſaluting, but he is a Knave. Where is the Man, who without any other Title than a Good and Honeſt Man, meets with more than common cold Civility?

* When a Man is advanced to a new Poſt, we break in upon him with an Inundation of Congratulations; the Court and Chapel, the Stair-caſe, and the Hall, the Gallery and drawing Room, ring with his Elogiums; and oppoſite Paſſions agree in their Picture of the riſing Sun: Envy and Jealouſy ſpeak like Adulation; every one is carried away by the Torrent to ſay what they think, and ſometimes what they do not think, and often to commend a Man of whom they have no knowledge. Has he Wit, Merit or Valour, he is in an inſtant, a Genius of the firſt Order, a Hero, a Demi-God; he is ſo extravagantly flattered in the Pictures made of him, that he

* The Duke of *Luxembourg* on his being made Generaliſſimo.

loſes by a Compariſon; it is impoſſible for him to be what Baſeneſs and Complaiſance would make him; he bluſhes at his own Reputation: But does any Storm threaten the Eminence on which he ſtands the World runs into another Opinion, and exceeds no leſs in its Cenſures. The very Machines which lifted him ſo high by Applauſe and Encomiums, are ready to precipitate him into the extreameſt Contempt: I mean, none decry him with more contumely than they who were moſt eager in their Praiſes of him, when in the Meridian of Grandeur.

It may be ſaid with reaſon of an eminent and critical Poſt, that it is got with more eaſe than it is maintained.

We ſee a great many fall from a high Fortune, by the ſame Defects which raiſed them.

At Court there are two ways of diſmiſſing or diſcharging Servants and Dependants; to be angry with them, or make them ſo angry with us, that they leave us of their own accord.

Courtiers ſpeak well of a Man for two Reaſons: The firſt, that he may know they have com-

commended him; and the ſecond, that he may do them the ſame favour.

It is as dangerous at Court to make any Advances, as it is irkſome to forbear them.

I am told ſo many ill things of a Man, and I ſee ſo few in him, that I begin to ſuſpect he has a real but troubleſome Merit, as being likely to eclipſe that of others.

You are an honeſt Man, and without making it your Buſineſs either to pleaſe or diſpleaſe the Favourites; you are devotedly loyal to your Maſter, and ſtrictly attentive to your Duty; then you are a loſt Man.

None are impudent by Choice, but by Conſtitution; it is a Vice, but natural; he who is not born ſo, is modeſt, and cannot eaſily paſs from this amiable extremity to the other: It would be for his advantage to learn this Leſſon, *dare and ſucceed:* An awkard Imitation will not ſerve the Turn, he will be quickly baffled. Without real native Effrontery there is no doing any thing at Court.

We ſeek, we buſtle, we intrigue, we agitate ourſelves, we petition, are refuſed; we petition

tition again, and obtain; but ſay we, without having ever aſked for it, or ſo much as thought of it, and even when we had a quite different thing in view. This is an obſolete Style, a ſilly Lye, which now a-days deceives no body.

A Man puts in for an eminent Station, prepares his Engines, takes right Meaſures, and is juſt upon ſucceeding; ſome are to move and others ſecond: The Match is laid, and the Mine ready to be ſprung, when the Candidate ſuddenly withdraws from Court. Who could ſuſpect that * *Artemon* ever aimed at ſo fine a Poſt, yet he is ordered from his Seat to enter upon his Office? A Court-Artifice, a Fetch now ſo thread-bare, that if I would impoſe upon the World, and maſk my Ambition, I would always be about my Prince, where unnoticed amidſt the crowd of Sollicitants, I might receive from his own Hands the Object of my Perſuits.

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* The Marquis *de Vardes*, after being recalled from a twenty Years Exile, made a ſtrong Party to be Governor to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and it was his Death only which prevented it.

Men

Men are not willing we ſhould pry into their Proſpects, or find out their particular Scope, becauſe, if they fail, they fancy a Repulſe expoſes them to Ignominy; and if they ſucceed, they perſuade themſelves it is greater Glory to be thought worthy by the Giver, than to ſhew they thought themſelves worthy by their Pretenſions and Intrigues; they would have their Dignity heightened by an Appearance of Modeſty and Diſintereſtedneſs.

Which is the greateſt Shame, to be refuſed a a Poſt we deſerve, or to be put into one we do not deſerve?

Difficult as it is to obtain a Place at Court, it is much more ſo to be qualify'd for one.

It is better to be aſked by what Means did you obtain ſuch a Poſt, than why was it refuſed you?

We ſee, even to this Day, that People ſtand for a Place in the City; they brigue for a Seat in the Academy; they did formerly the like to obtain the Conſulſhip; why then ſhould a Man be aſhamed to employ his early Years to render himſelf capable of eminent Employments,

and

and then offer himſelf, without Corruption, Cabal, or any oblique Artifices, but with a Confidence becoming his Patriotiſm and Capacity?

I never ſee a Courtier to whom a Prince has given a rich Government, a fine Poſt, or a large Penſion, who either through Vanity, or a feigned Diſintereſtedneſs, does not proteſt that he is leſs pleaſed with the Gift, than the Manner in which it was given. What is certain in this, is, that he ſays ſo.

To give awkwardly is Churliſhneſs. The moſt difficult Part is to give, then why not add a Smile? * There are however, many who refuſe more handſomely than others give; and ſome who make us aſk ſo long, give ſo coldly, and clog their Grants with ſuch diſagreeable Conditions, that the greateſt Favour would be to excuſe us from receiving any.

† Some Courtiers are ſo greedy, that they

* The different Behaviour of the Cardinal *Richelieu* and *Mazarine*; the former often refuſing withuot diſpleaſing, the latter giving without obliging: The like is ſaid of *Charles* I. King of *England*, and his facetious Son *Charles* II.

† The later M. *De Villeroy*, who was both Archbiſhop and Governor of *Lions*; it alſo fits many others, and not in *France* only.

put

put in for any lucrative Station; Governments, Offices, Benefices, nothing comes amiss to them. These Jacks of all Trades fit themselves for the most incompatible Favours; they are amphibious, living by the Church and Sword, and labour to add the Law to their Affluence. Do you ask what these Men do at Court, they receive, and envy every one to whom any Thing is given.

A thousand People wear out their Days at Court, in caressing and congratulating those who receive Favours, and die without having any bestowed on themselves.

Menophilus borrows his Manners from one * Profession, and his Habit from another; he goes masked all the Year, though bare-faced; he appears at Court, in the City, and elsewhere, always under a certain Name, and the same Disguise. He is found out, and known by his Countenance.

There is what is called the High-way to Posts and Honours, and there is a cross and Bye-way, which is much the shortest.

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* Father *La Chaise*, a Jesuit, and the King's Confessor.

We

We run to ſee the wretched Criminals, we gaze at them, the Streets where they paſs are crouded, we fling open our Windows merely to obſerve the Looks and Behaviour of a condemned Man who is going to die; ſenſeleſs inhuman Curioſity! Were we wiſe, the Places of Execution would be avoided; and to be preſent at ſuch Spectacles would be held infamous. If you are ſo very curious, exerciſe your Curioſity on a noble Subject. Behold the happy Man, contemplate him in the Day of his Advancement to a new Station, when he is receiving Congratulations; read in his Eyes through an affected Compoſure and feigned Modeſty, his inward Pride and latent Exultation; obſerve what a Smile the Accompliſhments of his Deſires ſpreads over his Countenance, mind the Glow of magnificent Ideas; how at laſt his impatient Joy burſts forth; how he bends beneath the Weight of his own Happineſs; his Reſervedneſs towards ſuch as are not now his Equals; he vouchſafes no Anſwer; he turns away his Head, and ſeems not to ſee them; the Embraces and Careſſes of the great ones, with whom he now ſtands upon a Level, begin to grow nauſeous; he has loſt all Remembrance of himſelf, his Brain is turned.

You would be happy, and you want Favours, how many Things are you then to guard against?

When a * Man is once got into a Place, it is not Decency or Virtue, which regulate his Behaviour towards others; his Quality and Station are his Rule of Conduct, and what are their Dictates? Fogetfulness, Pride, Arrogance, Cruelty and Ingratitude.

Theonas having been an Abbot thirty Years, grew weary of continuing so long in one Station: Others less impatiently sollicit the Purple, than he to wear a Gold-cross upon his Breast; and because the four great Holy-days in which the King usually disposes of ecclesiastical Dignities, made no Alteration in his Fortune, he railed at the Times, arraigned the Administration, and formed very direful Conjectures; convinced, as he imagined in his Heart, that Merit is useless, if not prejudicial to a Man who would rise at Court, he was resolved to renounce the Prelacy: When some Body comes to acquaint him that he was named to a Bishoprick; ravished at this unexpected News, you shall see, says he to his Friend,

* Mr. *De Pontchartrain.*

I ſhall not ſtick here, I ſhall ſoon be an Archbiſhop.

There muſt be Knaves at Court; there are Junctures when the moſt virtuous Miniſters muſt uſe ſuch Tools; but to know when to ſet them at Work, is a nice Point, as when to lay proper Checks upon them. Honour, Virtue, and Conſcience, are always honourable, but frequently uſeleſs. What would you, at ſome Emergencies, do with an honeſt Man?

The Youth of a Prince is the making of many Courtiers.

* *Timantes*, ſtill the ſame, and poſſeſſed of all that Merit, which at firſt got him Reputation and Rewards, lowered iu the Opinion of our Courtiers; they were weary of complimenting him, ſaluted him coldly, forbore ſmiling on him, no longer accoſted him, nor

* Mr. *de Pompone*, diſgraced ſince the Treaty of *Nimeguen*, and removed from his Poſt of Secretary of State, to which he was afterwards reſtored; or the Duke of *Luxembourg*, who, after having been diſgraced upon a falſe Suſpicion of being concerned in a wicked Uſe of *Poiſons*, was afterwards restored to greater Favour. He had all the military qualities; *France* loſt him in 1694.

embraced him, nor took him in a Corner to talk myſteriouſly of ſome Trifle; he was become a meer Cypher among them, and nothing leſs than that Penſion, or that new Place with which he is lately ſo deſervedly honoured, could have revived his Virtues, almoſt dead in their Memories, and awakened the former Ideas of them; now the Courtiers treat him as at firſt, and even better.

How many Friends *, how many Relations, to a new Miniſter ſtart up in one Night! Some value themſelves on their former Acquaintance, their being Fellow-collegians or Neighbours; others ranſack their Genealogy, by Father and Mother's Side, and ſome Way or

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* Upon M. *de Pelletier*'s being nominated Comptroller-general, the Marſhal *de Villeroi* went about, ſaying, nothing could give me a greater Pleaſure; I am over-joy'd at it, *he being my Relation*; which was not true. This Marſhal ſucceeded M. *de Luxemburg* in the Command of the Army; in 1695, tho' with an Army of 100000, he ſuffered King *William* to take *Namur*, without offering a Blow for its Relief; in 1702, he was taken Priſoner in *Cremona* by Prince *Eugene*, who was however forced to quit the Place, and chiefly by the deſperate Attacks of the *Iriſh*; in 1706, he was totally defeated at *Ramillies* by the Duke of *Marlborough*. After all theſe Miſcarriages, he died Preſident of the Council.

other

[illegible] Circumstance wanting to know our [illegible]

What brows me up against the little Slights I sometimes incur from my Betters and my Equals, is that I say to myself; these Men do not despise me, but my Fortune; and they are not so much in the Wrong, for indeed it is a very small one. They would, I am persuaded, adore me, were I a Minister.

What's this? Am I suddenly to be advanced, and are these Gentlemen in the Secret, that with such a polite Courteousness they prevent my Compliments, and salute me first!

He who said, I dined Yesterday at * *Tilon*, or I *sup there To-night*, and repeated it very often; who brought in the Name of † *Plancus* on

* *Meudon.* † Monsieur *de Louvois*, who died suddenly 1691.

all Occasions, and says, *Plancus asked me—I told Plancus*; understanding that *Plancus* has been snatched away by a sudden Death, holds up his Hands; People in the Piazza's gather about him, he accuses the deceased, rails at his Conduct, reviles his Administration, denies him a Knowledge of what the Publick, whose Favourite he never was, owned him to be Master in, will not allow him a strong Memory; refuse him the well-deserved Character of a sober, laborious Person, and will not do him the Honour to believe, that, of all the Enemies of the Empire, there was any one *Plancus*'s Enemy.

To A Man of Merit, I believe it is an additional Entertainment to see the same Place at a public Shew, or an Assembly, which was refused him, given before his Face to one who has not Eyes to see, nor Ears to hear, nor Sense to judge; who has nothing to recommend him but his gaudy Liveries, which now he is above wearing.

* *Theodotus*, with a grave Habit, has a risible Countenance, not unlike that of some comic Actor, and to which his Voice, his

* The Abbot de Choisy.

Step,

Step, his Carriage, his Poſture, are adapted. He is cunning, fawning, and ſo ridiculouſly myſterious, that he comes up to you, and whiſpers you in the Ear, *It is fine Weather, it is a pure warm Thaw:* If he has not the great Qualifications, he has all the little ones, and even thoſe which only become a Boarding-ſchool. Imagine the Intenſeneſs of a Child, in building a Caſtle with Cards, or catching a Butterfly; ſuch is *Theodotus* buſied about the moſt errant Trifles; however, he applies himſelf with an Attachment becoming the moſt momentous Affairs, or Objects really deſirable; he buſtles about and ſucceeds; then takes Breath and repoſes himſelf, as indeed he ſhould, for it has put him to no little Trouble. Some are beſotted with the Favour of great Men, they think on them all Day, and dream of them all Night; are always trotting up and down Stairs in a Miniſter's Apartment, and in and out of his Antichamber; they have nothing to ſay to him, whatever they pretend; they ſpeak to him once or twice, and with this they are highly pleaſed: Sound them, and you find the Bottom Pride, Preſumption, and Ignorance; ſpeak to them, they make no Anſwer; they know you not, their Eyes are dazzled, and their Brains turned; their Relations ſhould take Care of them, and lock them up, leſt their Fol-

ly in Time growing to a Frenzy, they become a Nuisance. *Theodotus* is all Gentleness; he passionately gasps after Favour, his Passion, like himself, is placid, and he pays his Vows in Secret, as a sacred Mystery; he is ever on the Watch to discover who makes any Progress in the royal Favour; to these he offers his Service; sacrifices Merit, Alliances, Friendship, Engagements and Gratitude; if the Place of *Cassini* were vacant, and the Porter or Postilion of a Favourite should put in for it, he would assist him in his Pretensions, and judge him worthy of the Place, would think him capable of an Acquaintance with the celestial Bodies, of observing Parhelions, or calculating Paralaxes. Would you know whether *Theodotus* be an Author or a Plagiary, an Original or a Copyist, I must give you his Works, and bid you read and judge; but whether he is a Devotee or a Courtier, who can decide from this Picture? I can, with more Assurance, proclaim what his Stars design for him: Hear, O *Theodotus*, I have calculated your Nativity, your Advancement will be very sudden and splendid; so give over Lucubrations, print no more, the Public begs for Quarter, and heartily wishes you other Employment.

There is a † Country where the Joys are conſpicuous, but falſe, and the Griefs hidden, but real. Who would imagine that the Raptures at the Opera, the Claps and Applauſes at *Moliere*'s Comedies, and *Harlequin*'s Farces, the Feaſts, Hunting-matches, Balls and Entertainments, which we hear of, covered ſo many Inquietudes, ſo many Cares and Projects, ſo many Hopes and Fears, ſo many ardent Paſſions and corroding Concerns?

The Court Life is a ſerious melancholy Game, and requires Application; a Man muſt arrange his Pieces, and point his Batteries, have a Deſign, purſue it, thwart his Adverſaries, ſometimes ſtrike a bold Stroke, and ſometimes act as by Caprice; yet after all his Meaſures and Contrivances, he may be defeated; and when he is in a fair Way to ſucceed, one more ſkilful or more lucky gets the Game.

The Wheels, the Springs, the Movements of a Watch are hid, nothing appears but the Hand, which, inſenſibly circulating, finiſhes its Courſe; a true Image of the Courtier, who

† The Court.

frequently going a great way about, returns at last to the same Point from whence he set out.

Two Thirds of my Life are already elapsed, why then should I perplex myself so much for the remainder? The most splendid Fortune cannot deserve the Torment I put myself to, the Meannesses into which I slip, the Mortifications, and the Affronts which are incident to the Persuit. Thirty Years will destroy those Giants of Power, that now tower beyond our Sight. I who am so little a thing, and they from whom I expect all my Greatness, must in a short time disappear. The best of all good Things, if such there be in this World, is Tranquility, and Recess, free from Want and remote from Dependance. *M*..... was of this Opinion in his Disgrace, and forgot it at the first Ray of Prosperity.

A Nobleman who resides in his own Country lives free, bnt without Interest: If he lives at Court he will not want Interest, but is a Slave; so one makes amends for the other.

* *Xantippus* buried in the Country, under an old Roof, in an old Bed, dreamed one Night that

* Mr. *Bontems*, Valet de Chambre to the King, and Governor of *Versailles*; the President of the Cham-

that he ſaw his Prince, ſpoke to him, and that he felt an exceeding Joy: At his waking he was melancholy at the Diſappointment; he told his Dream, adding, what Chimæra's a Man has in his Sleep! *Xantippus* ſome time after went to Court, ſaw his Prince, and ſpoke to him; then his Dream was more than accompliſhed, he became a Favourite.

No body is more a Slave than an aſſiduous Courtier, unleſs the Courtier who is more aſſiduous.

A purchaſed Slave has but one Maſter: An ambitious Man muſt be a Slave to all who may conduce to his Agrandiſement.

A thouſand Men who are ſcarce known, croud every Day to be ſeen by their Prince, who cannot ſee a thouſand at a Time; and if to-day he ſees only thoſe he ſaw yeſterday, and will ſee to-morrow, how many muſt be unhappy?

Chamber of accounts married his Daughter, who in a ſhort Time plagued him out of his Senſes. The preſent Duke *d' Elbeuff* and ſhe intrigued together; but upon his making away with all her Jewels to ſupport his Profuſion, her Paſſion cooled, and ſhe left him.

Of

Of all the herd who dangle after Great Men, and croud their Anti-Chamber, a few honour them in their Hearts; more are sent thither by Ambition or Interest; but the Motive of most is an empty Vanity, a whimsical Impatience to make themselves taken notice of.

Some Families, by the Laws of the World, or of what we call Decency, ought to be irreconcileable; they are now good Friends, and whom Religion could not bring to lay aside antient Feuds, Interest, without much ado, has closely linked.

* I have heard of a Country where the old Men are gallant, polite and civil; the young on the contrary, heady, wild, without either Morals or Manners. The Love of Women is over with them at the Age when in other Countries Youth begins to feel it; these prefer Feasts, Revels and ridiculous Amours before them: Amongst this People, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but Wine; the excessive Use of it has rendered it flat and

* Versailles.

insipid

insipid to them; they endeavour by Brandy and other strong Liquors, to quicken their Taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to compleat their Debauches, but to swallow *Aqua Fortis.* The Women of that Country accelerate the Decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to preserve it: They paint their Cheeks, Eye-brows and Shoulders, which are exposed as are their Breasts, Arms and Ears, as if they were afraid to hide those Places which they esteem seducing, and never think they shew enough of themselves. The Physiognomies of the People of that Country are not natural, but disguised and shrowded with a heap of strange Hair, which they prefer before their own; this is worked into a Covering for their Heads, and hangs down half way their Bodies, and alters the whole Countenance, so that the Man is not known by his natural Face. This Nation has besides, their God and their King. The Grandees go every day at a certain hour to a Temple they call a Church: At the upper end of that Temple stands an Altar consecrated to their God, where the Priest celebrates some Mysteries which they call holy, venerable and tremendous. The great Men stand in a Semi-circle at the foot of the Altar, with their Back to

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the Prieſt and the venerable Myſteries, and their Faces towards their King, who is ſeen upon a Throne kneeling, and to whom they ſeem to direct the Deſires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However in this Cuſtom there is to be remarked, a ſort of gradual Subordination; the People adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Country call it.... It is about forty eight Degrees Northern Latitude, and more than eleven hundred Leagues by Sea from the *Iroquois* and *Hurons*.

Whoever will conſider, that the Preſence of a King makes the whole Happineſs of a Courtier, whoſe ſupreme Satsfaction is, to ſee and be ſeen by him, in ſome meaſure comprehends how the Sight of God may make the Glory and Felicity of the Saints.

Great Lords obſerve a reverential Regard to the Prince; it is their own Concern, having alſo their Dependants. The petty Courtiers are more relax in Ceremony, and aſſume a ſort of Familiarity, and live like Men who have no Examples to ſhew to any one.

What is there of our Life which is wanting to Youth? Capacity and Knowledge are

its Portion, or at leaſt if they do not know as much as is poſſible, they are as poſitive and headſtrong as if they did.

Weak Men! a Grandee ſays of your Friend *Timagenes*, that he is a Blockhead; in which he is miſtaken; I do not require you to reply that he is a Man of Wit; only dare to think that he is not a Blockhead.

He ſays too that *Iphicrates* is a Coward; you have ſeen his Gallantry. Be eaſy, I do not inſiſt upon your relating it, provided that after what you have heard this great Man ſay of him, you will not forget what you was an Eye-witneſs of.

Very few know how to ſpeak to their Prince; this is the Quinteſſence of the Courtiers Addreſs. A word eſcapes, which through the Prince's Ear, ſometimes lodges in his Heart; there is no recalling; every Art of Blandiſhment to explain or ſoften it, only engraves it deeper, and rankles the Wound: If ourſelves only are hurt by our Dicacity, though the Misfortune is not very common, the Remedy is at hand, which is to amend by our Fault, and reſignedly endure the Puniſh-

ment;

ment; but if another be the Victim, what Shame! What Remorse! Is there a better Rule against such Danger, than to talk of others to our Sovereign, of their Persons, Actions, Families, Manners or Conduct, with the same Reserve, Precaution and Advantage, as of ourselves?

I would say a Jester is a most wretched Character, if it had not been said before: They who injure the Reputation or Fortune of another for the sake of Jest, deserve to be stigmatised with an infamous Punishment; this has not been said before, and I dare say so.

There are a Multitude of ready-coined Phrases which we lay up as in a Magazine, using them as we have occasion to congratulate one another: Though they are often spoke without Affection, and accordingly heard without Acknowledgment, yet we must not omit them, being, at least, the Imagery of the best Thing in the World, which is Friendship; and since Men cannot depend on one another for Reality, they seem to have agreed that its Appearances should be current.

With five or six Terms of Art, and nothing else, we set up for Connoisseurs in Musick, Painting,

Painting, Architecture and Entertainments; we fancy we have more Pleasure than others, in hearing, seeing or eating; we impose on such as are like us, and deceive ourselves.

* The Court never wants a futile Species, with whom Fashion, Politeness and Fortune, serve instead of Sense, and supply the Place of solid Merit; they know how to come in and go out of a Room; they are never gravelled or dashed in Conversation, for they never embark in it; their Taciturnity pleases, as it gives others room to speak, and makes them pass for Men of Thought and Importance; a few Monosyllables is all that comes from them; a Look and a Smile are their common Answers: Their Understandings, if I may venture the Expression, are two Inches deep; if you fathom them, you will soon come to Mud and Gravel.

‖ There are some on whom Favour lights, as if fortuitously; they are the first whom it surprizes, and even to Wonder and Confusion; they re-

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* The late M. *Bontems*, or the Marquis *de Dangeau*.

‖ The Count *d'Aubigni*.

collect

collect themselves at last, and find their Stars have done nothing for them beyond their Merit; and as if Stupidity and Fortune were two Things incompatible, or that it were impossible to be at once a happy Man and a Fool, they fancy they have Wit, they raise their Crest, and bloated with Conceit, speak on all Occasions, and without any Regard to the Assembly; I might add, they become at last formidable, and disgust every one with their Dulness and Ignorance; this is at least certain, they dishonour all who had any Share in their Advancement.

What shall we call those who are only cunning in the Opinion of Fools? I know Men of Parts rank them with those whom they can fell.

He is thorough-paced in Cunning, who makes others believe that he is no Conjurer.

Cunning is none of the best nor worst Qualities, it floats between Virtue and Vice: There is scarce any Exigence where it may not, and perhaps ought to be supplied by Prudence.

Cunning leads to Knavery; it is but a Step from one to the other, and that very slippery;

Lyin

Lying only makes the Difference, and that is Cunning, and not a Knavery.

Amongst such as are of Cunning, hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little.

Every Body would be thought to have a Share of Cunning, as if it were Hand in Hand with Sense: Pitiable Mistake! Who has his Eyes open, but has seen surprizing Instances of Subtility where the truly valuable Talents have been wanting? For my Part, many Persons of Judgment and Knowledge of the World, have I seen duped by others much their Inferiors in real Prudence.

You have a just and important Affair depending on the Consent of two Persons; says one of them, I give you my Hand for it, if such a one will agree to it; he agrees to it, and desires only to be certified of the Intentions of the other; in the mean time nothing comes of it, Months and Years rowl on to no purpose; I am in a maze, say you, it is an impenetrable Mystery to me; all that is to be done, is, that they should meet together and discourse about it. *I tell you, Friend*, I see through it, it is

no

no Myſtery to me, they have met and diſcourſed about it.

He who ſollicits for others, has the Confidence of one that demands Juſtice; and he who ſpeaks for himſelf, is under all the Confuſion and Timidity of him that implores Mercy.

The Courtier who is not continually upon his Guard againſt the Snares laid to make him ridiculous, will, with all his Sagacity, be amazed to find himſelf bubbled by his Inferiors.

In Life there are many Circumſtances where Truth and Simplicity turn to the beſt Account, and Honeſty proves the beſt Policy.

If you are in Favour, all you do is well, you commit no Fault, and every Step leads to the End in view: Otherwiſe, all is faulty, nothing avails, and whatever Path you take, it leads you out of the Way.

Senſe is requiſite, to be a Perſon of Intrigue and Cabal, yet a Man may have ſo much as to be above them, and deſpiſing Artifice, ſtrikes out Ways both to a more exalted Fortune, and a more brilliant Reputation.

[illegible]

a Favourite [illegible] makes me wait in [illegible] ng as usual. If he [illegible] reheard less [illegible] Indulgence, and see me [illegible] than formerly. [illegible] decline, and [illegible] right.

Man has very little [illegible] tion to Good, since Credit, Dignity and rtifications, are necessary to make him hu- ne, sociable, and what he should be.

Cast an Eye on many Persons at Court, their courses and their whole Conduct shew, that y think neither of their Grandfathers or randchildren. The present is what they are r, and that they do not enjoy, but abuse.

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* Mr. *de Pompone*, or the Cardinal *d'Estrées*.

* *Straton* is born under two Planets equally unhappy and happy; his Life is a Romance but without verisimilitude. Adventures he has had none, but good and bad Dreams in abundance, or I may say rather, no Dreams come up to his

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* The Duke *de Lausun*, who, from being the King's Favourite, was disgraced and confined at *Vignerol*, where he remained ten Years: Being released, Mademoiselle *de Montpensier*, a Mistress of *Lewis* XIV, took such a Liking to him, that she procured him 30,000 Livres a Year out of the *Languedoc* Imposts. Afterwards, upon a Rupture betwixt them, he was forbid the Court. He was created a Duke, and had the blue Ribbon, by the Interest of *Anne* of *Modena* Queen of *England*. Being Nephew to the Marshal *de Grammont*, this Lord invited him again to *Paris*, and entertained him in his House, of which Kindness he vilely took Advantage to debauch his Daughter. It was on account of the King's revealing this Intrigue, to which *Lauzun* had made him privy, that he voluntarily threw up the royal Favour, and with a Heat which broke out into strange Expressions, which the King generously excused, and owned himself guilty of a Breach of Confidence. However, he was sent to the Bastile for Disrespect, but only during twenty-four Hours, when he was restored to Favour, which he afterwards utterly forfeited, by the Renewal of his Intrigue with Mademoiselle *de Montpensier*. He afterwards attended King *James* into *Ireland*, where he was one of the first who left the Field at the Battle of the *Boyne*; accordingly his Infamy is perpetuated in the *English* Medals, struck on account of that Victory.

Life.

Life. No body has been more [illegible] than himself; he is acquainted with the [illegible] and both Extremes; he has made a Figure, he has been in Distress, and has led a common Life; he has gone through all Conditions. He has made himself valued for the Virtues which he assured us, very seriously, were in him: He has said in his own Praise, *I have Wit, I have Courage*; and every one has said after him, *He has Wit, he has Courage.* In both Fortunes he experienced the Temper of Courtiers, who possibly have said of him more Good, and more Ill than he ever deserved. The Agreeable, the Lovely, the Wonderful, the Rare, and the Heroick, have been the Terms employed in his *Elogium*; and the quite contrary have been used to vilify him. An heterogeneous confused Character; an Enigma; a Question hitherto undecided.

Favour raises a Man above his Equals, and Disgrace throws him below them.

He who in good time firmly renounces a great Name, a great Authority, or a great Fortune, delivers himself at once from a Host of Troubles, from many restless Nights, and what is still better, often from many Crimes.

The World will be the ſame a hundred Years hence as it is now; there will be the ſame Theatre and Decorations, though not the ſame Actors. All who rejoiced at a Favour, or reſented a Denial, are vaniſhed; others are on the Stage, acting the ſame Parts in the Play; their Exeunt is at hand; and they who are not yet, one Day will be: Until the Diſſolution of the Theatre, Actors will be coming on, and going off: What Reliance is there on an Actor of a Play!

Whoever has ſeen the Court, has ſeen the moſt magnificent, the moſt ſplendid, moſt alluring part of the World; he that, after ſeeing the Court, can heartily deſpiſe it, has the World at his Feet.

A ſound Mind gets at Court a true Taſte of Solitude and Retirement.

Of the Great.

THE Commonality are ſo blindly prepoſſeſſed in favour of the Great, ſo naturally taken with their Behaviour and Looks, their Voice and Manners, that would they take

it into their Heads to be good, this Prepossession would grow to Idolatry.

If you are born vicious, O † *Theagenes*, I pity you: If you are become so, by weak Compliance with some whose Interest it is that you should be debauched, who have conspired to corrupt you, and boast already of their Success, excuse me if I despise you: But if you are wise, temperate, modest, civil, generous, grateful, industrious; and, besides, of a Rank that ought to set, rather than take Examples, and to make Rules rather than receive them: Agree with those sort of People to give into their Vices, Rants and Follies, after the Respect they owe you, has prevailed upon them to imitate your Virtues. It is an odd, but a useful Irony, very proper to secure your Morals, defeat their Projects, and determine them to go on in their Way, and leave you to yours.

Great Men have, in one thing, a most valuable Advantage over others; their Wines, their Dainties, Riches, Dogs, Horses, Equipages, Fools and Flatterers are no part of it; but I envy them them the Happiness of having in

† The Grand Prior.

their service their Equals and sometimes their Superiors in Virtue and Capacity.

The Great delight in opening Glades in Forests, in raising Terraces, gilding their Ceilings, in Water-works and Green-houses; but to restore Content to a depressed Mind, to make the afflicted exult, to prevent Distress, and to remove Anxiety, does not come under their curiosity.

One asks, if in comparing the different Conditions of Men, their Sufferings and Advantages, we cannot observe such a Mixture and Assortment of Good and Evil, as seems to set them on an Equality, or at least makes one as desirable as the other; the Rich may put the Question, but the Decision must be left to the Indigent.

There is however a kind of Charm inherent in each different Condition, till taken off by Misery; the Great please themselves in Excess, their Inferiors in Moderation; those delight in lording and commanding, these take a Pleasure, and even a Pride in serving and obeying: The Great are surrounded, saluted and respected; the Little surround, salute and cringe, and both with equal Satisfaction.

Good

Good Words coſt the Great ſo little, and their Quality is ſuch an indiſputable Diſpenſation from keeping the moſt ſolemn Promiſes, that it is modeſty in the Nobility to be ſo ſparing of them as they generally are.

Such a one, ſays a Great Man, is grown old, and has ruined himſelf with attendance on me, what muſt be done for him? A younger and more forward Competitor deprives him of his Hopes, and ſteps into the Poſt which was refuſed to this unfortunate Man, on no other Account than that he too well deſerved it.

I do not know how it is, ſay you, with an Air of Indignation, *Philantus* has Merit, Wit, Diligence, and Patience; is induſtrious, ſincere and faithful to his Maſter, yet is he not valued, he cannot pleaſe, he is not at all liked: Explain yourſelf, Do you blame *Philantus*, or the Great Man whom he ſerves?

It is frequently more advantageous to drop Attendance on great Men, than to complain of them.

Who can give me any Reaſon, why ſome get the Prize in a Lottery, or obtain the Favour of the Great?

The Great are ſo happy, that in the whole courſe of their Lives, they never are ſenſible of the loſs of their beſt Servants, or Perſons famous in their ſeveral Capacities, by whom they have been entertained and inſtructed. Flatterers are preſently ready with ſome latent Fault of theſe valuable Perſons, and charge them with Flaws from which they pretend their Succeſſors are entirely free; they aſſure them, that with all the Skill, Capacity and Knowledge of the former they have none of their Defects; and this is the Language which comforts Princes in the loſs of the moſt excellent Servants, and makes them ſatisfied with their unworthy Succeſſors.

The Great ſlight the Men of Wit, who have nothing but Wit; the Men of Wit deſpiſe the Great, who have nothing but Greatneſs: The good Man pities them both, if with Greatneſs or Wit, they have not Virtue.

When

When, on the one ſide, I ſee ſome confident, buſy, intriguing, petulant, dangerous and ſcandalous Perſons at the Table, and often in the Familiarity of the Great, ; and on the other conſider with what Difficulty a Man of Merit can get to the Speech of them, I do not always conclude that the wicked are tolerated out of Intereſt, or good Men looked on as uſeleſs, but I find it better to confirm myſelf in this Thought, that Grandeur and Diſcernment are two different things, and the Love of Virtue and Virtuous Men a third.

Lucilius ſpends his Life in rendering himſelf ſupportable to a few of the Great, and chuſes this before being reduced to live familiarly with his Equals.

It is a Rule to keep Company with our Betters, but this Rule is not without Reſtrictions, becauſe it often requires no common Talents to practiſe it to a good Account.

* What an incurable Delirium is that of *Theophilus!* it has hung on him this thirty Years, and now he is paſt Recovery : He was,

* The Biſhop of *Autun*.

is, and will always be for dictating to the Great; Death only can extinguish this Thirst of Rule, which is ever assuming an arbitrary Ascendency over his Betters. Is it in him a Zeal for his Neighbour, a Custom, or an excessive Conceit of himself? He gets admittance every where, no House of Note escapes him; the Anti-chamber is no Place for him, he penetrates to the Closet, and the Sollicitants must wait to be seen or have audience, till he has finished his tedious Representations. He intrudes himself into all Families, concerns himself in their Misfortunes and Advantages, offers himself to them on all Occasions, and appears so zealous that he must be admitted. The Care of ten thousand Souls, for which he is accountable, as much as for his own, is not enough to employ his Time, and satisfy his Ambition of directing; there are others of a higher Rank and more Consideration for whom he is not responsible, but of whom he officiously takes Charge: He looks out, enquires, and watches for any Gratifications of his intriguing Humour, and his Itch of managing the Spiritual and Temporal Concerns of others: ‖ A Great Man

‖ King *James* the 2d.

has

has ſcarce ſet Foot on Shore, but he is about him, whiſpers to him, is heard to ſay, *I govern him*, before one would think he could entertain ſuch an extravagant Preſumption.

A Coldneſs, Diſcourteſy or Neglect from our Betters, makes us hate them; but a Salute or a Smile ſoon reconciles us.

There are ſome proud Men, whom the Elevation of their Rivals humbles, and mortifies, and this Croſs ſometimes inclines them even to be affable; but Time which moderates all Things, revives all their former Haughtineſs.

The Contempt of the Great for the Commonality, renders them ſo indifferent to their Flatteries or Praiſes, that they are no Fewel to their Vanity: So Princes praiſed and flattered without Meaſure by the whole Group of Courtiers, would be more elate, if they had a better Opinion of ſuch Encomiaſts.

The Great believe themſelves to be the only compleat Perſons, and will hardly allow Judgment, Ability or Delicacy in any of a meaner Rank, arrogating to themſelves thoſe Endow-

ments as consequential to Birth: Presumptuous Conceit! ridiculous Prejudices! Are the best Schemes, the best Discourses, the best Writings, and, say, the best Actions, are they always of their Growth? They have large Estates, and a long Train of Ancestors; this must not be disputed with them.

* Have you Wit, Quality, Capacity, Taste and Discernment? Shall I believe Prejudice and Flattery, which so boldly proclaim your Merit? No, I suspect and reject them. I will not be dazled with the lofty Air of Sufficiency and Dignity, which looks down with Contempt on all that is said, wrote or done; which makes you such a Niggard of Applause, that it is impossible to draw the least Approbation from you; from whence I naturally infer, that you are a Favourite, rich, and of great Interest. How shall we describe you, *Telephon?* We cannot approach you, but as we do Fire, to a certain Distance; and to discover what you are, to make a rational Judgment of you, we ought to lay you open, to handle you, to confront you with your Equals: Your Confident, your most peculiar

* The Marshal de la Feuillade.

Friend,

Friend, for whom you quit *Socrates* and *Aristides*, with whom you laugh, and who laughs louder than yourself, *Davus*, in short, I know thoroughly; and by this I am not at a loss what to make of yourself.

There are some, who did they know their Inferiors and themselves, they would be ashamed to be above them.

If there are but few excellent Orators, are there many that understand them? If good Writers are scarce, where are they who can read? We are always complaining of the Paucity of Persons qualified to counsel Kings, and assist them in the Administration of Affairs; but if these able and intelligent Personages appear in the World, if they unwearied devote their Talents to the public Welfare, are they beloved, esteemed, rewarded as they deserve? Are they commended for what they plan and do for their Country? They live, that is all, and it is thought sufficient; they are censured if they miscarry, and envied if they succeed. Let us then blame the Commonality, whom indeed it would be unjust and ridiculous to justify: The Great knowing their Discontent and Jealousy to be inevitable

by the most praise-worthy Conduct, make so light of their Opinions, that it is even a Rule in Politicks to neglect them, as erroneous or insignificant.

The common People hate each other for the Injuries they reciprocally do each other; the Great are execrated by them, for the Ill they do, and the Good they do not; they think them chargeable with all their Hardships, Poverty, and Misfortunes.

The Great think it too much Condescension in them, to have the same God and Religion as the People: No Wonder then that they are above the Names of *Peter*, *John*, *James*, and such mechanical Appellations: Let us avoid, say they, all Manner of Conformity with the Multitude; let us affect, on the contrary, all possible Distinctions, to set us at the greatest Distance from them; the Vulgar are welcome to the twelve Apostles, their Disciples and the Martyrs, (fit Patrons for such Creatures) much Good may do them with their annual Rejoicing on a Saint's Day, which each celebrates as his Festival; but for us †, let us in-

† This is aimed at some Persons of Figure, called by such Name; as *Cæsar de Vendome*, *Annibal d'Estres*, *Hercules de Rohan*, *Achilles de Harlay*, *Phœbus de Foil*, *Diana de Chastigniers*.

tro-

troduce the glorious Names of *Pagania*, and baptize our Children by those of *Heroes*, *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, they were great Men indeed; by that of *Lavinia*, she was a illustrious *Roman* Lady; or by those heroic ones of *Roland*, *Rugeris*, *Olivier* and *Tancred*, they were Paladins, and Romances cannot shew more wonderful Heroes; by those of *Hector*, *Achilles*, or *Hercules*, all Demi-gods; even by those of *Phœbus* and *Diana*; and what should hinder us from calling our Sons, *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Venus* or *Minerva*?

While the Great neglect * to know any Thing, not only of the Interests of Princes and publick Affairs, but of their own private Concerns; while they are ignorant of the Oeconomy and Improvement of a Family, and believe themselves in this Ignorance, and are impoverished and ruined by their Servants; while they are accustom'd to be Bubbled to the Hazard, to be Imposed on by Jockies; while they fit day in Pride or Pomp, talking of Dogs and Horses, telling how many Dogs there are between *Paris* and *Fontainebleau*, or *Versailles*; some Courtier, and with [illegible] in

* The [illegible]

when

what relates to their Country, ſtudy the Art of Government, become leaned and politick, and are converſant in the Strength and Weakneſs of a State, think of advancing and placing themſelves, are placed and advanced, riſe to Power, and eaſe their Prince of Part of the publick Care; the Lords, who diſdained them, now reverence them, and think themſelves happy, if they can be accepted for their Sons-in-law.

If I compare the two moſt oppoſite Conditions of Men together, I mean the Great with the Commonality, the latter appear chearful, if they have but Neceſſaries, and the former poor and fretful amidſt Superfluities. A mean Man can do no Harm; a great Man will do no Good, and is capable of doing great Miſchief; one employs himſelf only about Things profitable; the other on what is pernicious: Here Ruſticity and Freedom ingenuouſly diſcover themſelves; there a malign and corrupt Diſpoſition is varniſhed over with a mein of Politeneſs: If the Vulgar have no Wit, the Great have no Soul: Thoſe have a good Bottom and no Outſide; theſe are all Outſide, a deluſory Superficies. Were I to chuſe which I would be, without Heſitation, it ſhould be a Plebeian.

The Great at Court, with all their Mysteries and Difficulties to paint a decent appearance on the World, cannot hide their Malice, their serpentine Inclination to lurge at another's Expence, and to render ridiculous what is really esteemable. This Humour is discernable in them at first Sight, and admirable without Doubt it is to deceive Inexperience, or make a Fool of one who was no better inform'd, but it totally deprives them of the elegant Pleasure they might receive by a Man of Wit, who knows how to assume a thousand agreeable and diverting Characters, if the Temper of a Courtier did not make it prudent to be reserved. He retrenches himself within a feeble Gravity, and does it so well, that the Pallace, as ill disposed as they are, can find no Handle for Derision.

Ease, Affluence, and luxurious Prosperity, make Princes laugh at a Dwarf, a Monkey, an Idiot, or a wretched Tale; Men, under Difficulties, never laugh but on a proper Occasion.

A great Man loves *Champagne*, and hates *La Brie*: He fuddles himself with better Wine than

than a meaner Man'; and this is often the greatest Difference betwixt a Lord and a Footman.

It seems, at first View, that the Pleasures of Princes must be always seasoned with the secret one of injuring other People; but it is not so, Princes are like other Men, they mind themselves, indulge their Taste, Passions and Conveniencies, as it is natural.

One would think it was the cardinal Rule of Place-men and Directors to throw in the Way of those who depend on them for the Care of their Affairs, all the Obstacles they might apprehend.

I cannot imagine in what a great Man is happier than others, if it is not that he has it often in his Power to do good; and when such an Opportunity offers, it seems to me, that by all Means he ought to embrace it; if it is in Favour of an honest Man, he should be afraid to let it slip; if it is no more than his Right, the Patron ought to prevent Solicitation, and not be seen, before he is to be thanked; and if it is an easy Thing, he should not set any Value upon it; if he refuses it him, I pity them both.

Some

Some are born inaccessible, they have an innate Ferocity, yet these are the very Men on whom others of absolute Necessity depend; they are in a perpetual Motion, throwing themselves into an endless Diversity of Gesticulations. I have a good mind to say, they are like Paper-serpents, all Noise and Fire, not to be approached, till at last they fall, and then only become tractable when they are extinguished, and consequently fit for nothing.

The Porter, the *Valet de Chambre*, the Footman, if they have no more Sense than belongs to their Condition, do no longer estimate themselves by the Meanness of their Extraction, but the Elevation and Fortune of those whom they serve, and indiscriminately think all that enter at their Gate, or go up their Stair-case, below themselves and their Masters: So true it is, that we are doomed to suffer, both from the Great, and from every thing which belongs to them.

A Man in a Post ought to love his Prince, his Wife, his Children, and next to them the Men of Sense and Letters; he ought to cherish them, and never to want them both for a rational Entertainment and Utility; he cannot

over-pay, I will not ſay with Penſions or Benefits, but with Condeſcenſion and Familiarity the unknown Services they do him. What little Tales do not they diſſipate? How many Stories do they by their Addreſs expoſe as the Fiction of Malice? Cannot they juſtify Miſcarriages by good Intentions, and demonſtrate the good Tendency of a Deſign, and the Juſtneſs of Meaſures, by the proſperous Iſſue? and in Oppoſition to the Cenſures of Envy, to good Enterprizes apply better Motives; give a favourable Turn to bad Appearances; palliate Defects, and exhibit only Wiſdom and Patriotiſm, and theſe, in the moſt ſtriking Light: Spread, on a thouſand Occaſions, Particulars which redound to their Honour, and make a Jeſt of any thing intimated to their Prejudice? know it is a Maxim with great Men to let People ſpeak, whilſt themſelves continue to act as they think fit; but I know alſo, that it happens not ſeldom, that this Contempt of the public Speeches of the People, has put them out of a Capacity of acting as they thought fit.

To be ſenſible of Merit, and, when known, to countenance it, are two great Steps to be quickly taken one after another, but of which few are capable.

You

You are rich and noble; have great Intereſt at Court; this is not enough: Make yourſelf worthy of my Eſteem, that I may be ſorry to loſe your Favour, or that I never could obtain it.

You ſay of a great Man, or Perſon in a high Station, he is very obliging, benevolent, and delights in doing good Offices; and you confirm this by a long Tale of what he has done in an Affair, wherein he knew you were concerned; I underſtand you, you are in Credit, you are well known to the Miniſters of State, you are well with the Great; What elſe, Sir, would you have me underſtand by it?

A Perſon tells you, *I think myſelf ill uſed by ſuch a one, he is proud ſince his Advancement, he diſdains me, he will not know me*; you anſwer, *I have no reaſon to complain of him; on the contrary, I muſt commend him; he ſeems to me to be very civil*; I believe I underſtand you too, Sir. You would acquaint us, that a Man in Place has a Regard for you, that in the Anti-Chamber he ſelects you out of a thouſand conſiderable Perſons, from whom he turns aſide, to avoid the Inconvenience of ſaluting or granting them a Smile.

We praiſe the Great to ſhew we are intimate with them, rarely out of Eſteem or Gratitude; we know not often thoſe we praiſe; Vanity and Levity ſometimes prevail over Reſentment; we are diſpleaſed with them, and yet praiſe them.

If it is always dangerous to be concerned in a ſuſpicious Affair, much more is it ſo when you are an Accomplice with the Great; they will infallibly get clear, and leave you in the Lurch to to pay double, for yourſelf and them.

A Prince, with all his immenſe Revenues, has not enough to requite a baſe Compliance, if he conſiders what it coſts the Inſtrument he employs; nor too much Power to puniſh him, if he meaſures his Vengeance by the Injury done him by ſuch a blind Subſerviency.

The Nobility expoſe their Lives for the Safety of the State, and the Glory of their Sovereign; the Magiſtrate diſcharges his Prince from the Fatigues attending the Adminiſtration of Juſtice. Both of them are reſpectable Functions, eminently uſeful; Men are not capable of any Thing more noble; then why and whence the Men of the Robe, and Sword fetch Pretences

for

for their reciprocal Contempt of each other, is beyond my Comprehenſion.

If it be true, that the Great do more in hazarding their Lives, when ſurrounded with Plenty, Gaiety, Pleaſure, and Power, than the private Man, who ventures only a Life deſtined to Labour and Penury; it muſt alſo be confeſſed, that they have a proportionate Compenſation; Glory, and immortal Reputation. The common Soldier has no Thoughts of raiſing a Name, he dies unnoticed in the Croud; he lived indeed after the ſame rate, but ſtill he lived; and this is one of the chief Cauſes of the Want of Courage in low and ſervile Conditions. On the contrary, they, whoſe Birth diſtinguiſhes them from the People, and expoſes them conſpicuouſly to their Cenſure and Praiſe, glorioſly exert themſelves, and riſe, even above their Diſpoſition, if they were not naturally inclined to Virtue; and this Elevation of Heart and Mind, which they derive from their Anceſtors, is the Bravery ſo univerſal to the Nobility, and perhaps Nobility itſelf.

Preſs me into the ſervice as a common Soldier, I am *Therſites:* Put me at the Head of an Army, for which I am anſwerable to all *Europe*, I am *Achilles.*

Princes,

Princes, without Science or Rules, make a Judgment by Comparison; born and brought up in the very Center of the best Things, to these they compare what they read, see, or hear. Whatever does not come very near *Lully*, *Racine*, and *Le Brun*, they cannot relish.

To talk to young Princes of nothing else but Attention to their Rank, is a most needless Precaution, while the whole Court reckon it their Duty, and the essential of their Politeness to respect them; so that they are less liable to be ignorant of the Regard due to their Birth, than to confound Persons, and treat all Sorts of Titles, Ranks and Conditions upon a Level. They have an innate Haughtiness, which breaks out on all Occasions; and to them, the most necessary Lesson is, how to suppress it, and to procure a real Love and Respect by Courtesy, Liberality, Goodness, Honour, and Discernment.

* It is downright Hypocrisy in a Man of a certain Degree, not immediately to take the Rank due to him, and which every Body is ready to give up; it is no Self-denial in him to

* M. *de Harley*, Chief President.

be

be modeſt, to mingle with the Multitude, that would open to make Way for him, to take the loweſt Seat at a publick Meeting, that every one may ſee him there, and ſtrive to ſet him higher. Modeſty in Men of ordinary Conditions is more trying; if they come into a Croud, they are juſtled and elbowed; if they chuſe an incommodious Seat, there they may remain.

* *Ariſtarchus* hies to the Market-place, preceded by an Herald and Trumpeter: The Trumpeter ſounds, and the Mob gathers; Hear, O ye People, ſays the Herald, Silence, Silence, be atttentive. *This very* Ariſtarchus *whom you ſee before you, is to do a good Action to morrow.* I would ſay now with more Simplicity, and without any Figure, ſuch a one does well; would he do better, then let me not know that he does Good, or at leaſt not ſuſpect that he deſigned all the Town ſhould ring with it.

The beſt Actions are clouded by the Manner of doing them; which ſometimes leaves

* The ſame, who, when a Legacy of 25,000 Livers was brought him at his Seat, he immediately drove away to *Fontainebleau*, where the Court then was, and before one of the King's Notaries, applied the Money to charitable Uſes.

even

even a Suſpicion of the Purity of Intention: Whoever protects or commends Virtue for the Sake of Virtue, or who condemns and blames Vice as Vice, acts without Artifice, Singularity, Pride, or Affectation; he neither reproves dogmatically and ſententiouſly, nor ſharply, nor ſatyrically; he never makes his Admonitions a Scene to divert the Publick, but ſhews a good Example, and thus in all the Beauty of Candour acquits himſelf of his Duty. He bears no Part in the Ladies Viſits; he does not help out the News-monger, nor gives the Drole Matter for a pleaſant Tale. The Good he does is, indeed, a little leſs known, but Good he does, and he looks no further.

The Great ſurely cannot like the firſt Ages of the World; they make entirely againſt them; to ſee that the reſt of the World are all diſtant, Relations muſt be extremely gauling to them. Mankind compoſe together but one Family; all the Difference is, we are more or leſs related.

* *Theognis* is very ſpruce in his Dreſs, and goes abroad tricked up like a Lady; while he is at his

* *M. de Harlay* Archbiſhop of *Paris*, who died ſuddenly at one of his Country Palaces.

Glaſs

Glass, he settles his Eyes and adjusts his Countenance, that every one may meet the unmeaning Smiles and humble Looks which he had before practised. When he is in the *Hall*, he turns to the Right, where the Crowd is, or to the Left, where there is nobody; he salutes those who are there, and those who are not; he embraces the first Man in his Way, runs his Head into his Bosom, and then asks his Name. A Person wanting his Interest in an easy Affair, waits on him, and begs it. *Theognis* seems to hear him favourably, and to be ravished that he can be serviceable to him; but when the other comes to the Point, and lays open his Case, he tells him that he cannot concern himself in it, and that if he were in his Station, he would be sensible of the Motive. The disappointed Client goes out, waited on, caressed, complimented, and almost content with such a ceremonious Denial.

He must have a very bad Opinion of Men, and yet know them well, to believe he can impose on them, with feigned Caresses, and long and barren Promises.

Pamphilus does not converse with the People

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* The Marquis de *D'angeau*.

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he meets in the Hall, or at the public Walks, but by his Gravity and Voice, seems to be admitting them into his Presence, giving them Audience; then dismissing them. He has a Parcel of Terms, at once civil and haughty, a courteous Imperiousness, without any Distinction, a false Dignity, which debases him, and gives his Friends no little Uneasiness.

Pamphilus is full of his own Merit, and keeps himself always in view, with successive Ideas of his Grandeur, Alliances, Employments, and Quality; he collects them all together when he is for appearing in his meridian Glory; then it is, *my Order*, *my Blue Ribbon*, which he displays or hides with equal Ostentation. In short *Pamphilus* would be great, he believes he is so, he is not, no further than Mimickry it. If at any time he smiles on an Inferior, or a Wit, he chuses his Time so well, that he is never catched in such a disgraceful Familiarity; were he surprised in any Condescension to a Person who is not rich, or powerful, or a Prime Minister's Friend, Relation, or Domestick; he blushes up to the Ears; he is void of Commiseration, inexorably severe to him who has not made his Fortune. One Day he sees you in the Drawing-Room, and shuns you; the next, if he finds you *in a less* publick Place, or though publick, if in the

Com-

Company of Men of Rank, he confidently comes up to you, and ſays, Yeſterday you would not look at me; then leaves you bluntly to accoſt a Lord: And ſometimes if he finds you with them, he will carry them away, and leave you to yourſelf. Meet him at another Time, he will not ſtop; you muſt run after him, and talk ſo loud as to expoſe yourſelf to all within hearing. Thus the *Pamphilus*'s are in Life as on a Stage, a Species nurtured in Falſhood, who hate nothing more than to be natural, frivolous Actors of a Comedy.

We can never ſay enough of the *Pamphilus*'s; they are ſervile and timorous before Princes and their Miniſters, proud and over-bearing to ſuch as have nothing but Virtue to recommend them: dumb and confounded before the Learned, loquacious, forward and poſitive, before the Ignorant; they talk of War to a Lawyer, of Politicks to a Banker, of Hiſtory to Women, among the Doctors they are Poets, and among Poets Mathematicians; they do not trouble themſelves with Maxims, and leſs with Principles, they live at random, puſhed and driven on by the Gale of Favour; and the Impulſe of Pleaſure; the have no Sentiments properly their own, borrowing them as they want them; and he to whom they apply them-

ſelves, is neither wiſe, learned, nor virtuous, but a Man of Faſhion.

We have a fruitleſs Jealouſy, and an impotent Hatred againſt the Men in Power, which ſo far from revenging us on their Splendour and Elevation, aggravate our natural Miſery with the galling Load of another's Happineſs; What is to be done againſt this malignant Contagion, this inveterate Diſeaſe of the ſelf-tormenting Soul? Let us be contented with little, and if poſſible with leſs; let us learn on a proper Occaſion to put up with Loſſes, the Receipt is infallible, and I reſolve to try it. By this Means I ſpare myſelf the Trouble of civilizing a Door-keeper, and mollifying a Clerk; of being puſhed back from a Gate by innumerable Crowds of Clients and Courtiers, of whom a Miniſter's * houſe empties itſelf ſeveral times a Day; of repining in an Anti-chamber, and ſtammering out a juſt Requeſt, and ſweating with fear of a Denial; of bearing with his Statelineſs, his Grin, and *Laconiſms*; now I neither envy nor hate him any more; he begs nothing of me nor I of him; we are equal, unleſs perhaps he is never quiet, and I am continually ſo.

* Mr. *de* Louvois.

If the Great have frequent Opportunities to do us good, they have ſeldom the Will; and if they would injure us, it is not always in their Power: Thus the Worſhip we pay them, is often ill-grounded, if Hope or Fear are the only Motives: A Man may live a long while without depending on them in the leaſt, or being indebted to them for his good, or their being the Inſtruments of his bad Fortune: We ought to Honour them as they are great and we little, ſince there are others leſs than ourſelves, who honour us.

The ſame Paſſions, the ſame Weakneſſes, the ſame Meanneſſes, the ſame Freaks, the ſame Piques in Families, Quarrels among Relations, the ſame Envies and Antipathies prevail at Court and in the City: You find every where Daughters-in-law, Mothers-in-law, Huſbands and Wives, Divorces, Ruptures, and Complaints; every where different Humours, Heats, Partialities, falſe Reports and Scandals: An obſervant Eye eaſily ſees the Canaille of St. *Dennis-ſtreet*, that monſtrous Place! at *Verſailles* or *Fontainbleau*. Here they imagine to hate with more Haughtineſs, and perhaps with more Decorum; they deſtroy one another with more Politeneſs and Addreſs; their Dis-

putes are more eloquent, and they scold with more Composure and Purity; they do not injure the Phraseology of the Language, they only offend Men or blast their Reputations; if the exteriour of Vice here is specious, at the bottom, it is the same as among the despised Vulgar, the same Baseness, Rancour and Turpitude. These Men so preeminent by their Birth, Rank or Dignity; these profound and sagacious Head-pieces; these Women so witty and polite, are no other than the Vulgar, tho' the Vulgar is what they all execrate.

The Word Vulgar includes Multitudes; it is a comprehensive Expression, and we may be surprized to see whom it contains, and how far it extends. Vulgar in Opposition to the Great, signifies the Mob and Commonality, but as opposed to wise, able and virtuous Men, Vulgar includes as well the Great as the Little.

The Great are governed by Sensation; vacant Souls, on whom every thing immediately makes a strong Impression; when any thing happens, at first they talk of it too much; soon after they talk of it less, and then not at all, nor ever will; Design, Conduct, Event, all are

forgot: Expect not from them Amendment, Reflection, Gratitude or Reward.

We are carried to two opposite Extremes with respect to certain Persons; Satires after they are dead, fly about among the spightful People, while the flattering Pulpits echo with their Praise; sometimes they deserve neither Libels nor Funeral Orations, and sometimes both.

The less we talk of the Great and Powerful, the better; what good we say of them is often Flattery: It is dangerous to speak ill of them while living, it is base to insult over them when dead.

Of the Sovereign, or Constitution.

WHen we have run through all Forms of Government, without Partiality to that we were born under, we are at a loss with which to side; they are all a Compound of Good and Evil: It is therefore unfit

ſonable and ſafe to value that of our own Country above all others, and to ſubmit to it.

There is no Occaſion for Skill and Talents in the exerciſe of Tyranny; the Politicks of which conſiſt only in bloodſhed are plain and conciſe: To murder every one who thwarts our Ambition is the capital Maxim; and where is the difficulty of this to one naturally ſanguinary? This is indeed the moſt barbarous and deteſtable way to ſupport or aggrandize ourſelves.

It is a ſure and ancient Maxim in Politicks, that to humour the People in enervating themſelves with expenſive Pleaſures and Feaſts, Shews and Luxury, Pomp and Delicacy, to alienate them from what is ſolid and praiſe-worthy, and contrive Baits for their depraved Fancies, is to make the greateſt Advances to a Deſpotick Power.

Under an Arbitrary Government, Intereſt, Honour, and the Service of the Prince, ſupply the place of Love to our Country.

To innovate, or introduce any Alterations in a State, the Time is rather to be conſidered than the Action itſelf; there are ſome Con-

junctures

junctures when nothing is to be attempted on the People, and there are others when every thing may with sure Success: To-day you may subvert all the Rights, Franchizes and Privileges of a Town; but to-morrow you must not so much as thing of altering the Signs of their Houses.

In publick Commotions we cannot conceive how they should ever be appeased; nor in quiet Times imagine as little, whence Disturbances should arise.

A Government connives at some Evils, as preventive of greater. Others there are, which though originally an Abuse and ill Custom, are less pernicious in their Consequences, than would be a juster Law, or a more reasonable Custom. There is a sort of Evil curable by Novelty and Change, which of itself often proves a very dangerous one. Other Evils there are, hid as it were under Ground, like Ordure in a common Shore; these, if raked into, exhale Poison and Infamy: And it is often a Question among the wisest Men which is preferable, the Knowledge or the Ignorance of them. The State sometimes tolerates one great Evil, to keep out Millions of less Mischiefs and Inconveniencies, which by the suppression of that

Evil would be inevitable, and even without Remedy. Some there are, which though hurtful to particular Persons, tend to the good of the Public, though the Public is nothing else than all these particular Persons: So there are personal Evils, which turn to and Aggrandizement of a Family. Also there are others which afflict, ruin and dishonour Families, but conduce to the Preservation and Advantage of of the State or Government. Some there are which subvert Governments, and erect others upon their Ruins; and Instances are not wanting in History, that vast Empires have been utterly extirpated and destroyed, merely to diversify and bring a change on the Face of the Universe.

That *Ergastus* is rich, that he has a good Pack of Hounds, that he is the Inventor of a great many new Fashions, and a Regulator of Equipages; that he wantons in Superfluities; what is all this to the State? Is a particular Interest to be considered when the Public is in Question? It is some Comfort to a loyal People, under onerous Imposts, to know that it is for the Service and Grandeur of their Prince, and to enrich him alone; they chearfully bear these Inconveniencies; as to *Ergastus*, they do not think themselves at all obliged to contribute to his Fortune.

War pleads its Antiquity from all Ages, it has always clogged the World with Widows and Orphans, drained Families of Heirs, and destroyed Brothers in the same Battle. Young *Soyecour*! How do I mourn thy Fall, the Loss of thy Virtue and Modesty, of thy ripening Genius, sagacious, lofty and social! I must bewail that untimely Death, which removed thee to thy magnanimous Brother, and snatched thee from a Court, where thou hadst only time to shew thyself: Oh Misfortune, ever deplorable and yet common! For Men in all Ages have agreed to destroy, plunder and butcher one another, for a Tract of Land, or a parcel of Houses, or an empty Punctillio which to accomplish with the greater certainty and dispatch, they have invented curious Rules and Engines of Destruction, which they call the Art of War; the Practice of which is rewarded with the highest Honours, and most splendid Reputation; thus every Age improves in the Art of Desolation. The Injustice of the first Men was the primary Occasion of Wars, an Origine suitable to such a monstrous Practice, and hence also Tyranny; for could they have been content with their own, and not violated their Neighbours Pro-

perty, the World would have enjoyed an uninterrupted Repose and Liberty.

* They who sit peaceably by their own Fires, interchange Visits with their Friends, and enjoy themselves in a secure Part of the Town, at a Distance from all Danger of their Lives or Estates, are the Men that generally breathe Fire and Sword with most Ardour, talking continually of Wars, Pillages, Conflagrations and Massacres; they are quite out of Patience, at two Armies being in the Field and not meeting; or if in Sight, that they do not engage; or if they engage, that the Fight was not more bloody, and that there were only ten thousand Men killed upon the Spot: These are sometimes so far infatuated, that they would risque their dearest Concerns, their Repose and Safety, out of a passionate Love of Change, and extravagant Relish of Novelty; nay, some of them in their Frenzy, would be content to see the Enemy at the very Gates of the City, Barricadoes thrown up, and Chains drawn across the Streets, for the Satisfaction of hearing and telling News.

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* The News-Mongers.

† The timorous *Demophilus* here on my right Hand is in an Agony, and cries all is loſt, we are on the Brink of Ruin, how can we reſiſt ſo ſtrong and ſo general a Confederacy? which way can we, I dare not ſay overcome, but make head againſt ſo many and ſuch powerful Enemies? all Hiſtory does not afford one Inſtance. A Hero, an *Achilles* muſt give way: Beſides, adds he, we have been guilty of many groſs Errors in our Management; I am ſure of it, I have been a Soldier myſelf, I know what Battles are, and have improved very much by reading. Then he falls to crying up *Olivier le Daim* and *Jacques Cœur*: They were Men after my own Heart, ſays he; they were Miniſters indeed. He retails his News, which is ſure to be the moſt diſadvantageous and melancholy that can be forged: Now a Party is fallen into the Enemy's Ambuſcade, and are cut in Pieces; preſently ſome of our Troops ſhut up in a Caſtle, ſurrender at Diſcretion, and are all put to the Sword; ſhould you tell him this Report is falſe, or wants Confirmation, it is all true, he replies; and beſides, ſuch a General

† The Abbot *St. Helene*, who was diſſatisfied with the Miniſtry.

is killed; and though you truly assure him that he is but slightly wounded, he deplores his Death, pities the Widow and Children, and bemoans his own Loss; *He has lost a good Friend and a hearty Patron.* He tells you the *German* Horse are invincible, turns pale if you but name the Imperial Cuirassiers. If we attack that Place, continues he, we shall be obliged to raise the Siege; either we shall stand on the defensive, without coming to an Action; but if we do, we shall certainly have the worst of it; and if we are beaten, then he cries, the Enemy will be at our Frontiers; from thence *Demophilus* brings them presently into the Heart of the Kingdom. He fancies the Bells ring an Alarm, he is in pain for his Estate, his Cry is, whither shall I remove my Money, my Effects and Family? shall I escape to the *Swiss* Cantons, or *Venice*?

But the sanguine *Basilides* * on my left raises an Army of 300000 Men in a Minute, he will not abate you a single Troop: He has a List of the Squadrons, Battalions, Generals and Officers, not omitting the Artillery and Baggage. He assigns all these Forces their Depart-

* The Sieur de Moulinet.

ments

nts; some he sends into G[illegible], others [illegible]
nders, reserves a certain Number for the
s, a letter for the P[illegible], and transports
rest beyond Sea: He knows their Marches,
can tell what they are to do, and what they
l do; you would think he had the C[illegible]
; or were the Minister's Confident. If the
emies are beaten, and lose about ten [illegible]
n, he positively avers it was thirty [illegible]
ly thirty; for his Numbers are [illegible]
d, and certain, as if he had the [illegible]
nce. Tell him in the Morning [illegible]
a paultry Village, he not only [illegible]
e himself to the Guests he [illegible]
nner, but fasts; and if he [illegible]
any Appetite. If we [illegible]
y strong, regularly for[illegible]
h Ammunition and P[illegible]
rison, commanded [illegible]
al; he tells you [illegible]
ts, wants P[illegible]
ience; and [illegible]
eight Days [illegible]
e he runs [illegible]
overed a [illegible]
ey are beaten, [illegible]
General and [illegible]
t of them are [illegible]

[illegible]

Fortune favours the Bold, and the Game is our own: Then he sits down and rests after this extraordinary News, which, unluckily, is attended with this Circumstance, that there has not been any Battle. He assures us further, that such a Prince †, dreading our Arms, has quitted the Confederacy, and a second is inclined to follow such a prudent Example; he believes firmly, with the Populace, that the third is dead, and names you the Place of his Interment; and even, when the whole Town is undeceived, will persist to lay Wagers on it. He has unquestionable Intelligence, that *Teckley* is very successful against the Emperor, that the Grand Signior is making formidable Preparations, will not hear of a Peace, and that the Vizier will once more sit down before *Vienna*; he is in an Extasy, he claps his Hands for Joy, persuaded that all is Fact. The Triple Alliance is a *Cerberus* with him, and the Enemies only so many Monsters to be knocked on the Head: He talks of nothing but Laurels, Triumphs and Trophies; his Expressions, in common Talk, are no less than *Our August Hero*,

† The Duke of *Savoy*; the King of *Spain*; the King of *England*, for which public Rejoicings were made at *Paris*.

our Mighty Potentate, our Invincible Monarch. He is above such a cold mean-spirited way of Talking, as *The King has a great many Enemies, they are powerful, they are united and exasperated; he has overcome them, and, I hope, will always overcome them.* This Stile, too bold and decisive for *Demophilus*, with *Basilides* wants Spirit and Loyalty; his Head is full of loftier Thoughts; he is planning Inscriptions, triumphal Arches and Pyramids, to adorn the Capital against the Conqueror's public Entry; and as soon as he hears that the Armies are in sight of each other, or a Town is invested, he orders his Robes to be aired against the *Te Deum.*

An Affair which is to be discussed and adjusted by the Plenipotentiaries of crowned Heads and Republicks, whom it has drawn together, must needs be of uncommon Intricacy, if the concluding of it requires a longer Time than the settling of the Preliminaries, nay, even than only the Regulation of Precedency, Rank, and other such weighty Ceremonies.

A publick Minister, or a Plenipotentiary, is a *Cameleon*, a *Protheus*; sometimes like a cunning Gamester, he shews no Motion or Temper, as well as to perplex the Conjectures

and

and Attention of others, as to prevent any Secret escaping through his own Passion or Weakness; he is always ready to put on the Disguise most necessary to his Designs, and very artfully appears what it is his Interest to be thought. So when he designs to dissemble that his Master is very formidable, or very low, he is reserved and inflexible, to awe any large Demands; or easy and complaisant, so as to encourage asking, that he may turn the Tables upon his Adversaries. At other Times either he is mysterious and subtile, to conceal a Truth in the very Intimation of it, because it concerns him that it should come from him, but not be credited; or else he is free and open, that whenever he shall have Occasion to dissemble what must be kept secret, it may be thought that he has discovered whatever he knows. He talks fluently at Random, to excite others to talk, or hinder their saying what he does not desire to hear, or acquainting him with what he should not know. He runs into indifferent Things, which alter or destroy each other, to leave his Hearers at a Loss betwixt Confidence and Distrust; or he is sedate and silent, to engage others to talk: He hears a long while that he may afterwards talk with Weight and Superiority, that he may

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[illegible]

mity, urges the Reasons why he cannot hearken to them, and warmly endeavours to disable those which they alledge for their Denial. He is equally eager to magnify the Trifles he offers, as to undervalue what they are willing to grant. He feigns extraordinary Proffers, which beget a Distrust, and oblige them to reject what indeed, if accepted, would not be performed: This also serves to colour his exorbitant Demands, and to load his Antagonists with the Blame of his Refusal: He grants more than they can ask, to get more than he is to give. He shews himself very backward to trivial Concessions to obviate any Demands of more Importance. If he is persuaded to part with any Thing, it is on such Conditions, that the Advantages of it are balanced to him: He directly or indirectly espouses the Interest of an Ally, if he finds it at the same time conducive to advance his own Pretensions. He talks of nothing but Peace and Alliances, the publick Good and Tranquility; in all which he means only his Master's Interest. Sometimes he reconciles clashing Parties, at other Times he divides those he found united; he intimidates the Powerful and encourages the Weak: He draws several weaker States into a League against a more powerful one, under the Pre-

tence

tence of an Equilibre; he joins with the former to turn the Scale, but his Alliance [illegible] always a dear Contract. He knows how [illegible] on those with whom he treats, he [illegible] ensnares them with the alluring Bait of [illegible] Advantage, of Riches and Honour [illegible] a little Easiness, which will not [illegible] from their Instructions, nor [illegible] tions of their Principals. [illegible] be thought impregnable on [illegible] some small Leaning towards [illegible] this he discovers their most [illegible] Designs, Dispositions and Dependences, which he turns to his own Advantage, with [illegible] Dexterity which helped him to the [illegible]. If he is a Loser in any Article, he is very [illegible] morous, if he is not, he is yet [illegible], and [illegible] the Injured on their Justification and Defence. All his Measures are concerted, [illegible] are pointed out, and his most minute [illegible] prescribed by his Court; yet in the most difficult Points, and most contested [illegible], he behaves as if all was voluntary, and the Acquiescence flowed from himself. [illegible] sorry to tell the Assembly, that he [illegible] engage that the Proposals will be [illegible] and that his Master will not [illegible] Proceedings. By his Emissaries, he [illegible]

Reports concerning the general Subject of his Instructions, having besides some particular Orders; these he never produces, but at Extremities, for which they are calculated. All his Intrigues are of a solid and substantial Tendency, for which he willingly throws up imaginary Points of Honour. He has a great deal of Self-government, he is inured to Resolution and Patience; he fatigues and discourages others, but is himself indefatigable. He anticipates all Delays and Reproaches, Jealousies and Suspicions, Difficulties and Obstacles, fully persuaded, that Time and a right Use of Events, will bring Things and Tempers just where he would have them. He pretends a secret Interest for breaking off his Negotiation, when he passionately desires its Continuance; but, on the contrary, when he has Orders to use his last Endeavours for dissolving it, he thinks the best Way to effect it is to press its Continuance, and insist on a quicker Dispatch. After some signal Event, he affects Pride or Facility, as best serves his Turn; and if he was so perspicacious as to foresee it, he temporises as it affects the State which he serves, and models himself by Emergencies. He takes his Measures from Time, Place, and Occasion, his own Strength or Weakness, the Genius of the Na-

Nations with which he treats, and the particular Tempers and Talents of their Miniſters. All his Maxims and Deſigns, all his Fineſſes tend only to prevent being deceived, and to deceive others.

The Humour of the *French* Nation requires Gravity in their Sovereign.

It is one of the Misfortunes of a Prince to be overburthened with Secrets, the Communication of them being dangerous; and ſuperlatively happy is he who has found a faithful Confident, to whom he may ſafely unboſom himſelf *.

A Prince wants only the Pleaſure of private Life to compleat his Happineſs; a Loſs that nothing can compenſate, but the Fidelity of his ſelect Friends, and the Applauſe of rejoicing Subjects.

A Monarch who deſervedly fills a Throne, finds it extremely pleaſant to lay aſide his Grandeur, to quit the Theatre, throw away the Buskins, and act a more familiar Part with a Confident.

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* *Madam de Maintenon.*

Nothing

Nothing conduces more to the Honour of a Prince than the Modesty of his Favourite.

No Ties of Friendship or Consanguinity affect a Favourite; he is without Relation or Connection. Amidst Kindred and Relations, he stands detached and separate from all.

Certainly a Favourite, who is not lost to Delicacy and Virtue, must be often vexed and confused at the glaring Adulations, the groveling Attentions and impertinent Respects of his Sollicitants, playing about him like, but not with the Fidelity of, Spaniels; and no doubt, he laughs heartly at them in private, to make himself amends for the Trouble they put him to, in public.

* Ye who are in high Posts, ye public Ministers or Favourites, give me leave to advise you. Intrust not the Care of your Memory with your Progeny, expect not they will preserve the Lustre of your august Names †: Titles take Wing, the Prince's Favour is transient,

* Cardinal *d'Amboise*, Prime Minister to *Lewis* XII. and Cardinal *Richlieu*, the much more celebrated Minister of *Lewis* XIII.

† The Heirs of *Richlieu* and *Mazarine*.

Honours leave their Poſſeſſors, Riches diſperſe themſelves, and Merit degenerates: It is true, you have Children worthy yourſelves, and capable of maintaining the Character you leave them, but can you promiſe to yourſelf this Happineſs in your Grand-children? Will you not believe me? Deign to caſt your Eyes for once on ſome Men, at whom your Contempt immediately riſes! they are deſcended from the very Men (great as you are) whom you ſucceed. Be virtuous and affable; and if you ask what more is neceſſary, I roundly tell you, Virtue and Humanity inſure a laſting and amiable Fame, and are independent on your Poſterity; by theſe your Name will be in fragrancy whilſt the Monarchy endures; and when future Generations ſhall walk over the Ruins of your ſtrongeſt Caſtles, and nobleſt Edifices, the Idea of your Worth will ſtill charm their Minds, they will grudge no Price to collect Medals and Pourtraits of you: This, they will ſay, is the Effigies of a Man that dared to ſpeak to his Prince with equal Truth, Force, and Freedom, and was more afraid of injuring than diſpleaſing him *: He allowed him to be a generous and benign Prince, the Father of his

* Cardinal *d'Amboiſe.*

Country,

Country, and to say *my good City, my good Peo ple.* The other Person † you see painted the with a bold Countenance, an austere and ma jestick Air, rises in Reputation every Year; th greatest Politicians cannot come in Competitio with him: His capital Scheme was to establi the Authority of the Prince, and the Safety the People, by humbling the Nobility; fro this, neither the Oppositions of combine Parties, Conspiracies, Treasons, the Danger Death, nor his own Infirmities were able t divert him; he accomplished it, and y had Time enough to enter upon a mo noble and arduous Enterprize, since persued an compleated by one of our best and greate Princes, *Lewis* XIV. that is, the Extirpatio of Heresy.

* The most plausible and the least suspecte Snare, that ever was laid for great Men by the Servants, or for Kings by their Ministers, h been the Advice to liquidate their Debts, ar enrich themselves. An admirable Maxim, Counsel worth a Treasure, a Mine of Gold, *Peru*, at least to those who have hitherto h the Address to instil it into their Masters.

† *Richlieu.*

* The late M. *Colbert*, in advising the King the Discharge of the Fund on the Town-House *Paris*, whereby many Families were ruined.

Happ

Happy indeed is that Nation, whose Prince chooses the very same Persons for his Confidents and Ministers, whom the People themselves would have chosen, had the Choice been in their Power *.

† The Knowledge of the Detail of Affairs, and a diligent Attention to the more minute Concerns of the Commonwealth, are essential to a good Administration, tho' too much neglected by Kings and their Ministers in these latter Ages: 'Tis a Knowledge greatly to be desired in the Prince that's ignorant of it, and highly to be applauded in him who has made it his Study. In effect, what does it signify to the Ease and Tranquillity of the Subjects, that their Prince extends the Bounds of his Empire into the Territories of his Enemies; that their Soveraignties are reduced to Provinces of his Kingdom; that he takes Fortresses, and gains Battles; that the best fortify'd Camps afford no Security against him; that the neighbouring Nations ask Aid of one another, and enter into Leagues to defend themselves, and oppose his Career; that their Confederacies are vain; that he's continually advancing, and still victorious; that their last Hopes are frustrated by the Reco-

* Mr. *de Pomponne.* † The King.

very of ſuch a vigorous Health and Conſtitution in the Monarch, as ſecure him the Pleaſure of ſeeing the young Princes his Grand-Children maintain and inhance his Glory; of ſeeing them head Armies to Victory and Conqueſt, and command old and experienced Officers rather by their military Talents and Merit, than by the Privilege of their Royal Birth; of ſeeing them tread in the Steps of their victorious Father, imitating his Mildneſs, Clemency, Juſtice, Vigilance, and Magnanimity? What ſignifies it to me, in a word, that my Sovereign is ſucceſsful; that the prudent Management of his Miniſters, nay, that his perſonal Merits exalt him to the higheſt Pitch of Glory; that my Country is powerful, that it is the Terror of all the neighbouring Nations: What ſhall I, or any of my Fellow-Subjects, be the better for all theſe vaunted Atchievements, or what real Joy could they give me if I labour'd under the diſmal Burthen of Poverty and Oppreſſion? If, while I was ſecur'd from the Incurſions of the Enemy, I was expos'd within the Walls of our Cities to the Barbarity of an Aſſaſſin? If Rapine and Violence were by Night leſs to be feared in the wildeſt Deſarts, than at Mid-day in our Streets? If Wiſdom, Cleanlineſs, and Order, had not rendered our Cities ſo delightful, and had not

added

added to Plenty the quiet and safe Enjoyment of the Pleasures of friendly Intercourse? Or, if being weak and defenceless, I was incroached upon by every neighbouring great Man? If there was not Provision made to protect me against his Injustice; if I had not at hand so many Masters, and and those eminent Masters, to breed up my Children in Arts and Sciences, by which they may one Day make some Figure in Life; if the Improvement of Trade did not furnish me with decent Cloathing, and wholesome Food at a reasonable Rate; if, to conclude, the Care of my Sovereign had not given me as much Reason to be as well contented with my Fortune, as his extraordinary Virtues must needs make him with his own.

Eight or ten thousand Men are to a Prince like Money; with their Lives he buys a Town or Victory: But if he is sparing of them, if he can obtain either at a cheaper Rate, he's like a Merchant who is sensible of the Value of Money.

All goes well in that blessed Monarchy where the Interests of the Sovereign and Subjects are incorporated.

To say a King is *the Father of his People*, is no more an Encomium to him than to call him by his Name, or to define what he is.

There is a Sort of Commerce, or Reciprocation of Duties betwixt the Sovereign and his Subjects; which are most obligatory, or most difficult, I will not determine; nor is it indeed easy to judge between the strict Tyes to Reverence, Assistance, Service, Obedience, and Dependance, on the one Side, and the indispensible Obligations to Goodness, Justice, and Protection on the other. To say the Prince is the supreme Disposer of the Lives of the People, is only telling us, that the Vices of Mankind have entailed on them a natural uncontroulable Subjection to Justice and the Laws, of which the King is the Depositary and Executioner: To add, that he is absolute Master of his Subjects Goods, without Regard, Reason, Reply, Complaint, or Process, is a Language of Flattery, the illusory Suggestion of a wanton Favourite, who will say otherwise when Death looks him in the Face.

When on a fine Evening you see a numerous Flock of Sheep dispersed over a Down, quietly grazing on its fragrant Products, or in a Meadow, nibbling the short and tender Grass which has escaped

escaped the [illegible]
herd, you [illegible]
a careful [illegible]
out of his [illegible]
he change[illegible]
gather[illegible]
he pre[illegible]
cherish[illegible]
sing [illegible]
Setting [illegible]
Slaver[illegible]
mo[illegible]
Shepher[illegible]
or the Shepher[illegible]
ruine [illegible]

A [illegible]
herd [illegible]
Crook [illegible]
Dogs [illegible]
Wo[illegible]
kee[illegible]
away the [illegible]

How [illegible]
furnished [illegible]
fancie[illegible] How [illegible]
ment expiring to [illegible]

If Men are not susceptible of a more natural, more pleasing, and sublime Felicity, than a Consciousness that they are beloved and esteemed; and if Kings are Men, can they purchase the Hearts of their People at too dear a Rate?

There are very few general, or certain Rules of governing well; they depend on Times and Conjuncture, and then on the Prudence and Designs of the Governours; so that perfect Government is the Master-piece of the Human Intellect; and perhaps it would be unattainable, if Subjects did not concur, and that considerably, by an habitual Submission and active Obedience.

They who, under a truly great Monarch, are possessed of the Posts of Eminence, have very easy Places, and officiate without any Trouble: Every Thing flows from the Fountain; the Authority and Genius of the Prince plans their Rout, and smooths all Difficulties, and prospers every Thing beyond their Expectation. They have only the Merit of Subalterns.

If the Care of a single Family be so burthensome, if a Man has enough to do to answer for himself, what a Weight, what a Load is the Charge of a whole Realm? Is the Sovereign recom-

recompenced for all his Fatigues and Cares by the Proſtrations of Courtiers, or the imaginary Pleaſures of Deſpotiſm? When I think on the painful and hazardous Paths he is forced to tread to arrive at a publick Tranquility; when I reflect on the Extremities he is frequently obliged to, as of abſolute neceſſity to compaſs a good End; that he is accountable to God himſelf, for the Welfare, if not the Morality of his People; that Good and Evil are in his Hands, and that Ignorance is no excuſe for Male-Adminiſtration; I connot forbear putting this queſtion to myſelf, Would you reign? Ought a Man but meanly happy in a private Condition, quit it for a Throne? Muſt it not be inſupportable to be born a Monarch *?

How many Endowments, how many Gifts of Heaven are neceſſary to form a Prince? An illuſtrious Birth, an auguſt and commanding Air, a Preſence anſwerable to the Curioſity of the People, who are all eager to ſee the King, and awing the Courtiers into continual Reſpect. His Temper muſt be perfectly even, he muſt be very averſe to ill-natured Railery, or at leaſt ſo prudent as to refrain from it; he muſt neither threaten, reproach, nor give way to his Paſſions, yet he muſt be obeyed; his Humour

* *Lewis* XIV.

must be complacent and engaging; his Heart so sincere and open, that all may think they plainly see the bottom of it; as this tends to procure Friends, Creatures and Allies, yet must he be secret, close and impenetrable in his Motives and Designs: He must be very grave and serious in Publick: In Council, or in Answers to Ambassadors, his Expressions must be concise, proper and perspicuous, and the Sentiment full of Dignity: He must chuse fit Objects for his Favours, and confer them with a Grace which doubles the Benefit: Great must be his Discernment and Knowledge of Mankind, to penetrate into the Minds, Qualifications and Tempers, for a fit Distribution of Places and Employments, and the Choice of Generals and Ministers: He must have such a quick Perspicacity and decisive Judgment in Affairs, as immediately points out the best Expedients, and the probable Issues of every Measure; his Equity must be so unbiassed as to declare against himself in favour of his Subjects, Allies, and even of Enemies: Such a comprehensive Memory as continually presents to him the Names, Faces, Petitions and Wants of his Subjects; A vast Capacity, not only including Foreign Affairs, Commerce, State-Maxims, Political Designs, new Conquests,

and

and the [illegible]

jection; an extensive Genius, to see every Thing with his own Eye, and to act instantly by himself. So that his Generals are but his Lieutenants, and his Ministers but his Ministers; a Foresight to know when to declare War, and a Sagacity when to give Battle, and make the best use of a Victory; to know when to make Peace and when to break it, also to force his Enemies to conclude the War according to his and their Interests; to set bounds to a vast Ambition, and to know how far to extend his Conquests; to have leisure for Plays, Feasts and Spectacles; to cultivate Arts and Sciences, to design and finish stupendous Structures, even when surrounded with open and secret Enemies: To conclude, he must have that Assemblage of Talents, that superior Genius, which renders him beloved by his Subjects, and feared by Strangers; which of his Court and of all his Kingdom makes one Family, living in the most happy Union with one another, and unreserved Devotedness to the Sovereign. These admirable Virtues, and all of them, seem to be comprized in the Idea of a Sovereign. It is true, we rarely see them all meet in one Subject; several of them spring from the Soul and Constitution, others depend on Conjunctures and adventitious Circumstances rightly improved.

proved. I must tell you, that the Prince who unites all these in a single Person, very well deserves the Name of *Great*.

Of MAN.

LET us not be angry with Men, when we see them stubborn, ungrateful, unjust, proud, Lovers of themselves and forgetful of others, they are made so, it is their Nature; it would be quarrelling with the Stone for falling, or with the Flame for ascending.

In one sense Men are not fickle, or only in Trifles: They change their Habits, Language, Fashions, Ceremonies, and sometimes their Taste; but they are immutable in their Depravity; are tenaciously adherent to what is Ill, and never depart from an Indifference for Virtue.

Stoicism is a meer Fancy, an Imagery something like *Plato*'s Republick. The *Stoicks* feign that a Man may laugh at Poverty; be insensible of Injuries, Ingratitude, or the Loss of his Estate, Parents and Friends; look unconcernedly on Death, as something really indifferent; which ought not to make him merry

or

or melancholy; may master Pleasure or Pain; may undergo the Torments of Fire or Sword without the least Sigh or Tear; and this Phantom of Virtue, this ideal Firmness, they are pleased to stile the Wise Man. They have left Mankind in Possession of all their natural Defects, not one Vice or Foible have they exposed in its proper Light. Instead of painting Vice in its frightful and ridiculous Forms, to inspire an avoidance of it, they have forged an Idea of Perfection and Heroism, of which Men are not capable, and exhorted them to visionary Impossibilities. Thus this Wise Man that is to be, or will never be, but in Imagination, finds himself naturally above all Ills and Events; the most excruciating Fit of the Gout, or Cholick, cannot extort from him the least Complaint; he would stand serene and undaunted, amidst the Wreck of Mattter and the Crush of Worlds; he is superior to all Events, whilst the meer Man, agitated by every silly Passion, cries, despairs, and throws himself into Distraction, for the Loss of a Puppy, or the breaking a Bason of China.

Restlesness of Mind, Inequality of Humour, Inconstancy of Heart, Instability of Conduct, are all Vices of the Soul, but different; and analo-

analogous as they appear, are [illegible]
in one Subject.

It is difficult to decide, whether [illegible]
makes a Man more [illegible]
temptible, or even whether it [illegible]
pernicious to take a wrong [illegible]
none.

The variable Man is the [illegible]
he multiplies himself in [illegible]
his Taste and Manner. [illegible]
note what he was the last [illegible]
next what he is now, [illegible]
ask, not of what Party [illegible]
Parties, not of what [illegible]
many sorts of Humour [illegible]
mistaken! In a Humour [illegible]
How cold he was [illegible]
you out, and [illegible]
Jealously [illegible]
not remember you? [illegible]

* *Mandlin* [illegible]
Door, Man [illegible]

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* The [illegible]
Quote [illegible]

Night-cap is ſtill on; and examining himſelf a little better, finds but one half of his Face ſhaved, his Sword on his Right Side, his Stockings hanging about his Heels, and his Shirt out of his Breeches. If he walks into the Street, he feels ſomething ſtrike him on the Face, or Stomach, he cannot imagine what it is, till opening his Eyes, and looking, he finds himſelf before the Shaft of a Cart, or behind a Plank on a Carpenter's Shoulders. He has been ſeen to run againſt a blind Man, puſh him backwards, and fall over him. Sometimes he has met a Prince full-but; and with much ado recollected himſelf to ſqueeze up againſt a Wall, to make room for him. He rumages, miſlays, and puts himſelf into

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ſeveral diverting Incogitancies are related of him. The Adventure of the Wig, mentioned here, happened to him at the Queen's. He is alſo ſaid ſo far to have forgot his Marriage with Madam *Garrier*, Daughter to the noted Contractor, that on his coming Home as uſual in the Evening, he began to ſtorm that his Valets de Chambre were out of the way, till he was told that they were gone with his Night Dreſs to his Bride's, which reminded him of the Morning Ceremony; the Author has omitted that one Day leading the Queen, he had a Mind to make Water; and was going about it, till upon the burſts of Laughter from the Queen, and her Ladies, he recollected himſelf.

a Heat, calls his Servants, and [illegible] nothing is in its Place, never [illegible] Crew; he asks for his Gloves, which [illegible] his Hands; like the Woman who [illegible] her Mask when she had it on her Face. He enters the drawing Room, and [illegible] a Sconce, his Perriwig [illegible], and is all hanging: the Courtiers [illegible] *makes* Faces too, joins in the Laugh, and [illegible] about for the poor mortified [illegible] lost his Wig. In his Walks he [illegible] to his Head, that he is out of his way, as in a Fret, [illegible] still, and [illegible] where he is; they tell him [illegible] where he lives; he [illegible] runs out in haste, [illegible] He comes out of the Palace, and [illegible] Coach at the Stairs, takes it [illegible] throws himself into it; the [illegible] on, thinking all the while in a [illegible] Master house; *Monsieur* [illegible] Court-yard, trips up stairs, runs [illegible] partments, where he [illegible] himself as at his own House; the Master of the House coming in, he [illegible] him very ceremoniously [illegible] believes he is paying [illegible] tants; he calls, [illegible]

of the House is tired and astonished, and *Menalcas* as much as he; he will not say what he thinks, but supposes the other to be some very impertinent and idle Person, who will at last think fit to draw: He bears with this odd Scene, yet it may be Night before *Menalcas* finds himself in a wrong Place. At another Time, visiting a Lady, and imagining that she is visiting him, he sits down in her Elbow-chair, without any Thoughts of quitting it; the Lady seems to him something long in her Visits, he expects every Moment when she will rise, and leave him at Liberty; but he growing hungry, and Night coming on, he desires her to sup with him; at which she bursts into a Laughter that brings him to himself. He marries in the Morning, forgets it, and lies abroad on his wedding Night; some Time after his Wife dies in his Arms, he assists at her Funeral with a becoming Concern, and the next Day, when the Servants come to acquaint him that Dinner is on the Table, he asks if his Wife be ready, and if they have given her Notice. This is he, who coming into a Church, and taking a blind Man at the Door for a Pillar, and his Dish for the holy Water-pot, dips in his Hand and crosses his Forehead, when on a sudden, he hears the Pillar speak, and beg his Alms; he walks towards the Quire,

Quire, where, fancying to ſee a Desk, he throws himſelf on his Knees, the Machine bends, puſhes him, and ſtrives to cry out; *Menalcas* is ſurprized to find himſelf kneeling on the Legs of a very little Man, reſting on his Belly, his two Arms over his Shoulders, and his joined Hands taking him by the Noſe, and ſtopping his Mouth; then he retires confuſed, and kneeling elſewhere, takes out of his Pocket a Prayer-book, as he thinks, but it is only a Slipper, which he had inadvertently pocketed; he is hardly got out of the Church, but a Footman runs after him, pulls him by the Sleeve, and asks him with a Laugh, if he has not got my Lord's Slipper? *Menalcas* produces his, tells him, *This is all the Slippers I have about me:* However, upon ſearching, he finds the Slipper of . . . . . whom he had been viſiting; for *Menalcas* letting one of his Gloves fall, inſtead of it took up one of his Lordſhip's Slippers, and went away. Whilſt he was playing at Back-gammon, he called for a Glaſs of Lemonade; the Caſt was his, and having the Box in one Hand, and the Glaſs in the other, being very thirſty, he gulps down the Dice and almoſt the Box, whilſt the Liquor is impetuouſly thrown on the Tables, and half drowns

his

his Antagonist. Once, on the Water, being asked the Hour, he pulled out his Watch, but soon forgetting both the Hour and the Watch, throws it into the River. He writes a long Letter, sands the Paper, and then throws the Sand into the Inkhorn; he writes a second, makes up both, and mistakes the Superscription; one of them is sent to a Duke, who, upon opening it reads, *Mr.* Oliver, *I charge you, do not fail to send me my Quarter's Rent, due at* Lady-day, *as soon as possible*, &c. His Tenant opens the other, and finds in it, *My Lord, I receive, with the utmost Submission, the Orders which your Grace was pleased*, &c. He writes another at Night, and after sealing it, puts out the Light, yet is surprized to be, on a sudden, in the dark, and is at a Loss to conceive how it happened. Coming down the Louvre Stairs, he met another coming up; Oh! says *Menalcas, the very Man I lookt for*; takes him by the Hand, hauls him along with him, from Court to Court, from Saloon to Saloon; then looking more narrowly at the Man he was thus dragging after him, wonders who it should be, has nothing to say to him, lets him go, and turns another Way. He often asks a Question, and is almost out of sight before it is possible to answer. Another time, If you fall in his Ways

He

He is ravished to meet you, he just came from your House, where he would have discoursed you about a certain Affair; then looking on your Fingers, *That's a fine Ruby, is it a Balass?* then leaves you, and continues his Ramble; this is the important Affair he was so earnest to discourse you about. If he is in Company, he begins a Story, which he forgets to end; he laughs to himself at something which struck into his Mind, and makes Answer to his own Thoughts; he hums a Tune, whistles, oversets his Chair, sends forth a pitiful Whine, and gapes, conceiting himself to be alone. When he is at a Feast, his Plate soon has a Heap of Bread; his Neighbours indeed want it, as also the Knives and Forks, which he does not suffer to be long in their Hands. There are a Sort of large Spoons lately introduced at Table, for the Convenieney of helping every body with Dispatch; he takes one of them up brimful, and puts it to his Mouth, then cannot sufficiently wonder to see the Soup all over his Cloaths and Linnen, which he thought had been in his Belly. He forgets to drink at Dinner; or if he remembers it, thinking there is too much Wine filled for him, he flings half of it in his Neighbour's Face, drinks the rest wirh a great deal of Composure, and cannot comprehend why he should be laughed at

for

for throwing away the Wine he was not willing to drink. Being carried to the *Chartreux*, where he is shewn a Cloyster painted by an excellent Hand; the *Religious*, who explain the Pieces to him, expatiate on the miraculous Life of St. *Bruno*, and the Adventure of the devout Canon. *Menalcas*, whose Thoughts are all the while roving far from the Cloyster, return again, when at last he bluntly asks the good Father, if it is the Canon or St. *Bruno* who is damned. Being once with a young Widow, he talked to her of her deceased Husband, and asked the Cause of his Death; the poor Woman, in whom this Discourse naturally renewed her recent Wounds, wept; and, amidst Tears and Sobs, acquainted him with all the Particulars of her Husband's Distemper, from the Night the Fever took him, to his last Agonies: *Madam*, says *Menalcas*, who had heard her Relation very attentively, *Had you never another but him?* Another Time, he bids Dinner to be hastened, rises before the Desert, and abruptly takes leave of the Company; yet you are sure, that Day, to see him in all the noted Places of the City, that excepted where the Appointment was, about the Affair, which made him hurry away to that with out staying till his Horses were put to, he would trudge a-foot. You may frequently

quently hear him rattle, and be in a Passion at one of his Domesticks for being out of the Way; Where is he? says he: What can he be doing? What is become of him? When I want him, he is never to be found. This Minute will I discharge him. While he is speaking, the Servant comes in; he asks him in a Fury, whence he came? he answers, From the Place whither he sent him, and gives him a faithful Account of his Errand. You are very often mistaken in him, and take him for what he is not; for stupid, because he understands little, and speaks less; for an Idiot, because he talks to himself and is subject to involuntary Grimaces and Gesticulations with his Head; for proud and discourteous, because when you salute him, he may pass by without taking notice of your Respect; for an inconsiderate Man, because he talks of Bankruptcies in a Family, a near Relation of which lies under that Scandal; of Executions and Scaffolds before a Person whose Father was beheaded; of mean Extraction before Revenue-Farmers, whose Riches will not make them pass for first-rate Quality. He even brings a Bastard into his Family, under the Pretence of being his Valet; and though he would have his Wife and Children know nothing of such a Matter, he cannot forbear calling him his Son every Hour in the Day. He resolves to marry his Son to a Trades-

Tradesman's Daughter, yet he is continually boasting of his House and Ancestors, and says, that the *Menakas*'s never match below themselves. In short, he seems as if he were not present, nor heard what the Company discoursed of, when he himself is the Subject of their Conversation; he thinks and talks of a sudden, but what he says is seldom the Thing he thinks on; so that there is as little Coherence as Propriety in any thing he says: He says *Yes* commonly, instead of *No*; and when he says *No*, you must suppose he would say *Yes*: When he answers you, perhaps his Eyes may be fixed on your's, but it does not follow that he sees you; he minds neither you, nor any one else, nor any thing in the World. All that you can draw from him, in his most communicative Hours, are some such Words as these: *Yes indeed, it is true. Good. All the better. Sincerely, I believe so, certainly: Ah! O Heaven!* And some other misplaced Interjections, or a concise Imprecation or two. He never is among those with whom he appears to be; he calls his Footman very seriously *Sir*, and his Friend *Robin*. He says *your Reverence* * to

* The Abbé de *Maucroy*, Chaplain to Mademoiselle de *Montpensier*, remarkably subject to Inadvertencies; being sent by that Lady to Father *La Chaise*, he stiled him Royal Highness; and when he reported the

to a Prince of the Blood, and *your Highness* to a Jesuit. When he is at Mass, if the Priest sneezes, he cries out aloud, *God bless you.* If in Company with a Judge of a grave Disposition, and venerable by his Age, Character, and Dignity, who asks him if such a Transaction was so? *Menalcas* replies with a Bow and a Grin, *Yes, Madam.* As he came up once from the Country, his Footmen plotted to rob him, and succeeded; they jumped down from behind the Coach, presented the End of a Flambeau to his Breast, demanded his Purse, which he delivered; being come home, he told the Adventure to his Friends, who asking the Circumstances, he referred them to his Servants: *Enquire of my Men,* said he, *they were there.*

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the Jesuit's Answer, your Reverence was continually upon his Tongue. Another Time he put on his priestly Vestments, and was just going to begin Mass, forgetting he had that Morning taken a Purge and Broth; of which however his Servant, whose Ideas were more contracted, reminded him in Time. Once he was persuaded within himself, that the Prior of his Abbey, who had just left him, had purloined his Spectacles, which he wanted to read a Letter, but which, after a long Search, were found upon his Nose; he has been heard more than once to begin Vespers with *Ite, missa est*; and for the same Living he has given three different Presentations, which afterwards he has warmly denied, as charging him with an absurd Prevarication; and the Sight of the three Instruments, with his own Signature, could hardly bring him to an Acknowledgment.

Incivility is not a Vice of the Soul, but the Effect of several Vices; of Vanity, Ignorance of Duty, Laziness, Stupidity, Distraction, Contempt of others, and Jealousy: Though it be only relative to the Exterior, yet it is the more odious, being always manifest and open to the ill Constructions of others; however, it is more or less offensive, according to its Cause, whether a malignant Vice, or an unmeaning Foible.

If we say of a cholerick, captious, unsteady, quarrelsome, melancholy, capricious Person, it is his Humour, this is not to excuse him, whatever we fancy; but owning, contrary to our Meaning, that such great Vices admit of no Remedy.

What we call Humour, is a Thing too much neglected among Men; they should understand, it is not enough to be substantially good; they should appear to be so, if they have any Inclination to be sociable, to be qualified for Friendship, and Intercourse; that is, if they would be Men. We do not require that malicious Souls should be flexible and complaisant, in these Qualities they are never wanting; they are the Bait to ensnare the Simple, and the main Spring in their Machinations. But we

with that Man [illegible] civil, that there may [illegible] of Cauſe to [illegible] vous, and the Good [illegible]

The Generality of Men from Anger pro-ceed to Injuries; [illegible] for having [illegible] their Neighbour, they afterwards grow angry. Our Surprize at [illegible] a ſtrange Procedure, is ſo great as to [illegible] Reſentment.

Men are remiſs and cold to embrace all Opportunities, wherein they could promote each others Satisfaction: When a Perſon takes an Employment on him, it ſeems as if his Deſign was to have it in his Power to oblige, but to do no ſuch Thing; nothing comes more readily from us than a Denial; we never grant till after long Reflection.

Premeditate, weigh, examine what you may expect from Mankind in general, and from many of them in particular, and then, according to the Reſult, ſtep into the World.

If Poverty is the Mother of Crimes, Want of Senſe is the Father.

A Man of Senſe can hardly be a thorough Knave: A clear and penetrating Genius leads to Order, Truth and Virtue: It is want of Senſe and Penetration that begets Obſtinacy in Evil as in Error: To correct a Blockhead by Satyr is loſt Labour; it may deſcribe him to others, but he himſelf will not know his own Picture; it is like railing to a deaf Man. It would be well for the Pleaſure of Men of Wit and Honour, and for publick Vengeance, if a Rogue had ſome Senſation, and felt a Torture when he is corrected.

I would rather want common Senſe than Probity; let me rather be accounted an Idiot than a Cheat: Knavery and Good-nature will not impregnate, Knavery being a Compound of Malice and Fallacy.

There are ſome Vices with which no body but our own ſelves are chargeable. Born with us, we carefully foſtered them till they grew to Habit; there are others aſcititious, which we contract by our Callings, Company or Events in Life, of which our Birth had not the leaſt Taint: Men are ſometimes born with eaſy Diſpoſitions, Hilarity, Complaiſance and Obſequiouſneſs; but the unworthy Treatment they

they meet from those they live with, or on whom they depend, gives a Turn to their Deportment, and even to their Nature; they grow melancholy, stubborn and peevish; Humours, with which they were before unacquainted; their Disposition is reversed, and they are themselves astonished at the unhappy Alteration.

Some ask why the whole Bulk of Mankind do not compose but one Nation, and agree to speak the same Language, use the same Customs, and live under the same Laws, the same Form of Government and the same Religion: For my part, seeing the Contrariety of their Inclinations, Taste and Sentiments, and their over-weaning Fondriess for them, I wonder that seven or eight Persons live in any tolerable Quiet under the same Roof, and am glad to see relative Duties a Counterpoise to Perverseness.

* There are some strange Fathers, who seem, during the whole Course of their Lives, to be

* The Duke *de Guiscus*, or Mr. *Talon*, a rich Judge, who had his Son confined in an Alms-House for being in love with a Surgeon's Daughter, and she, poor Girl, slaved, and clapt up in a pitiful sort of a Nunnery; however, her Father procured a Parliament Order for her Releasement.

preparing Reasons for their Children to be very easy at their Deaths.

Every thing is unnatural in the Humours, Morals, and Manners of Men: One is sour, passionate, covetous, sordid, servile, laborious, and all for his own Interest, who was born gay, mild, supine, magnificent, with a noble Elevation of Mind, with an Abhorence of any thing base or indecorous: The Events of Life, the Subordination into which they fall, and the Gripe of Calamity force Nature, and operate such great Changes. Thus in the main such a Man is not to be characterised, being, by external Things, so often changed, impelled and agitated, that he is neither what he may think he is himself, nor what he appears to be.

Life is short yet tedious, spent in Wishes, Schemes and Desires; we refer to the Time to come Enjoyment and Repose, often to an Age when our best Blessings, Youth and Health have totally left us. That Time comes an surprizes us, still bustling in the Hurry of im patient Desires: This is our Case when a Fe seizes us, and puts an end to our Being: If recover, it is to no better Purpose than to fire longer.

A Man requesting a Favour from another, surrenders himself at Discretion, when he is sure it cannot be denied him, he manly treats and capitulates.

It is so common for Men not to be [illegible], and so essential to all Good to be acquired with infinite Trouble, that what comes [illegible] suspected. We are unwilling to [illegible] how any thing can be for our Advantage which costs us so little, or how we could so expeditiously reach the Ends we proposed by no other than just Measures: We may think we deserve good Fortune, but ought very seldom to expect it with any Confidence.

The Man who says he was not born happy, may, at least, in some measure be [illegible] making a justifiable Use of his more prosperous Friends and Relations. Envy robs him of this Advantage.

Whatever I may somewhere have said, it is, perhaps, wrong to be dejected; Men seem born for Misfortune, Pain and Poverty, few escape; and since obnoxious to all kinds of Calamities, they ought to fortify themselves against the Shock.

Men are so extremely difficult in settling Affairs, so sharp where the least Interest is concerned, so captious, so suspicious, so partial, so willing to deceive, and so unwilling to be deceived; apt to magnify their own, and to undervalue what belongs to others; that I protest I cannot conceive how, or which way Marriages, Contracts, Truces, Treaties, Conventions and Alliances are brought about.

Among some People Arrogance supplies the Place of Greatness; Inhumanity, of Courage; and Knavery, of Wit.

Cheats easily believe others as bad as themselves: There is no deceiving them, nor do they long deceive.

In the Streets of populous Cities, our Ears are perpetually dinned with such tremendous Words, as Writs, Executions, Seizures, Affidavits, Bonds, Costs and Charges: What is the Meaning of it? Is there no Shadow of Equity left in the World? Is it full of People who have the Effrontery to sue for what is not due to them, or, of others, who with equal Flagitiousness refuse the Payment of their just Debts?

Law

Law Inſtruments are a Scandal to Humanity: What a Shame is it that Men cannot keep their Words without being forced to it!

If you ſuppreſs the exorbitant Love of Pleaſure and Money, idle Curioſity, iniquitous Purſuits and wanton Mirth, what a Stillneſs would there be in the greateſt Cities! the Neceſſaries of Life do not occaſion, at moſt, a third Part of the Hurry.

Nothing helps a Man more to bear quietly the Injuries he receives from Parents and Friends, than a Reflection on the Vices of Humanity; and how painful it is for Men to be conſtant, generous and faithful, or to love any thing better than their own Intereſts; knowing their Natures and Propenſities, he does not require them to penetrate ſolid Bodies, to fly up into the Air, or to be equitable: If diſpleaſed with Mankind in general, for having no greater Reſpect for Virtue, he excuſes Particulars, higher Motives engage him even to love them; but his moſt ſedulous Study is never to want the like Indulgence.

There are certain Goods which we moſt paſſionately deſire, the very Idea of them throws

us into an Extasy; if we happen to obtain them, we are less sensible of them than we thought we should be, and are less taken up in the Enjoyment of them, than in the Persuit after what we now imagine greater.

Some Evils are so hideous to our love of Ease, Pleasure and Respect, that we turn our Thoughts from them with a kind of Dread, the very Prospect of them makes us shudder; but if they chance to fall on us, we find ourselves stronger than we imagined; we resolutely grapple with Calamity, and feel it less grievous in Reality than in our pusilanimous Apprehensions.

Sometimes a pleasant House falling to us; a fine Horse, a pretty Dog, a Suit of Tapestry, or a Watch presented to us, will alleviate a great Grief, and efface the Sense of a substantial Loss.

I often suppose that Men were to live forever in this World; and reflect afterwards in what the Immortals could make more ado about their Condition here, than the present fleeting Generation.

If Life be miserable, to live is painful; if happy, to die is terrible; they both come to the same Thing.

There

There is nothing of which Men are so fond of, and withal so careless as Life.

The Fears of Old Age disturbs us, yet how few attain it!

Death never happens but once, yet we feel it every Moment of our Lives. It is worse to apprehend than to suffer.

* *Irene* is at a great Expence conveyed to *Epidaurus*, she visits *Æsculapius* in his Temple, and consults him about all her Ailings. She complains first that she is weary and fatigued; the God answers that it is occasioned by the length of her Journey: She says she has no stomach to her Supper; the Oracle says, eat the less Dinner: She adds, she has scarce a wink of Sleep all Night; he prescribes her, early Rising and no Day-Naps: She complains of her Corpulency, and asks how it may be abated; the Oracle replies, she ought to be out of Bed before Noon, and now and then make use of her Legs: She declares that Wine disagrees with her, the Oracle bids her drink Water;

* Madame *de Montespan* took frequent Journeys to *Bourbon* Wells, for imaginary Ailings, and received such Answers to her Complaints.

that ſhe has a bad Digeſtion; he tells her ſhe muſt go into a Diet: My ſight, ſays *Irene*, begins to fail me; uſe Spectacles, ſays *Æſculapius*: I am in a Decay, continues ſhe, I am not half ſo ſtrong and healthy as I have been; you grow old, ſays the God: But how, ſays ſhe, ſhall I cure this Complication of Infirmities? Why the ſhorteſt way is to die like your Grand-father and Grand-mother before you: Is this all your Advice, you the famous Son of *Apollo*, cries *Irene*? Is this the mighty Skill for which Men praiſe and worſhip thee? Where is the Depth, the Myſtery of all this? Did not I know as much before? The God anſwers, Why did you not put it in practice then, without coming ſo far out of your way to ſeek me, and ſhortning your Days by a fatiguing Journey to no purpoſe?

Let us think, when we are bemoaning the loſs of our paſt Youth, which will no more return, that Decrepitude is taking large Strides towards us, then we ſhall regret the Decay of our maturer Age, which we now enjoy, and do not huſband.

Inquietude, Fear and Dejection cannot retard Death, yet I much queſtion whether exceſſive laughter becomes Men who are mortal.

Would

Would you [illegible] meet Death with [illegible] Behaviour [illegible] quietude [illegible] ones self, [illegible]

We hope [illegible] Age; [illegible] to die.

It is more [illegible] fear Death, [illegible] flicts, acc[illegible] selves to Re[illegible] poor Minds to [illegible] than any dread of [illegible]

If some Men [illegible] would indeed be [illegible]

A long Sickness seems to be [illegible] Life and Death, that Death [illegible] ease to those who die, and to those who [illegible] them.

To speak like Men, Death is in one thing very good; it puts an end to old Age.

That Death which prevents Decay and comes more seasonably, than that which ends

Regret for mispent Time does not always induce Men to improve the Remainder.

Life is a kind of Sleep, old Men sleep longest; nor begin to wake, but when they are to die. If then, they take a Retrospect of the whole course of their long Lives Year by Year, they find frequently neither Virtues nor commendable Actions enough to distinguish them one from another; they confound their different Ages, they see nothing sufficiently remarkable by which to measure the Time they have lived: They have had confused Dreams without any Coherence, a jumble of diversified Imagery, but low and sordid. Like those who awake, they are sensible they have slept a long while.

There are but three general Events which happen to Mankind, Birth, Life, and Death. Of their Birth they are insensible, they suffer when they die, and neglect to live.

There is a Time, which precedes Reason, when, like other Animals, we live by Instinct alone; of which the Memory retains no Vestiges. There is a second Term, when Reason discovers itself, when it is formed, and might act,

act, if it were [illegible]
and manner [illegible]
and a Chain of [illegible]
ther, till the [illegible]
ing in its [illegible]
Dignity, [illegible]
is impaired [illegible]
ness, and [illegible]
of the [illegible]
with their [illegible]
Life of Man.

Children are naughty, [illegible]
envious, inquisitive, [illegible]
intemperate, [illegible]
at will; are [illegible]
rows on the [illegible]
Hurt, and delight [illegible]
long before they are [illegible]

Children think not of what [illegible]
is to come; but [illegible]
which few of us do.

There seems to be [illegible]
hood; the Minders [illegible]
the same, and it must be [illegible]
which perceives a Difference [illegible]

creases with Reason, because, together with it, the Passions and Vices gather Strength, which alone makes Men so unlike each other, and so contrary to themselves.

Children have those Faculties which in old Men are extinct, Imagination and Memory; and which are very useful to them in their little Sports and Amusements; by the Help of these they repeat what they have heard, and mimick what they see done; are of all Trades, imitating the Motions of the Artisans, or invent themselves a thousand ingenious Diversions; make sumptuous Feasts and Tournaments, take up their Residence in inchanted Palaces and Castles, have rich Equipages and a Train of gorgeous Attendants, lead Armies, give Battle, and exult in the Pride of Victory; talk to great Personages and Princes; are themselves Monarchs, have Subjects, possess Treasures, which they make of Leaves, Boughs, Shells, or Sand; and, what will fail them in the more interesting Scenes of Life, they know at this Age; that is, to make their Fortune, and be Masters of their own Happiness.

There are no outward Vices, or bodily Defects, which are not perceived by Children; they

they ſtrike them at firſt Sight, and the Children expreſs them ſignificantly: Fitter Terms could not be choſen; but, as they become Men, they contract the ſame Imperfections, which, when Children, they ſo archly ridiculed.

It is the only Driſt of Children to find out their Maſters blind Side, and that of any to whom they muſt be ſubject; having found it, they build on it, and uſurp over them an Aſcendency which they never part with; for what deprived their Maſters of their Superiority, will obſtruct the Recovery of it.

Idleneſs, Negligence and Inadvertency, Vices ſo natural to Children, diſappear as ſoon as they betake themſelves to Play: They are then ardent, vigilant, exact Obſervers of Rule and Order, never pardon the leaſt Slip, and begin again if out in any one Thing: Certain Preſages, that they may hereafter neglect their Duty, but will be wanting in nothing that can promote their Pleaſure.

To Children, every thing ſeems great, Gardens, Houſes, Furniture, Men, and Beaſts: To Men, the Things of the World appear ſo, and I dare ſay, for the ſame Reaſon, becauſe themſelves are little.

Children begin among themselves with a Democracy, where every one is Master; and what is very natural, falling out among themselves, they acquiesce in a Monarchy: One of them distinguishes himself from the rest, either by a greater Vivacity, Strength, Comliness, or Dexterity in their little Sports, and Knowledge of their Laws. To him many submit, and then hence an absolute Government, but only in Matters of Pleasure.

Who can doubt but that Children conceive, judge, and reason to the Purpose? If on small Things only, consider they are Children, and without much Experience; if in bad Terms, it is less their Fault than that of their Parents and Masters.

It depresses and alienates the Minds of Children to punish them for Crimes they have not really committed, or even to be severe with them for slight Offences: They know exactly, and better than any one, what they deserve, and seldom deserve more than what they fear; when they are chastised, they know if it is within or beyond Reason; and immoderate Punishments have a worse Effect on them than a total Impunity.

Man

Man lives not long enough to improve by his Faults; he is committing them during the whole Course of his Life, and it is well if, at last, he dies with a Sense of them.

Nothing pleases, rejoices, elevates a Man more than the Subdual of Vice, or the forbearing a foolish Action.

Men are loath to particularise their Faults; they hide them, or palliate them, or cast them on another; this gives the *Director* an Advantage over the Confessor.

The Faults of Blockheads are sometimes so odd, and so difficult to foresee, that they put wise Men to a Stand, and are of Use only to those who commit them.

A Spirit of Party betrays the greatest Men into the infamous Practices of the Vulgar.

* Vanity and Decency make us do the same Things, and in the same Manner, to which

* The Prince of *Conti*, who caught the Small-pox by attending the Princess, whom he despised; he died, and she recovered.

Inclina-

Inclination and Duty ſhould prompt us: A Man died at *Paris* of a Fever, which he got by ſitting up all Night by his ſick Wife, though he was known not to love her.

All Men in their Hearts covet Eſteem, but are loath any one ſhould diſcover they are willing to be eſteemed; becauſe Men would paſs for virtuous; and to aim at deriving any other Advantages from Virtue, beſides Virtue itſelf: This would juſtly be thought not Virtue, but a Hankering after Praiſe and Eſteem, a ſelfiſh Vanity: Men are bloated with Vanity, and of all Things hate to be thought ſo.

A vain Man finds his Account in ſpeaking Good or Evil of himſelf; a modeſt Man never talks of himſelf. We cannot better comprehend the Ridiculouſneſs of Vanity; and what a ſcandalous Vice it is, than by obſerving its Caution in hiding its Face, and how it lurks often under the Appearance of its Contrary, a demure Modeſty.

Falſe Modeſty is the Maſter-piece of Vanity; ſhewing the vain Man in ſuch an illuſory Light, that he appears in the Reputation of the Virtue, quite oppoſite to the Vice which conſtitutes his real Character: It is a Deceit. Falſe Glory is

the

the Rock of Vanity; it ſeduces Men to affect Eſteem by Things which they indeed poſſeſs, but which are frivolous, and which for a Man to value himſelf on, would be a ſcandalous Error.

Men ſpeak of themſelves in ſuch a Manner, that if they grant a few little Faults hanging about them, ſome Slips of Conduct, theſe very Faults and Slips imply fine Talents, or eminent Qualities. Thus they complain of a bad Memory, though entirely ſatisfied with their Senſe and Judgment, forgive, or rather are pleaſed at a Reproof for Incogitancy or Singularity, imagining them the Concomitants of Wit; they readily acknowledge they are extremely awkward, and can do nothing with their Hands but eat and dreſs, comforting themſelves in the Renunciation of manual Accompliſhments, for the Applauſe of thoſe of the Mind, which every one allows them. In owning their Supineneſs, they intimate their Diſintereſtedneſs and Contempt of Ambition: They are not aſhamed of being ſlovenly, as an Indication that they are heedleſs about Inſignificancies, that they may with more Intenſeneſs attend to Things ſolid and important. A Soldier affects to ſay, it was Raſhneſs or Curioſity carried him into the Trenches, or to ſuch a dangerous

gerous Poſt, without being on Duty; and adds, that the General reprimanded him for it. Thus a ſolid Genius, born with thoſe comprehenſive Endowments, which other Men in vain endeavour to acquire; who has improved the natural Force of his Mind by great Experience; whom the Number, Weight, Variety, Difficulty and Importance of Affairs employ without Embarraſſment; who, by his Foreſight and Penetration, makes himſelf Maſter of all Events; who, very far from conſulting the Maxims and Reflections written on Government and Politicks, is perhaps one of thoſe ſublime Souls born to be a Model to others, and by whoſe Example thoſe Maxims are verified or refuted; who is diverted by the great Things he does, from the pleaſant and agreeable Things he might read, and to whom there can be no Inſtruction more ſolid, no Entertainment more ſenſible than a Recollection of his own Life and Actions: A Man thus formed, may eaſily, and without any Blemiſh to his Character ſay, that he knows nothing of Books, and never reads.

Men would ſometimes hide their Imperfections, or leſſen the Opinion we have of them, by a voluntary Confeſſion. I am no Scholar, ſays an errant Blockhead that knows nothing. I am old, ſays a Man above Threeſcore: And

ano-

another, I am not rich, when he is wretchedly poor.

There is either no such Thing as Modesty, or it is confounded with something quite heterogeneous. If we take it from an interior Sentiment, which debases a Man in his own Eyes, this is a supernatural Virtue, and we call it Humility. Man naturally thinks conceitedly and haughtily of himself, and of himself only; Modesty only tends to qualify this Disposition; it is an external Virtue, which governs our Eyes, Carriage, Words, Voice, and directs a Man to act with others to outward Appearance, as if he was very far from despising them.

There is a very numerous Tribe, who are far gone in making a Comparison of themselves with others, and always deciding in Favour of their own Pre-eminence, behave accordingly.

You say Men must be modest; that is the Wish of all well-bred Persons; it will be so, if you will but take care that such Modesty be not trampled upon, and that the Pliant be not crushed.

Again, the Cry is, People should be modest in their Dress; Men of Merit desire nothing more: But the World are for Ornament; we com-

comply with them; Superfluity takes with them, we are not wanting in it; ſome value others only for fine Linen, or rich Cloaths, and we are content to purchaſe Eſteem, even on theſe Terms: There are ſome Places where a Gentleman muſt appear, and where Admittance is annexed to Lace or Embroidery, or a commanding Mark of Dignity.

Vanity and the high Value we ſet on ourſelves, manifeſt a Surmiſe, that others carry it with an intentional Haughtineſs towards us, which is ſometimes true, and often falſe: A modeſt Man is not troubled with theſe Diſquietudes.

As we ought to forbid ourſelves the extravagant Vanity of imagining that others view us with Pleaſure and Eſteem, that our Talents and Excellencies are the Topicks of their Converſations, ſo we ſhould maintain that rational Confidence in ourſelves as not to fancy when any whiſper, it is to our Diſadvantage, and that every Laugh is levelled at us.

How is this! *Alſippus* ſaluted me to day, and with a ſmile threw himſelf almoſt out of the Coach to take notice of me? I am not rich, and what's worſe was a foot; according

to

to the present Modes of Life, he should not have seen me. Oh! now I have hit on it, it was that I might see him in the same Coach with the Duke of ——.

Men are so full of themselves, that self is the universal Motive; every thing savours of it; they love to be seen, to be shewn, to be saluted, even by such as do not know them; if they omit it, they are concluded to be insolent Coxcombs: Would they have People conjure to find out who we are?

We never seek Happiness within ourselves, but in the Opinion of Men, whom we know to be Flatterers, unjust, envious, capricious and prepossessed: Strange Infatuation!

One would think Men could not laugh, but at what is really laughable: There are some People who laugh as well at what is not so, as at what is. If you are a Fool and inconsiderate, and some Impertinence escapes you, they laugh at you: If you are wise, and nothing but what is pertinent comes from you, and with all Propriety of Phrase, still these merry Folks will have their Laugh at you.

They who by Artifice or Violence, deprive

prive us of our Substance, or of our Honour by Calumnies, shew effectully that they bear us no good will; but their Injuries are not a sure Argument, that they have lost all manner of Esteem for us, accordingly we are not hardened against Forgiveness, which may in time settle in a cordial Reconciliation. Ridicule, on the contrary, is, of all Injuries, the least pardonable; it is the Language of Contempt, has the very Emphasis of it; it attacks a Man in his innermost Intrenchment, the good Opinion he has of himself; it aims at making him ridiculous in his own Eyes; and thus convincing him, that the Person who ridicules him, is in the very worst Disposition towards him, inflames him to Irreconcileableness.

It is monstrous to consider how pleased we are, how we triumph in rallying, exposing and decrying others, and yet how furious and enraged when we ourselves are rallied, exposed and decried.

Health and Riches, excluding all Sensation of Wretchedness, are apt to beget a want of Humanity towards our suffering Fellow-Creatures; and they who are burthened with their own Miseries, are known to feel most tenderly those of others.

In

In refined Souls, Feasts, Sights, and Musick have so strange an Operation, that they become more tenderly affected with the Misfortunes of their Relations, and Acquaintances.

A great Soul is above Injury, Detraction, or Raillery; and would be invulnerable, were it not open to Compassion.

At the sight of certain Miseries, there is a kind of shame in being happy.

* Men have a very quick Perception of their Accomplishments, but are as dull in discovering their Defects: They are never ignorant of their fine Eye-brows and handsome Nails, but scarce know that they have lost an Eye, and will never be presuaded, that they want Understanding.

Argira pulls off her Glove to shew her white Hand, and never forgets to let her little Shoe be seen, that she may be supposed to have a small Foot; she laughs equally at things pleasant or serious, to shew her fine Sett of Teeth; if she discovers her Ears, it is because they are small and pretty; and if she does not dance, it is

* The Chevalier *de Soissons*, a natural Son of the Count *de Soissons*, killed at the Battle of *Sedan* in 1641, who had but one Eye.

 because

becauſe ſhe is not well ſatisfied with her Shape, which indeed is not of the Sugar-loaf kind; ſhe knows perfectly well all her ſeveral Intereſts, one thing only excepted, ſhe is perpetually talking, and has ſcarce common Senſe.

The Virtues of the Heart are of ſmall account, whilſt the Endowments of the Mind, and the Accompliſhments of the Body are idoliſed. He who ſays coldly of himſelf, and without any thoughts of exceeding Modeſty, that he is good, conſtant, faithful, ſincere, juſt and grateful, dare not ſay he is witty, or ſagacious, that he has fine Teeth, or a ſoft Skin; that would be Vanity with a Witneſs.

It is true, there are two Virtues which Men peculiarly admire, Bravery and Liberality; becauſe there are two things which they very much value, and of which theſe Virtues make no great account, Life and Money; accordingly no body boaſts of himſelf, that he is brave or liberal.

Who ſays of himſelf, and eſpecially without Reaſon, that he is beautiful, liberal or magnanimous. Men have ſet too great a value on thoſe Qualifications; ſo they are contented with thinking themſelves ſuch.

What-

Whatever Similarity appears between Jealousy and Emulation, there is no less difference than between Vice and Virtue.

The Objects of Jealousy and Emulation are the same, that is, the Prosperity or Merit of another, with this difference, the last is a voluntary Sentiment, bold, and sincere, which animates the Soul to the Imitation of great Examples, so far as often to excel what it admired; the former on the other hand is a compulsive Motion, and a forced Acknowledgment of superior Merit, which yet often denies or degrades the Virtues of the Subjects wherein they exist; or if it confess them, refuses the Praise, and envies the Reward; a barren Passion, which leaves a Man in the same State it found him, fills him with high Ideas of himself and renders him cold and sullen with respect to the Excellencies of others, which makes him astonished to see any other Qualifications in the World than his own, or other Men with the same in which he prides himself: A shameful Vice, swelling naturally into Vanity and Presumption; and does not so much persuade him who is infected with it, that he has more Sense and Merit than others, as that he alone has Sense and Merit.

Emulation and Jealousy are always found in *Persons of the* same Art, the same Talents and

Conditions. The meaneſt Artificers are moſt ſubject to Jealouſy; they who profeſs the liberal Arts, or the *Belles Lettres*, as Painters, Muſicians, Orators, Poets, and Authors ought not to be capable of any thing but Emulation.

Jealouſy is never free from ſome ſort of Envy, and theſe two Paſſions are often taken one for the other. On the contrary, Envy may ſometimes be without any Mixture of Jealouſy, as when it is excited by Conditions infinitely above our own, an overgrown Fortune, the royal Favour, or the Secretaryſhip.

Envy and Hatred are ever united, ſtrengthening each other againſt the ſame Subject, and are not diſtinguiſhable but in this, that one aims at the Perſon, the other faſtens on the Condition, and Character.

A Man of Senſe is not jealous of a Chaſer who has curiouſly finiſhed a fine Piece of Plate, or of a Statuary for his exquiſite Figure: He is ſure there are in theſe Arts Rules and Methods, without his Verge; Tools, whoſe Uſes, Names, and Forms he does not know, and he ſatisfies himſelf with not being Maſter of a Trade, to which as he has not ſerved an Apprenticeſhip; he may be, on the contrary, ſuſ-

ceptible

ceptible of Envy, and even [illegible] those who are at the Helm, [illegible] good Sense, of which he has an equal [illegible] with them, were the only Instruments [illegible] to a successful Administration of public Affairs, foreign and domestic, without any [illegible] Helps of Rules, Forms and Experience.

We meet with few utterly dull and stupid Souls; the sublime and transcendent are still fewer; the Generality of Mankind stand between these two Extremes: The Interval is filled with Multitudes of ordinary Genuines, but all very useful, and the Ornaments and Supports of the Common-wealth. These produce the agreeable and profitable; these are conversant in Commerce, Finances, War, Navigation, Arts, Trades, Intrigue, Society and Conversation.

All the Sense in the World is useless to him that has none; without Views himself, he can not be improved by those of another.

To feel the want of Reason is next to having it; an Idiot is not capable of this Sensation. The best Thing next to Wit is a Consciousness that it is not in us; without Wit, a Man might

then know how to behave himſelf ſo, as not to appear to be a Fool or a Coxcomb.

A Man who has no great Share of Senſe is compoſed and all of a Piece; he never laughs, banters, or trifles, equally incapable of riſing to great Things, as of entertaining himſelf with the leſſer; he can hardly bring himſelf to toy with his Children.

Every one ſays of a Coxcomb, that he is a Coxcomb; no body dares tell him ſo to his face; he dies without knowing it, and no body is revenged on him for all his Impertinencies.

What a ſtrange Diſſonance is there between the Heart and Mind! Philoſophers live wickedly with all their Maxims; and Politicians, full of Schemes and Reflections, cannot govern themſelves.

Wit wears like other Things; Sciences are its Aliment; they both nouriſh and conſume it.

Ordinary Men are ſometimes, I may ſay, incommoded with many uſeleſs Virtues, having no occaſion to exert them.

We meet with ſome Men * who gracefully ſupport the Weight of Favour, whoſe Greatneſs

* Count *Lauzun*.

ſit

ſits eaſy on them, and who, from the Eminence of Power, can look down without Giddineſs. On the contrary, they, on whom Fortune, without Choice or Diſcernment, has precipitately ſhowered its Bleſſings, behave inſolently and extravagantly; their Eyes, their Carriage, their Stalk, their Voice, and difficulty of Acceſs, declare a long while the Self-admiration, the Exultation and unexpected Grandeur with which they are intoxicated: They become in the end ſo wild, that their Fall only can tame them.

A ſtout robuſt Fellow, on a Pair of broad Shoulders, carries heavy Burdens with a good Grace, and with one Hand at Liberty, while a Dwarf would be cruſhed with half of it. Thus eminent Stations make great Men yet more great, and little ones leſs.

Some Men gain by being extraordinary, they ſkud along with full Sail in a Sea, where others are ſhipwrecked; are ſucceſſively promoted, by Ways quite oppoſite to the general Rules for obtaining Preferment; they reap from their Irregularity and Folly all the Advantages of a conſummate Wiſdom; Men devoted to other Men; to Kings whom they have idolized as their laſt Aſylum, the Refuge of their Deſpair, and whom they do not ſerve but divert; theſe

Men of Merit and Capacity are useful to Kings, * as always ready with Puns and Jests, which supply the Deficiency, and obtain the Reward of valuable Actions: By being comical they become important, and an artful Buffoonry raises them to respectable Employments: At length they are unexpectedly hurried into a Futurity, which they neither hoped nor feared; all that remains of them here is the Example of their Fortune, which to imitate would be dangerous.

One would expect from some Persons, who were once † capable of a noble heroic Action, that without being exhausted by a single Performance, however arduous, they should, at least, be as rational and discreet, in their After-behaviour, as commonly Men are, that they should be above any Meanness which may disparage their former Reputation; that by mingling less with the People, they should not give them an Opportunity to view them at too near a Di-

* The Duke *de la Feuillade*, to whose eminent Fortune his ludricous Wit and voluntary Gasconades, greatly contributed.

† *James* II. of *England*, who, when Duke of *York*, behaved very gallantly by Sea and Land; but the Crown made a wretched Alteration in him.

stance;

ſtance; by which Curioſity and Admiration may ſink into Indifference, and, perhaps, on to Contempt.

It is eaſier for ſome Men * to enrich themſelves with a thouſand Virtues, than to correct one ſingle Defect. They are even ſo unfortunate, that this Vice is often the leaſt fatal to their Condition, and conſequently draws the more Satyr on them; it obſcures the Splendour of their great Qualities, and deprives them of a compleat Reputation; a more extenſive Acquaintance with Literature is not required of them, nor that they ſhould be more ſagacious to maintain Order or Diſcipline, or be more aſſiduous to their Duty, more zealous for the public Good, more ſolemn in their Deportment, we would only deſire them to be leſs amorous.

Some Men, in the courſe of their Lives, come to differ ſo much from themſelves in Tempers, Talents and Inclinations, that they are utterly unknowable, the very Remains of what appeared in them in their Youth. Some were pious, wiſe and learned, who, by the indulgencies into which a too ſmiling Fortune irreſiſtibly ſeduces, are ſo no more: Caſt out in a Career of Pleaſures and Gaiety!

* M. *Harlay*, Archbiſhop of Paris.

give themſelves up to the moſt abandoned Diſſolutneſs, whom, at laſt, Misfortunes have rendered religious, juſt and temperate. Theſe commonly prove great Men, who may be relied upon; they have an experienced Virtue, a Probity tried by Patience and Adverſity; they owe their Candour, Oeconomy, Application, and the prodigious Capacity which they ſometimes are ſeen to diſplay, to a Confinement at home, and the Leiſure of a ſhattered Fortune.

All Mens Misfortunes proceed from their Averſion to being alone; hence Gaming, Riot, Extravagance, Wine, Women, Ignorance, Railing, Envy and Forgetfulneſs of God and themſelves.

Men are ſometimes unaccountably depreſſed and wanting to themſelves; Darkneſs and Solitude ſtartles them with hideous Imaginations and viſionary Terrors; the leaſt Evil that in thoſe gloomy Seaſons can befal them, is a Weariſomneſs of every Thing.

Lazineſs begat Weariſomneſs, and this put Men in queſt of Diverſions, Play and Company, on which however it is a conſtant Attendant; he who works hard, has enough to do with himſelf otherwiſe.

The

The greateſt Part of Mankind employ their firſt Years to make their laſt miſerable.

* There are ſome Works which begin with A, and end at Z; good, bad and worſt, all comes in, eſpecially nothing of a certain Nature is forgot; theſe, though made up of far-fetcht Flights and Affectation, are termed Sports of Wit; and there is alſo a Sport of Conduct; a Thing is begun, it muſt be ended at all Hazards, it would be a Shame to deſiſt; when perhaps it might be better to alter the Deſign, or entirely to drop it; but the very Difficulty and Oddneſs of the Thing are the Incentives to proceed; they go on ſtimulated by a Spirit of Contradiction and Vanity, Reaſon having declined being any longer of the Party. This Obſtinacy is found in Actions apparently virtuous, and often in ſome of a religious Nature.

Duty is what goes moſt againſt the Grain, becauſe in doing that, we do only what we are ſtrictly obliged to, and are ſeldom much praiſed for it. Praiſe of all Things is the moſt powerful Incitement to commendable Actions, and animates us in our Enterprizes. * *Nicias* loves

* The Academy's Dictionary. † The Curate of the Hoſpital of the Invalides at *Paris*.

an oſtentatious Charity, whereby he is made a Superintendant of the Neceſſities of the Poor, the Depoſitory of their Inheritance, and his Houſe the Publick Office for the Diſtribution thereof; his Gates are open to any with a blue Gown and a Badge. Every one ſees and talks of his Charity, and who is there that could ſuſpect his Honeſty beſides his Creditors?

Gerontes died of mere Decrepitude, and without ſigning the Will that had lain by him thirty Years; dying thus inteſtate, his Subſtance is ſhared among ten or a dozen Relations, though he had been kept alive ſo long purely by the Care of his Wife *Aſteria*, who though young and beautiful, was always near him, comforted his old Age, and at laſt cloſed his Eyes. The ungrateful Hunk has not left her enough to ſet her above the Neceſſity of marrying another old Huſband.

When People are loath to ſell their Offices in their old Age, or to reſign them to others, one would think them poſſeſſed of a Notion that they are immortal, and hope certainly, that Death has nothing to do with them; or if they believe Death may one time or other overtake them, it is a Sign they love no body but themſelves.

Fauſtus

Faustus is a Rake, a Prodigal, a Libertine, ungrateful and brutal, yet his Uncle *Aurelius* could neither hate him, nor disinherit him.

Frontinus, his other Nephew, after twenty Years known Honesty, and an assiduous Complaisance for this old Man, could never gain his Favour; accordingly his Legacy is a pitiful Annuity, which he must receive from the Hands of *Faustus*, his Uncle's sole Executor.

Hatred is so lasting and so obstinate, that Reconciliation on a sick Bed, certainly forebodes Death.

We insinuate ourselves into the Favour of others, either by flattering the Passions, which disorder their Minds, or pitying the Infirmities under which their Bodies labour; these are the only Ways whereby we can shew our Regard for them: Whence it proceeds, that the healthy and the moderate are not the most ductile, but hardned against Artifice.

Softness and Voluptuousness are innate to Men, and stick by them till they die; it is beyond the Power of happy, or unhappy Accidents to detach them: they are the Emanations of Prosperity, or used as Solaces in Adversity.

The

The most unnatural Sight in the World is an old Man in Love.

Few remember that they have been young, and how hard it was then to live chaste and temperate; the first Thing, when Men have renounced Pleasure, either out of Decency, Satiety, or Necessity, is to condemn it in others. This Sort of Reproof, however, is not free from a latent Affection for their forsaken Pleasures; they would interdict to all others what they can themselves no longer enjoy; their Admonitions are the Snarlings of Jealousy, not the Dictates of Purity.

* It is not any Apprehension that they shall want Money one Time or other, which makes old Men niggardly; some of them having such prodigious Heaps, that those Fears are not supposeable in them. Besides, how can the Fear of wanting Conveniencies in their latter Years disturb them, when, at the Instigation of Avarice, they voluntarily deny themselves of Necessaries? Neither is it a Desire to leave vast Sums to their Children, it being against Nature to love any body better than ourselves; besides, there are many Misers who have no Heirs. This Vice is rather the Effect of Age and Constitution in

* The Count *de Guiche* and *Bussy Rabutin*.

old

old Men, to which they then as naturally give way, as they did to the juvenile Impulse of Pleasure, or to that of Ambition in their Manhood: There is no need of Vigor, Youth, or Health to be tenacious, nor of Activity to hoard up; let the Money lie still in the Coffers, and let him deny himself every thing, and the Business goes forward. This suits old Men, who, as Men, must have one darling Passion or other.

There are some People who are meanly lodged, lie hard, wear thread-bare Cloaths, eat the Refuse of the Market, who never appear in Company, living in a sordid Privacy, who are in Pain for the Time present, past, and to come, whose Lives are a perpetual Penance, who have cunningly found out the most irksome Way to Perdition; I mean the niggardly.

Old Men please themselves in remembering their Youth; they delight in the Places where they passed it; the Persons with whom they then began an Acquaintance are dear to them; they affect certain Words which they used when they were young; they keep to the old Manner of Singing and Dancing, boast of the Fashions in use formerly, in Cloaths, Furniture, and Equipages; they cannot bring themselves to disapprove of the Things which served their

Pal-

Paſſions, but are always calling them to mind. How can one imagine they ſhould prefer new Cuſtoms and Faſhions, and Contrivances, in which they have no Share, from which they have nothing to hope, which young Men have invented, and which give them in their Turn ſuch great Advantages over their Elders.

Too much Negligence as well as too much Nicety in Dreſſing, multiplies old Mens Wrinkles, and expoſes their Senility.

An old Man is proud, moroſe, and unſociable, if he has not an uncommon Share of Senſe.

* An old Courtier, with Veracity, good Senſe, and a faithful Memory, is an ineſtimable Treaſure; he is full of Tranſactions and Maxims; in him one may find the Hiſtory of the Age, enriched with a great many curious Circumſtances, which we never meet with in Books; from him we may learn ſuch Rules for our Conduct and Manners, of the more Weight, being founded on Facts, and illuſtrated by ſtriking Examples.

Young Men, by reaſon of their Paſſions, which employ their Thoughts with a

* The late Duke de *Villeroi*.

Multiplicity of Schemes and Ideas, can better away with Solitude than old Men.

* *Phidippus*, old as he is, ſtudies nothing more than Nicety and Effeminacy; and even in every Particular; he eats, drinks, ſleeps, and games by Art; he ſcrupulouſly obſerves the minuteſt Rules of Indulgence he has preſcribed to himſelf: A Miſtreſs, if his Regularity allowed of a Miſtreſs, could not prevail for any Infringement; he is almoſt overburthened with Superfluities, but which Cuſtom has rendered neceſſary; he does all he can to ſtrengthen the Bands of Life, and is ſedulous to lay out the Remainder in making its Loſs more grievous; was he not then before ſufficiently afraid of dying?

† *Gnatho* lives for no Body but himſelf, and the reſt of the World are to him as if they were not in being: Taking the firſt Seat at Table is not all, he muſt have the Room of two other Men; and, as if the Dinner was not provided for all the Company, no leſs than for him, he lays hold of every Diſh, and will take a luſty Taſte of them all before he fixes on any; his Hands ſerve for Knife and Fork, he paws the

* The Abbot *Dance*.
† The Marquis *de Sable*.

Meats,

Meat, tears it to Pieces, and picks and culls, that if the Guests will dine, it must be on his Leavings. Thus he lays about with a Brutality, enough to spoil the sharpest Stomachs; you see the Gravy and the Sauce run down his Beard and Chin; if he takes Part of a Ragou out of a Dish, he spills it by the Way on other Dishes, and on the Cloth, so you may distinguish his Plate by the Track; he champs rather than eats, and rolls his Eyes about amidst the Crash of his Teeth; he makes every Place his Home, and whether at Church or the Play, will have as much Elbow-room as if he was in his Parlour; when he rides in his Coach it must be always backwards; he says, that setting forward throws him into a Swoon; when he travels, he is before-hand with the Company, chuses the best Chamber and Bed; hurries his own and other Servants, makes use of every Thing he lays his Hands on; he kindles at the least Inconvenience to himself, pities none, knows no Pains but his own, his Corpulency and Choler; laments no Body's Death, ears no Body's but his own, and to rescue himself would willingly consent to the Extirpation of Mankind.

* *Clito* never had but two Things to do in

* Mess. *d'Olonne* and *de Brousin.*

his

his Life, to dine in the Morning, and ſup in the Evening; he ſeems only born for Digeſtion, his whole Life is but one Diſcourſe of the Courſes which were ſerved up at the laſt Entertainment, the Variety of Soups, the Made-Diſhes, and the Deſert are his inexhauſtible Topicks; he expatiates with a ſurfeiting Fluency on the ſeveral Fruits and different Kinds of Sweetmeats, the Wines, and other delicious Liquors; he is perfectly well verſed in the culinary Dialect, and is ſuch an Orator in Epicuriſm, that he makes one long to be at a good Table, provided he were not to be there; he has ſo nice a Palate, that he cannot be impoſed upon in a Ragout improperly ſeaſoned, or adulterated Wines. He is, in ſhort, a Perſon admirable in his Way, who has brought the Art of good Eating to the higheſt Perfeccfection, and never will his Fellow be ſeen for a delicate Gluttony; he is the ſupreme Judge of good Bits, and it would be Ruſticity to like any Thing which he did not approve. But he is no more; he would, at the laſt Gaſp, be carried to the Table; eating was the laſt Act of his ſenſual Life.

Ruffinus begins to turn grey, but he is healthy; his ruddy Cheeks and ſparkling Eyes, promiſe him at leaſt twenty Years more; he is

eaſy,

easy, gay, jovial and familiar; he laughs heartily at any thing, fears nothing, is not displeased with himself, nor any of his Fire-side; he is satisfied with his little Fortune, and even calls himself happy. Some Time since his only Son died, who was the Hopes of the Family, and might have been its Honour; Weeping he left to others, saying, *My only Son is dead, it will be the Death of his Mother*, and was comforted. He has no Passions, no Friends nor Enemies, no Body molests him, nor he any one; every Thing suits him, he talks to those he never saw before, with the same Freedom and Confidence as to those he calls his old Friends; he tells them presently all his Stories and Conundrums; his Acquaintance come up to him, and go away without his minding it; but the Tale he began to one, he finishes to another.

N . . . is less worn out with Age than Disease, the poor Gentleman is but threescore and eight, but alas! he has the Gout and Gravel, is quite emaciated, has a sallow Complexion, yet, with all the Symptoms of Mortality, he marles his Lands, and reckons that he shall not dung them these fifteen Years; he plants a Wood, and hopes, that in less than twenty Years, it will afford him a delightful Shade, besides special Nuts. He builds a

Free-

Free-stone House, fortified with Iron-grapples, and adjoins you with a Church-yard Cough, that it will last for ever. Every Day, without fail, a Servant leads him among the Masons and Carpenters; he shews his Friends what he has done, and tells them what he designs further: He does not build for his Children, for he has none, nor for his Heirs, a Crew of Knaves and Fools, as he calls them, for quarrelling with him. All this Building is for himself, with one Foot in the Grave.

Antigrous has a trivial and popular Phiz: It is as well known to the Mob as the Parish-beadles; in the Morning he runs up and down the Courts of Justice, in the Afternoon trudges along the Streets and Squares, as if he had Business in all Parts. He has been a Pettyfogger these forty Years, and always nearer the End of his Life than of Entanglements: There has not been a litigious Suit depending since he put on the Gown, but he has had a Hand in it. He is every Body's Kinsman and Enemy; there is scarce a Family but has some Quarrel with him, or he with them: He is perpetually engaged in Statutes of Bankruptcy, or in Executions: Some leisure Intervals he finds for Visits, where he talks of Suits and Trials, and retails false

News;

News: This Hour he is at one End of the Town, and the next at the other; and wherever he has been, is to be heard of by the Lyes he has left behind him: If any Body has the most urgent Occasion to wait on a Judge at his Chambers, they are sure of meeting *Antigoras* there, and to their Misfortune, for his Affairs must be first expedited, or neither they, nor the Judge will have any Peace.

Some Men live a long Life, spent between defending themselves, and injuring others; at last they die, worn out with Age, and after having caused as many Evils as they suffered.

There must, I confess, be Judgments, Seisures, Prisons, and Executions: But, with Submission to Justice and Law, my Hair stands an end, when I closely consider with what Violence and Rancour Men act towards one another.

We meet with certain wild * Animals, male and female, spread over the Country: They are black and tanned, chained as it were to the Earth, which they are always digging and turning up with an unwearied Laboriousness;

* Country Labourers.

they

they have ſomething like an articulate Voice, and when they ſtand on their Feet, they diſcover a human Face; and indeed are Men; at Night they retire into their Burrows, where they live on brown Bread, Water, Roots, and Herbs: They ſpare other Men the Trouble of ſowing, labouring, and reaping for their Suſtenance, and deſerve, one would think, in Recompence, not to want the Bread they themſelves prepare with ſuch daily Fatigue.

Don Fernando lives in the Country, is lazy, ignorant, quarrelſome, knaviſh, intemperate and impertinent, draws his Sword againſt his Neighbours, and expoſes his Life for nothing; he has kill'd Men for Trifles, and muſt expect to drop himſelf one Day for as little Reaſon.

A Country Nobleman, uſeleſs to his Nation, Family, or himſelf, oftentimes without Houſe, Cloaths, or the leaſt Merit, tells you ten Times a day *that he is a Gentleman*, deſpiſes Judges and Magiſtrates as Upſtarts, ſpends his Time among Parchments and old Titles, which he would not part with for the Chancellor's Mace.

Power, Nobility, ove, Favours, Genius, Riches, Dignity, Force, Induſtry, Capacity, Virtue, Weakneſs, Stupidity, Poverty, Impotence,

tence, Villenage, and Servitude, mingle one with another in a thousand various Manners, and compound one for the other in different Subjects; and hence the Aptitude for opposite Employments and a kind of Balance of Merit. When People know each other's Strength and Weakness, they act reciprocally, as they believe it their Duty; they know their Equals, are conscious of the Superiority some have over them, and these seldom overlook their own Pre-eminence; Gradations produce Familiarity, Deference, Pride, and Contempt: This is the Reason which induces Men in Places of publick Resort, to avoid some, and accost others; that they are proud of being seen with some, and ashamed of others: This is the Reason why the Person whom you so respectfully salute, with whom you are desirous to talk, shuffles you off and quits you; perhaps to meet the same abrupt Treatment; the same Person who blushes at meeting his Inferior, may raise a Blush in another, and the Slighter in one Place becomes slighted in another; it is also an innate Principle to repay Contempt with Hatred. Miserable Disposition! since then it is certain, that what we imagine to gain on one Side, we certainly lose on another; should not we do better, if renouncing all Manner of Conceit and Haughtiness, Qualities little suitable

to

to human Frailties, the unanimous Resolves were to treat each other with mutual Sympathy, Courteousness, and Benevolence? by which Means we should at once gain two mighty Advantages, never to be mortified ourselves, and never to mortify others.

Instead of being frightened or ashamed at the Name of Philosopher, every body ought to have a deep Tincture of Philosophy: It becomes every one; its Practice is useful to People of all Ages, Sexes, and Conditions; it comforts us under the Prosperity of others, under partial Preferences, Disappointments and Misfortunes, the Decay of Strength and Beauty; it steels us against Poverty, Age, Sickness, and Death; against Fools and Buffoons; it will be a tranquil Companion in Celibacy, or alleviate the Incumbrances of Marriage.

Men are one Hour overjoyed at little Events, and overcome with Grief the next for a Disappointment of no greater Concern; nothing is more unequal and incoherent than the Ideas and Emotions of most Mens Hearts and Minds. These Vicissitudes would be prevented, by only setting a true Value on the Things of this World.

It is as difficult to find a vain Man who believes himſelf happy enough, as a modeſt Man who believes himſelf too unhappy.

When I contemplate the Luſtre of Majeſty, or the ſplendid Stations of Miniſters, I am always checked from thinking myſelf unhappy, by conſidering at the ſame time the Fate of the Plowman, the Soldier, and Maſon.

There is but one real Misfortune that can befal a Man, and that is, to find himſelf in a Fault, or to have any thing to reproach himſelf with.

Men are generally more capable of vigorous Efforts to obtain their Ends, than of a long Perſeverance: Their Supineneſs and Inconſtancy rob them of the Fruits of the moſt promiſing Beginnings; they are overtaken by thoſe of whom they had the Start, and who walk ſlowly, but hold on.

I dare affirm, that Men know better how to plan good Meaſures than how to purſue them, or what is fit to ſay and do, than to do and ſay what is fit: A Man firmly determines, that in ſuch an Affair, which he is to negotiate, he he will keep the Secret; and afterwards, either through

through Garrulity, or Warmth of Conversation; it is the first Thing which escapes him.

Men are remiss in what is their particular Duty, but they make a Merit, or rather it pleases their Vanity, to busy themselves about such Things as do not belong to them, nor suit with their Condition and Character.

When a Man puts on a heterogeneous Character, there is no less Difference between what he appears, and what he is really in himself, than between a Vizard and a natural Face.

Telephus has Wit, but ten times less, if rightly computed, than he presumes he has. Therefore in every thing he says, does, meditates, and projects, he is ten times beyond his Ability: Thus he always exceeds the true Measure of his Parts and Capacity. And this Reasoning I am sure is just: He is limited as it were by a Barrier, which he ought not to pass, but he leaps over, launches out of his Sphere, and though he perceives his own Weakness, he is ever discovering it, by pretending most to what he least understands; attempts Things above his Power, and aims at what is too much for him: If he does something, of what kind soever, to any Degree of Perfection, he judges of himself by that. The Good and Commendable in him, is obscured

ſcured by his affecting the Sublime and Marvellous; we can eaſily ſee what he is not, but we muſt gueſs at what he is. He is a Man who never weighs his Ability, who knows nothing of himſelf, and who is unacquainted with his own Genius, and always adopting a Character which does not belong to him.

The greateſt Wits have their Ebbs and Flows; they are ſometimes as it were exhauſted; then let them neither write nor talk, nor aim at entertaining. Should a Man ſing when he has a Cold? ſhould he not rather wait till be recovers his Voice?

A Blockhead is no more than an Automaton, moving by its own Springs, which turn him about always in one Manner, and keep him in an Equilibre; he is uniform, he never alters his Poſition or Movements; if you have ſeen him once, you have ſeen him as he ever was, and will be: He is at beſt but as the lowing Ox, or the whiſtling Black-bird; he is fixed, and obſtinate, I may ſay; he acts according to his Species; what you ſee leaſt is his torpid Soul, that is never exerciſed, but in droneing on in a continual Inactivity.

A Blockhead never dies; or if, according to our Manner of Speaking, he muſt once die, I

may

may properly ſay, be gets by it, and that Death to him is the Beginning of Life; his Soul then thinks, reaſons, infers, concludes, judges, foreſees, and does every thing it never did before; it finds itſelf releaſed from a cumbrous Lump of Fleſh, where it ſeemed to be buried without Function, Motion, or any thing becoming its Dignity. It bluſhes to have been lodged in ſuch a vile Body, and ſo long ſhakeled in ſuch brutiſh and imperfect Organs, where neceſſarily it could produce nothing but the Blockhead or Fool. Now it is equal to the greateſt of thoſe Souls which animated the Bodies of Men moſt celebrated for their Endowments. The detached Soul of *Alain* is not diſtinguiſhable from thoſe of *Condè*, *Richelieu*, *Paſchal*, or *Malebranche*.

A falſe Delicacy in familiar Actions, in Manners or Conduct, is not ſo called, becauſe it is feigned, but becauſe it is exerciſed in little things, where it is utterly miſplaced. On the contrary, a falſe Delicacy in Taſte or Temper, is only ſo when it is feigned and affected. *Emilia* ſcreams at the jolt of a Coach, or any other other Accident when ſhe is not in any fear; another turns pale at the ſight of a Mouſe; a third is fond of Violets, and ſwoons at a Tuberoſe.

Who can promiſe himſelf to content Mankind? Let not the Prince, though never ſo Great and Good, pretend to it. Let him promote their Pleaſures, let him truſt them with his Secrets, admit them into thoſe Places, the bare ſight of which is a noble Spectacle; let him afterwards ſhew them a thouſand other Sights to divert them, ſet his Invention at work for Concerts and Entertainments, and allow them all the liberty they could deſire; let him aſſociate with them in their Amuſements; let the Great Man become affable, or the Hero humane and free, all would fail: Men are tired in the end, with the very things that at firſt enraptured them; they would forſake the Table of the Gods: *Nectar* would in time become inſipid: Vanity and a wretched Delicacy would tempt them to criticiſe on the moſt perfect things; their Taſte, if we will believe them, is above all Gratification; a Royal Expence would be unſucceſsful; their ungrateful Malice prompts them to do what they can to leſſen the Joy, which others may have in entertaining them. Theſe very People, who are commonly ſo civil and complaiſant, are liable to forget themſelves, ſometimes they are quite transformed, and we ſee the Man even in the Courtier.

Affect-

Affectation in Gesture, Speech or Manners, is frequently the product of Idleness or Indifference; whereas Business and an Application to serious Affairs keep a Man to Nature.

Men have no Characters; or if they have, it is that of having none which are uniform and constant, by which they may at all times be known: They cannot bear to be always the same, a continuance in Regularity, or Licentiousness, seems a Constraint. If they sometimes leave one Virtue for another, as a Relaxation, they oftener exchange Vices on the same Account: They have several contrary Passions and Foibles: Extremes are more easy to them, than a regular and natural Conduct; Enemies to Mediocrity, in Good as well as Evil, they run into Excesses, of which, when grown, inable to support, they ease themselves by changing. *Adrastus* was such a profligate Libertine, such an abandoned Debauchee, that he has found it easier to comply with the fashionable Devotion; but would find it a harder Task to become a Man of Virtue.

Whence comes it that some who can meet the most trying Disasters with Composure are in a Flame at the least Inconveniency. C

tainly this ſort of Conduct is not Virtue; for Virtue is equable, and never flies out into Inconſiſtencies. It is a Vice then, and nothing elſe but Vanity putting on an affected Fortitude, at thoſe Events which will make a noiſe in the World, but in all others negligent and impetuous.

We ſeldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much; a common obſolete Maxim, which every body knows, and no body practiſes.

We are vindictive to our own loſs, and give the Staff into our Enemies Hands, when we ſay things of them which are not true, and lye to defame them.

If Men could bluſh for themſelves, how many Sins, public and private, would they ſave by it!

If ſome Men are not ſo honeſt as they might have been, the original Fault is in their Education.

There is in ſome an happy Mediocrity of Parts, it keeps them diſcrete and virtuous.

Fer-

Ferula's and Rods are for Children, and Crowns, Scepters, Furrs, Swords, Maces, Caps and Hoods for Men. Reason and Justice, and even Majesty, without their Ensigns and Ornaments, would neither persuade nor deter. Men are led by their Eyes and Ears, more than influenced by their Understandings.

* *Timon*, or the Man-hater may be inwardly, austere, but he is outwardly civil, he acts up to his Character, is never jocularly familiar: On the contrary, he treats Men with a grave Politeness, but he takes care not to encourage any Freedoms in them, as he intends no Intimacies; and like a Lady in her Visits among Strangers, intrenches himself within a reserved Complaisance.

Reason is allied to Truth; one Way only brings to it, but a thousand lead us astray. The Study of Wisdom is not so extensive as that of Fools and Coxcombs: He who has seen none but polite and reasonable Men, either knows not Mankind, or knows them only by halves: Whatever inward Difference there be in Talents or Morals, and in Knowledge of the World, Politeness produces the same Appearance in all, and make Men resemble each other by

* D. *de Villeroi.*

some

ſome outward Modes of Elegancy and Ceremony, which being common to all, make us believe that they have the like Affinity and Reſemblance in other Things: He, on the contray, who mingles with the People, or retires into the Country, if he has Eyes, ſtrange Diſcoveries preſent themſelves, he ſees Things perfectly new and unimagined; he increaſes his Knowledge of Mankind by continual Experiences, and is amazed to ſee by how many different Ways Men may be intolerable.

After having maturely conſidered Mankind, and analyſed their Thoughts, Opinions, Inclinations and Affections, and laid open the Erroneouſneſs and Depravity of them; we are forced to own, that Obſtinacy is more prejudicial to them than Inconſtancy.

How many weak, flegmatic, futile People are there, who, without any prominent Defects, come within the Verge of Satyr. What Variety of Ridicule is diſſeminated over the whole human Race! yet all of little Conſequence, and not to be improved into moral or prudential Inſtructions. Theſe are particular Vices, and not contagious, being rather perſonal than general.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.